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THE Book-Lover

A MAGAZINE OF BOOK LORE

Being a
Miscellany
of
Curiously
Interesting
and
Generally
Unknown
Facts
about the
World's
Literature
and
Literary
People

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The Book-Lover

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A Premium for Subscribers.

Premiums do not strike THE BOOK-LOVER as being particularly an ideal way of inducing subscriptions to the magazine, but "My Book Record and Guide," which we offer without charge to any person subscribing for THE BOOK-LOVER for one year, is rather an exceptional premium—one we should think every reader of the magazine would hasten to secure. Particulars are printed on another page.

An Eclectic Magazine.

Though the BOOK-LOVER prints more and more original matter in each succeeding issue, it should be remembered the magazine was

founded and will remain largely an eclectic for the reason such a magazine would not be possible otherwise. Money could not buy new matter equal in quality to the mines we have to draw on, the writings of the great book-lovers of all ages.

We are pleased to receive printed articles or items suitable for these pages, and will return any not found available. They should indicate from what book or periodical they were taken.

Is THE BOOK-LOVER on file at the libraries you visit? If not, why not recommend it for subscription?

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The first and second numbers of THE BOOK-LOVER have long been out of print and obtainable, if at all, only at an advance on the published price. The publisher's supply of later numbers has been greatly reduced recently, comparatively few sets being now available. While these remain the following special offer will remain in force.

For \$3.00 we will send THE BOOK-LOVER one year commencing with number 12, and include free of further charge, numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 of the magazine, thus giving 15 consecutive numbers for \$3.00. It is hardly necessary to state that no issue of THE BOOK-LOVER ever becomes a "back number." The earliest issues are as delightful always as "the last."

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Limited to FIFTY signed and numbered copies, printed on Sterling deckle edge antique wove, pure white paper, the Third Yearly Volume of THE BOOK-LOVER will be a volume for collectors to covet and extra illustrators to treasure. The margins are most generous, the pages being $9\frac{1}{2} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$. The *front* is a full deckle, something almost unique in a volume so large. This de luxe edition is folded and sent, otherwise unbound, to subscribers, or will be retained until end of year, when arrangements for binding may be made if desired. Visitors are welcomed at the publishing offices, where the large-paper copies may be seen; or, a section will be sent for inspection to anyone interested.

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Now is a good time to further the circulation of THE BOOK-LOVER, as a new volume opens with the present number and will not fail to be in every way the most satisfactory yet published.

Name Wanted.

Who can tell us about what appears to have been an American Cyclopedia and Gazetteer published in 1795? Gives in alphabetical order a short history of the states with, apparently, unusually good maps, and sketches of cities, towns, counties, mountains, Indian tribes, etc. Tennessee is called the Territory of Mero.

The Mount of Olives

A Posthumous Poem by Francis S. Saltus & Its First Printing

WHERE it had lain in a trunk, in storage for no one knows how long (the brilliant author died ten years ago), there was recently discovered the complete manuscript of a long, unpublished poem by Francis S. Saltus, entitled by the author "The Mount of Olives." We have been permitted to print a very limited edition of this poem, which will, we believe, take its place among poems that live, as it is one of the most remarkable creations to be found in verse. It consists of 92 four-line stanzas and is printed just as left by the author so long ago.

We should say it is one of the most striking and powerful creations ever woven around any real or fancied episode in the life of Christ, and is destined to rouse fierce discussion as well as find most ardent champions among both the believing and the unbelieving. It is written in a most reverent spirit, and the conception of the birth of Genius as the flesh-child of Christ, born and reborn through the ages, is far more striking and wonderful than the legend of the Wandering Jew.

However wide its later circulation, the first edition of "The Mount of Olives" will never be common, as but 605 copies have been printed and done up in a most beautiful form from old-style type, as follows:

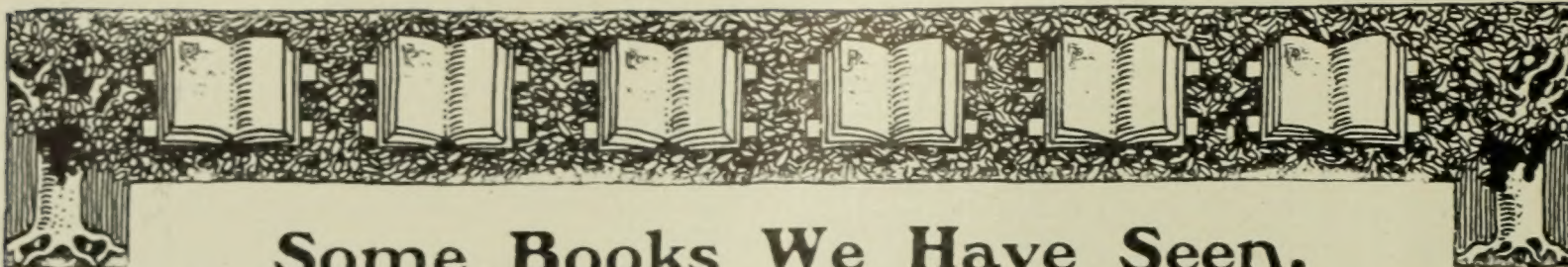
500 numbered copies on Sterling Deckle Edge Paper, bound in enfolding paper wrappers to retail for 25c. each, *net*.

105 numbered copies, of which 100 are for sale, bound in boards, stamped in gold, at \$1.00, *net*. All copies will be ready for delivery as early as March 15th, and those interested would do well to order at once.

While the one edition *may* supply the demand, the publisher will confess his 20 years in a bookstore void of experience in judging the public taste if many editions are not demanded when "The Mount of Olives" becomes known. Postage 5c. extra for either edition.

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Some Books We Have Seen.

Americanization of the World (The). By W. T. Stead. 444 pages. 5x7. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: Horace Markley.

They did not like the book in England, so bought it enormously. In America it will be liked, and merits a very large sale. It is entertaining, thought-provoking, convincing, and will make the American patriot feel he is more important than even he had believed possible. We like the look of the pages of this, the first volume from a new publisher.

Bookbinding and the Care of Books. By Douglas Cockerell. 341 pages. 5x8. Ill. \$1.20 net. Postage, 8c. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Noticed in these pages before, but deserving praise in each issue until every book-owner has a copy. A book for amateurs, bookbinders, and librarians, with drawings by Noel Rooke and very many other illustrations.

Books and Book-Lovers. Chosen by Ralph A. Lyon. 32 pages a la Philistine. 25 cents. Evanston, Ill.: Wm. S. Lord.

In this tome on an odd corn-colored paper, book-lover-wise gotten up, are gathered verse by Lang and prose by Field, Henry Ward Beecher and Kenneth Grahame—all sufficient to make one feel most kindly toward the gentleman who gathered and caused the booklet's publication.

Dan: A Citizen of the Junior Republic. By I. T. Thurston. 307 pages. 5x7. Cloth, \$1.00. Boston: A. I. Bradley & Co.

Involves the purpose, methods, and practical workings of what is known as the "Citizens' Republic," setting boys to work with government organization, parliamentary perplexities, labor-reform problems, and other living issues. Well printed and graphically illustrated from life.

Discourse on Metaphysics, Correspondence with Arnauld, and Monadology. By Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz. 300 pages. 5x7. Ill. Paper, 35 cents net. Postage, 8 cents. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

These three treatises of Leibnitz give a splendid survey of his philosophy in its genesis, its development, and its final crystallized form. "The Discourse on Metaphysics" was written in 1686 when Leibnitz was forty years of age, while the "Monadology" was composed and published just two years before his death. The "Discourse" was never published during Leibnitz's lifetime, and appears now not in all editions of his works. The "Correspondence with Arnauld," who was the Nestor and leading authority of the philosophy of the day, is a discussion of the important and fundamental metaphysical questions raised by Leibnitz in the "Discourse." It shows Leibnitz's metaphysical thought in all the interesting phases of its origin. The "Monadology" is the only one of these three treatises that has ever before been translated into English.

The volume has an historical and critical introduction by Paul Janet, Member of the French Institute. Translated from the originals by Dr. George R. Montgomery, Instructor in Philosophy in Yale University. Frontispiece: The Leibnitz monument near the Thomas-Kirche in Leipsic.

Another fine example of the high aims and motives of the publishers, who, of course, could not hope for financial reward in publishing such books at such prices.

Dog-Day Journal (A). By Blossom Drum. 112 pages. 4 1/4 x 7 1/2. Buckram, \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.

Edgar Allen Poe. By Col. John A. Joyce. 210 pages. 5x8. Buckram, \$1.50. New York: F. Tennyson Neely Co.

Rather more Joyce than Poe, and very unpleasant reading for Poe's admirers.

Colonel Joyce's friends will think it all right perhaps, but we believe Poe will outlive Joyce and his book.

Father Manners. By Hudson Young. 206 pages. 5 1/2 x 8. Buckram, \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.

Floating Treasure. A tip-top book for boys. By Harry Castleman. 403 pages. 5x8. Cloth. Ill. \$1.25. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.

Fool's Year (A). By E. H. Cooper. 289 pages. Paper covers, 50 cents. New York: Appleton's Town and Country Library.

Frank Logan. By Mrs. John M. Clay. 223 pages. 5 1/2 x 8. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.

Grace of Orders (The). By N. B. Winston. 334 pages. 5 1/2 x 8. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.

In the Michigan Lumber Camps. By Chas. Albert Whittier. The Boys' Vacation Series. 137 pages. 5x7 1/2. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: F. Tennyson Neely Co.

Good story for boys and not "wild." The title covers its scene sufficiently to acquaint one with the tenor of the tale.

Lachmi Bai. By Michael White. 300 pages. 5x8. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co.

A moving, powerful historical novel dealing with the Sepoy Rebellion. It is founded upon the struggle of the famous princess of India, Lachmi Bai, to recover her possessions from the British.

The book shows her in the role of the Jeanne d'Arc of India, depicting with fine skill the brains, unceasing energy and courage which enabled her to rouse the native princes to strike a blow for freedom. Her beauty, woman's wit and earnestness of purpose, all make her a most fascinating heroine, both in romance and history.

Last Words of Distinguished Men and Women (of all Ages and all Countries). By Frederic Rowland Marvin. 370 pages. 5x8. Cloth, \$1.50. Chicago: The Fleming A. Revell Co.

"Neither is there anything of which I am so inquisitive, and delight to inform myself, as the manner of men's deaths, their words, looks and bearing; nor any places in history I am so intent upon; and it is manifest enough, by my crowding in examples of this kind, that I have a particular fancy for that subject. If I were a writer of books, I would compile a register, with a comment, of the various deaths of men: he who would teach men to die, would at the same time teach them to live," said Montaigne; and on it Mr. Marvin has built a most interesting book made infinitely more valuable by explanatory note and comment. Not at all gruesome and certainly most fascinating. A book to interest all, and richly deserving to live and have a wide circulation.

Love's Itinerary. A novel. By J. C. Snaith. 315 pages. 5x7. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Appleton's Town and Country Library No. 307.

Diverting, amusing, and clever. No blood and less thunder. Pleasant reading.

Mary Starkweather. By Carolina Crawford Williamson. 603 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.

The author of this amazingly long novel is an Episcopalian. She does not antagonize her Church. Accepting the teachings of Christ, she allies herself with no special cult. It is said she has never met Mrs. Eddy or read her book but firmly believes "the great principle of truth as embodied in her teachings."

She believes that Christian Science, Mental Science, and Theosophy more nearly embody the great truths of life, health and brotherly love than do the majority of Orthodox Churches of the present day. While she believes in the Church, she does not believe in Orthodoxy.

While many books are written and published to disapprove the various mental cults, it is only fair that this one is written and published to approve.

Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions. By Minna T. Antrim. 111 pages. 4½x6. Cloth, 50 cents. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus.

"One must be in society in order to be respected, but need not be respectable in order to be in society" is perhaps a fair key to the average of a clever volume of epigrams and unconventional thoughts which is very pleasant reading. There are many as suggestive as "Poverty has never been a successful bar to Love; yet, as a recommendation to matrimony, it is not considered potential." If you like that sort of thing you will enjoy the hundreds in this very pretty little book.

Old-Time Songs and Ballads of Ireland. By Manus O'Connor. 150 pages. 8x10. Cloth, \$2.00. Popular edition: paper, 25 cents. New York: Popular Publishing Co.

An admirable collection, numbering above 400 in all, from the drollest to the most pathetic. The more expensive edition contains also the music of a number of pieces.

Ole Mars' an' Ole Miss. By Edmund K. Goldsborough, M.D. 220 pages. 5x7. Cloth, ill., \$1.50. Washington: National Publishing Company.

Will be particularly appreciated by those who have been intimately associated with the colored people of the old regime, and have played with them, heard them sing, preach and pray, and had among them mammies; and it is to these that the author dedicates his really bright book. There are some charming characterizations of the old hospitable, truly gracious Southern planter life, and every chapter records amusing and interesting negro stories.

Oriental Rug Weaving. By V. Gurdji. 93 pages. 5x7½. Ill. Buckram, \$1.00. New York: F. Tennyson Neely Co.

Pagan's Cup (The). By Fergus Hume. 290 pages. 5x8. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: The Dillingham Company.

Hume is at his best in the "detective" field, and this should be sufficient recommend to those who care for stories of that kind because "The Pagan's Cup" belongs to it and is the best thing the author has done in it since "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab."

Perverts (The). By Wm. Lee Howard, M.D. 388 pages. 5x8. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: The Dillingham Company.

We do not see why such books should be published for general circulation. For physicians they are well enough, but "The Perverts" is written in common English and will pervert any moderately clean mind. The entirely clean will not understand what it is all about. It is harrowing, gruesome, brutal, and distinctly revolting, and the author a pronounced heretic.

Racing Rhymes. By Adam Lindsay Gordon. 150 pages. 4½x7½. Paper-boards, \$1.00. New York: R. H. Russell.

No poet is more popular in America than is Gordon in Australia where he lived, and his death has been deeply lamented. Mr. Russell's collection of his "Racing

Rhymes" is sure to be welcomed, and we compliment him on the happy thought that inspired its publication. The setting from body-paper to binding is the acme of tastefulness and bookmaking art.

Role of the Unconquered (The). By Test Dalton. 341 pages. 5x8. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: The Dillingham Company.

"Historical" adventure of the time of Henry of Navarre. General Lew Wallace, Whitcomb Riley, and Booth Tarkington speak highly of this first volume by a fellow Indian.

Whether the book will please you depends more on the time and subject of the narrative than on the opinions of the three gentlemen mentioned.

Rose of Dawn (The). A Tale of the South Sea. By Helen Hay. 58 pages. 5x7½. \$1.00.

While books of poetry have been scarce, there are several that should be mentioned, and perhaps the most charming little book that has appeared in this country in a long time is "The Rose of Dawn," by Miss Helen Hay, published with a delightful daintiness by Mr. Russell. The poem is a tale of the South Sea, a romance, an idyl, a story of a day and a night that quivers and pulsates with tropical color and passion, with joy, hate, jealousy, vengeance and love. It is sparkling with fascinating imagery, with sensitive and delicate emotion, with tropic color and fancy.

Schley and Santiago. By George E. Graham. 474 pages. 5x8. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.00. Chicago, Ill.: The W. B. Conkey Co.

This of course is pro-Schley, and his worshipers will find it in no wise disappointing. The author was Associated Press man at the front and certainly should know whereof he speaks. The narrative is convincing and the many illustrations, from photographs, are capital.

Ship of Silence (The). Poems. By Edward Uffington Valentine. 161 pages. 5x8. Buckram, gilt top, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

Spiritual and Material Attraction. A Conception of Unity. By Eugene del Mar. 80 pages. 5x8. Cloth, 75 cents. Sea Breeze, Fla.: Wilmans Publishing House.

A "New Thought" volume of 80 thin pages thinly printed and more thinly thought.

Strength of the Weak (The). By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. 371 pages. 5x8. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A well-knit story of adventure in the French and Indian wars. The incidents of danger and escape are thrilling, and there is enough of character and of literary reserve to make the tale something more than merely exciting. There is a light historic background. In its construction and continuity of interest the book is one of the best of its class.

The outdoor quality of Mr. Hotchkiss's novel forms a charming accompaniment to the adventurous happenings of the romance. The author has found some apt suggestions in the diary of a soldier of the New Hampshire Grants, and these actual experiences have been utilized in the development of the tale. The situation of an English youth holding a seigniorship in Canada at the beginning of the French and Indian wars provides a variety of incident and dramatic situation, which hold the reader in suspense. The historical features furnish merely a background. The story is one of love and daring and American courage, which shows the increasing power of an author whose "Betsy Ross" won for him a large circle of admirers.

Such Stuff as Dreams Verse. By Charles E. Russell. 150 pages. 7x7. Cloth, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.

Above the average "jingle" of the present day. Many of the pages contain verses instinct with appreciation and love for nature. There are some really worthy thoughts embodied in beautiful language in the book. Decorated by Virginia Keep.

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PRICE, \$1.50, NET.

Robert Louis Stevenson went into ecstasies over Marcel Schwob's "Mimes," and as for that, Mr. William E. Henley, who found a strange delight in the work, was an advocate for the Englishing of the original French. When the Greek terracottas, known as Tanagra, were first seen, then there came to us some more certain idea of antique art, for in the little figurines there was no standoffishness but that familiarity which seemed to arise from actual acquaintanceship. Marcel Schwob is saturated with the Greek spirit. It may be in Athens that the scenes, the incidents, the characters have an existence. There are beautiful girls, cocks, slaves, flute players, wine drinkers, and a wonderful description of the sailor, who passed beyond the Hercules' pillars . . . Marcel Schwob, bent on recapturing Greek life, forgets the world of to-day, and revels in the classic age. Laudation of the publisher, Mr. Mosher, has to be often repeated, for the books which issue from his press are past perfect.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

"Deirdre Wed, and Other Poems" is also a failure as an attempt to prolong interest in the somewhat hackneyed story of Deirdre. But that and all Celtic legends become immortal through the magic hands of Fiona Macleod, who is as much the queen of the Gaelic branch of the legend as is Mr. Yeats king of the Erse. If poetry is a vision of the imagination, this little volume of a hundred pages, entitled "From the Hills of Dream," is worth all others which we have been describing; and how easy it must be to write dreamy verse if one's cradle has been rocked by such a wondrous lullaby as this (*Invocation of Peace*).—*The Nation* (N. Y.), Dec. 5, 1901.

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher is at his best in the production of this book. He has followed the graver old style, and the initial letters, in a fine fed ink, are most impressive. There is on the pages with wide margins, the antique style of ruling. To sum it all up, "The Blessed Damozel" is a great little book, and to be treasured by the collector.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

Mr. Mosher's New List of Books, an exquisite little *bibelot* in itself, giving a full description of the above works, and all others he has for sale, will be mailed to any address, free, on request.

All books sent postpaid on receipt of net price, and delivery guaranteed to any part of the world.

THOMAS B. MOSHER
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Woman Who Dared (The). By Lawrence L. Lynch.
471 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, 75 cents. Paper, 25 cents.
Chicago: Laird & Lee.

A Western adventure and detective story by an author who stands next to Anna Katherine Green in the latter field. It is perhaps not generally known that "Lawrence L. Lynch" is a woman also. Her real name is E. Murdoch Vandeventer. She is very popular among readers of detective fiction, far more than a million copies of her books having been sold. This latest volume will not disappoint her audience.

"The Bibelot": A Treasury.

Mr. Mosher's *Bibelot* is now in its eighth year, and who owns a set has a treasure otherwheres unpurchasable. *The Bibelot* is "a reprint of poetry and prose for book-lovers, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known." The first number for 1902 is Wm. E. Henley's "London Voluntaries" and "Rhymes and Rythms." The second is Browning's Essay on Shelley which was written to form an introduction to the volume of twenty-five spurious letters of Shelley that Moxon was hoodwinked into buying and came so near publishing in 1852—in fact six copies are known to have escaped before the forgery was discovered. As pointed out by Mr. Furnivall, "the main subject of the essay is Shelley, his life, nature, work, and art. . . . But it was not the praise or estimate of Shelley" alone; "it was Browning's statement of his own aim in his own work, both as subjective and objective poet, . . . that makes the essay a necessity to every student of Browning who would understand him."

But *The Bibelot* is probably known to only a small number of the persons who would be regular purchasers if they were aware of its existence and what it holds for them, and all for five cents for an Edition de Luxe—which sounds like a joke but is not.

Mr. Mosher publishes also many books, and his catalogue is a gem fit for preservation. The address is simply THOMAS P. MOSHER, 45 Exchange street, Portland, Maine.

The Most Famous Index.

In a preface to the new edition of the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," Pope Leo the Thirteenth explains that in deference to the wishes of French, German, and Italian bishops, some books that have always been under the ban have now been liberated. Among these are Galilei's "Dialogues" and "De Revolutionibus" and Dante's "De Monarchia."

The "Index" is a half-leather volume about 7x12 inches, and in this country is retailed at \$2.25.

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American Book Auction Sales in 1901.

The seventh volume of "American Book-Prices Current," says the *Publishers' Weekly*—which we quote in full—covering the auction season of 1900 and 1901, again fills us with admiration of the conscientious, accurate, and skilled work put into its 648 pages by its compiler, Mr. Luther S. Livingston. To the initiated who know the endless detail of this particular kind of compilation, the improvement from year to year in Mr. Livingston's gigantic undertaking is watched with growing interest. Several little changes of method and order introduced this year would seem to have now made "American Book-Prices Current" perfect as a working tool for auctioneers, collectors, and dealers in rare books, as well as satisfying to the most critical of lovers of well-made books.

The auction season of 1900 and 1901 exceeded in importance any previous season, both in number of sales and value of books dispersed. The growth of this particular department of the book business in America is shown in the seven volumes of Mr. Livingston's work. His initial volume for 1895 recorded only 6,025 lots; 1896 reached 7,411; 1897, 8,562; 1898, 7,545; 1899, 8,859; 1900, 9,662; while 1901 advanced to 10,042 lots. These records aim to show all important books and manuscripts selling for over three dollars for the lot. Current books which can still be had of the publishers are generally excluded, and, in cases where "remainders" are being worked off by throwing copies into numerous sales, a selection only is shown.

This year selections have been made from 190 catalogues, comprising some 347 sales on 303 days. These 190 catalogues included only a little over 114,000 lots, of which 10,042 lots are recorded. The increase of 380 over last year in the items recorded is accounted for by the superior quality of the material offered. This is brought about mainly by the sale of three libraries—the McKee library, the French Library and the Arnold collection, the season not being otherwise remarkable for quality of books included in the numerous sales. We quote from Mr. Livingston's excellent preface some facts regarding these three important collections:

"The season has shown a great increase in auction values of the books which collectors are most ardently seeking. The French and Arnold sales especially broke records on almost every important item. This rise in prices has been noticeable in the first editions of the greater English and American authors. Another class of books in which there has been a most remarkable



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An exquisite specimen of book making. Regularly printed in two colors on fine stock, and profusely illustrated. In its literary and artistic features praised by the press.

"The Rubric" sustains its claim of being a magazine de luxe. January number has an exhaustive critique of Tolstoy by the eminent Chicago lawyer Clarence Darrow. There are poems, etc., and besides, illustrations altogether unusual."—*The Daily Journal, Salem, Ore.*

The Boston Traveler speaks unreservedly of Young E. Allison and his ballad "On Board the Derelict," in "The Rubric," No. 1. Likewise, *The Whim*, in December number, 1901.

"In the birth of a new magazine 'The Rubric' is to be welcomed an addition to the literary and artistic life of Chicago."—*Chicago Eve'g Post.*

"The Rubric" seems to have nothing to set right and no enterprise to boom."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"The Rubric" poses as a magazine de luxe, and not without reason. Its January issue is strikingly illustrated, and contains matter of real literary merit."—*Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.*

"The Rubric," a new publication hailing from Chicago, is decidedly pleasing to the lover of artistic typography . . . small, and very artistically printed on fine paper. The reading matter is of the higher class."—*Columbus, Ohio, Press.*

Announcement for March.

"An Appreciation of Some Rare Books." "Dream Idyls," a translation from the Swedish. Poetry by Ernest McGaffey, etc., etc.

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increase in price is that including books known as 'presentation' copies. A few years ago the fact that a book contained a presentation inscription would add only a relatively small percentage to its value. Now such a book is likely to be worth five or ten times as much as the same book without inscription."

Three sections of the library of the late Thomas J. McKee were sold. Parts iv. and v. were not sold until after "American Book-Prices Current," 1901, went to press.

"The most important book, indeed the most valuable first edition of American poetry, Poe's 'Tamerlane,' brought \$2,050. The McKee library has long been famous for its collection of books by or relating to Poe. Irving's 'History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker,' the first edition, New York, 1809, in the original boards, edges uncut, brought \$292, a hitherto unheard of price, but authorized on account of condition, this copy being supposed unique in this state. No such collection of American magazines had been offered at auction within recent years. All of those which contained engravings by American artists brought good prices. Mr. McKee was one of the most assiduous collectors of books relating to the stage, and his library included several of the very earliest books on the English stage and original and early editions of English plays, with some later collected editions. The collection of quarto plays was said to be the largest ever offered at auction.

"The McKee First Folio was a poor copy, with eighteen leaves (nine in front and nine at the end) in facsimile. It brought \$850. Another Shakespeare item was a set, 8 vols., of the Edinburgh edition of 1771, Robert Burns' copy, with his autograph on the title-page of the first volume. This brought \$888.

Book-Lovers.

The splendid Saturday book-review supplement of the *New York Times* is very much in evidence one day of the week in this big burgh. Though the *Times* is of a quality and character which make it about fifth in circulation of the city's dailies, the Saturday supplement is plainly not appreciated by any considerable portion of the *Times*' audience however much more cultured it is than the readers of the "popular" press. We say "plainly not appreciated" because on Saturday mornings, on surface, bridge, and elevated cars, and also along the sidewalks, copies of the supplement are scattered freely enough but *not* the news section of the paper. The newsdealers will tell you the Saturday issue is no more in demand than that of any other day; so one wonders really where are the bookish people—where do they gain their information as to what is new in the publishing world.

“My Book Record and Guide”

Says the Boston Transcript

“This volume will be found of unusual value and convenience by every reader, book-owner and book-lender. Its purpose is to furnish a guide to the best authors by giving a list of titles of standard works, old and new, in the various departments of literature. To this is added Sir John Lubbock’s famous list of a hundred books. The body of the work consists of blanks to be filled out with books to be read, with space for comment. There are also blanks for making a record of books loaned; a most useful feature. The volume is prefaced by Lowell’s ‘On the Choice of Books.’”

also for list of Books Loaned—to whom, what and when, and when returned. It contains Lubbock’s “100 Best,” and a long, comprehensive list of Books Worth Reading—books on all kinds of subjects. There are also blank pages on which one may index his own “Record,” and also leaves for any literary memoranda. The name of the author of the book does not appear, but he is entitled to the credit of successful authorship in greater degree than most makers of books.

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Jordan, Marsh & Co., at retail, have sold 1,500 copies of “My Book Record and Guide.” After Lowell’s essay come blank leaves bearing printed forms to be filled with particulars of books one reads—title, author, publisher, and personal comment and opinion. There are leaves blank for lists of Books Wanted—title, author, and by whom recommended. Pages

A Rare Stevenson Portrait.

The frontispiece to the present BOOK-LOVER is from a photograph owned by the author of “Mr. Henley’s Attack Upon Stevenson,” which article it faces. So far as known the picture has never before been published. In the top center are Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Graham Balfour. On the left as you look at the picture are Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Blacklock (native), and Mr. Haggard (cousin of Rider Haggard), who was British Consul in Samoa when the photograph was taken. On the right, in the plaid dress, is a native girl referred to by Stevenson in his letters, and now the wife of Mr. Gurr, Mrs. Stevenson’s solicitor.

Further to the right, by the post, is Mele (native), wife of Captain Hamilton, of whom Mr. Stevenson speaks in his letters. The marines were from an English ship we cannot name at present.

The natives were members of Tusitala’s (see article) household who had just come in from the forest.

“The Book Booster.”

The big circulation and the new author are justly engaging parodists. In “The Book Booster: A Periodical of Puff,” we find more or less entertaining matter. “The Book Booster” purports to be published by Josh, Gosh & Co., of Evanston, Ill. In its columns, says the editor, “the books published by Josh, Gosh & Co. will be boosted without reference to the number of pounds sold, while the publications of other houses will be boosted only when they have passed the dead line, which is £50,000.” One of the books boosted is “Faggots of Empire,” by Miss Bertha Bosh. Miss Bosh, we are told from the “Editor’s Rocking-Chair,” is only fifteen years old, but is extremely bright for her age. She is a Chicago girl, and has never traveled farther than Oconomowoc, which makes her literary feat all the more remarkable. For “Faggots of Empire” is a story of the reign of Charlemagne, and the author betrays a singular acquaintance with the local color of those times. We are also told:

The cloth used in binding the first edition would, if stretched end to end, reach from Chicago to Evanston. Placed side by side the pages would reach from Chicago to Minneapolis. Smeared thinly, the ink used would cover four townships. Ten million cockroaches could subsist for six months on the binder’s paste employed. Set up side by side, the individual letters in the text would reach from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands. And the hot air employed in boosting the book would float 10,000 balloons.

Publications of the Dunlap Society.

The Dunlap Society has just issued two new volumes, numbers fourteen and fifteen of the new series, which are "A Group of Comedians," by William L. Keese, and a biography of Edward Loomis Davenport, edited by Edwin Francis Edgett. With these two books the second series of publications is brought to a close and the officers will take a rest from their labors. No further subscriptions will be expected. Whatsoever funds remain in the treasury will either be expended upon an "Extra Book" or returned to the subscribers for the second series.

Since the society began its publications, in 1886, it has made many splendid additions to the literature of the drama. The books, uniform in size and style, and published in limited editions, have already come to be highly prized by collectors. In view of the fact that the second series is now complete and that the publications are to be, for a time at least, suspended, a complete list of books issued by the society may be of interest. The first series consisted of the following books:

"The Contrast," a comedy. By Royal Tyler, with introduction by Thomas J. McKee.

"The Father; or, American Shandyism." By William Dunlap.

"Opening Addresses, 1752-1886." Edited by Laurence Hutton.

"André," a tragedy. By William Dunlap, with introduction by Brander Matthews.

"Memoir of the Professional Life of Thomas A. Cooper." By Joseph Norton Ireland.

"Biennial Report of Dunlap Society."

"Brief Chronicles." First Part. By William Winter.

"Brief Chronicles." Second Part. By William Winter.

"Charlotte Cushman." By Lawrence Barrett.

"Brief Chronicles." Third Part. By William Winter.

"The Actor, and Other Speeches." By William Winter.

"Occasional Addresses, 1873-1890." Edited by Laurence Hutton and William Carey.

"William E. Burton." By William L. Keese.

"Bunker Hill; or, The Death of Warren," a tragedy. By John Burk, with introductory essay by Brander Matthews.

The second series was as follows:

"The First Theatre in America." By Hon. Charles P. Daly, LL.D.

"The Magazine and the Drama." By James Harris Pence.

"Autobiography of Clara Fisher Maeder." Edited by Douglas Taylor.

"A Group of Theatrical Caricatures." With Gladstone's plates. By Louis Evan Shipman.

"The Circus." By Isaac J. Greenwood.

"Duse and the French." By Victor Mapes, with introduction by Daniel Frohman.

"A Wreath of Laurel." By William Winter.

"Washington and the Theatre." By Paul Leicester Ford.

"Players of the Present." By John B. Clapp and Edwin F. Edgett. Part First.

"Early American Plays, 1714-1830." By Oscar Wegelin, with introduction by John Malone.

"Players of the Present." By Messrs. Clapp and Edgett. Part Second.

"Later American Plays, 1831-1900." By Robert F. Roden.

"Players of the Present." By Messrs. Clapp and Edgett. Part Third.

"Memoir of Edward Loomis Davenport." By Edwin Francis Edgett.

"A Group of Comedians." By William L. Keese.

The two books just issued are worthy successors to those that came before. In his biography of Edward Loomis Davenport, Mr. Edgett displays again his excellent literary style and sympathetic attitude toward his subject. The basis of the biography was a manuscript written twenty years ago that was discovered among the papers of the late Fanny Davenport. It was found impossible to print it as it stood, and Mr. Edgett practically rewrote the whole. The volume is illustrated with several fine pictures of Mr. Davenport in his most famed characters and portraits of Mrs. Davenport and Fanny Davenport.

"A Group of Comedians," by William L. Keese, contains biographical sketches and portraits of Henry Placide, William Rufus Blake, John Brougham, George Holland, and Charles Fisher. The sketches are written in concise, dignified style, and contain much valuable data.

The society's success in its novel field has been largely due to the efforts of Douglas Taylor, its president.

Milton Up to Date.

A most amusing literary blunder in a large-paper edition of Milton's ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," published in Chicago, is noted in *The Record-Herald* of that city. In the twenty-seventh stanza of Milton's famous poem occur the lines:

But see the Virgin blest

Hath laid her Babe to rest.

Time is our tedious song should here have ending;

Heav'n's youngest teemed star

Hath fix'd her polished car,

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending.

In the Chicago version "handmaid" is converted into the very prosaic "hand-made"! What is more, the error was repeated, without correction or comment, in the Christmas number of a prominent magazine.

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PECIAL Limited Editions bearing this imprint have become much sought after by collectors, book-clubs, and lovers of art. In design and quality of workmanship these books will compare favorably with any of the recent work in this country or abroad. This spring, four books are to be added to the list, all bearing the stamp of excellence but each possessing an individuality of design and treatment in perfect harmony with the contents and the period when first published.

James Russell Lowell's essay "Democracy" is printed for the first time separately in book form in an edition of five hundred numbered copies, the type being especially cast for this purpose. The volume closely resembles Thoreau's Essay, "Of Friendship," published a year ago. The essay is prefaced with an introductory Note by the late Mr. Horace E. Scudder.

DEMOCRACY

Sir Walter Raleigh's account of "The Last Fight of the Revenge at Sea" is without doubt one of the gems of English prose writing. It tells of an encounter "memorable even beyond credit, and to the height of some Heroicall Fable," to quote from Lord Bacon. An edition is now in preparation in the style of the old English broadside, simply but boldly printed, and bound as an imperial quarto in figured paper boards. The chief distinction is given by the title-page which consists of a richly decorative wood-cut border in the English Renaissance style, designed by Frank Chouteau Brown, within which is a most spirited and dramatic illustration by Howard Pyle. Further interest and value will be given by printing this book on a hand-press, the title page from the original wood-blocks, and the text from type. Three hundred numbered copies will be printed on Arnold unbleached hand-made paper, and the type then distributed.

THE
REVENGE

The poems of Edward Rowland Sill recall by their grace of form and felicity of phrase Alrich's charming verse, and at times possess the vigor and clarity of Lowell's intellectual lines. The verse of no other American poet possesses quite this quality of mood or reflects in its music this high seriousness and serenity. The poems are now collected for the first time into one large crown octavo volume printed with great care on the best of hand-made paper from a large, clear, modern type set in an open, beautiful page. The photogravure portrait of the author will be the only illustration. Collectors of Americana will welcome this handsome limited edition of five hundred numbered copies.

SILL'S
POEMS

Fielding's "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon" is the most intimate and autobiographical piece of writing that is left us by the author whom Scott called the "Father of the English Novel." The edition which comes from The Riverside Press this spring is limited to three hundred copies, printed upon the finest quality of Dickinson hand-made paper. The beauty of the volume lies wholly in the attractiveness and legibility of the type, the proportion of page to paper, and the care with which the press-work has been done.

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Dr. Lardner's Pamphlet.

Concerning the item about Doctor Lardner's pamphlet, printed on page vii of this section, last issue, a Southern reader writes thus interestingly:

GEORGIA CHEMICAL CO.,

516 River Street, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 29, 1902.

Editor BOOK-LOVER:—

I notice an inquiry concerning Dr. Lardner's pamphlet which contained a calculation which showed very clearly that the ordinary force of a steam engine alone could not cross the ocean. If the same questions were put to-day to any of your best mathematical scholars in the same manner they were put to Dr. Lardner, those scholars would answer you in the same figures and in the same manner. All there was wrong with Dr. Lardner's calculations was because he measured the initial force only of the engines and supposed that the resistance caused by the ship moving through the water would only balance the force of the steam power used. But at the speed where a ship's resistance balances the force of the engines—which in many cases is not above a speed of 4 feet per second—the momentum of a large ship is then the greatest factor in the displacement. As the speed of the ship increases the momentum increases as the square of the velocity, and as long as the force of the engines acts on the ship that force represents an accelerating force acting only up to a certain point when the friction (?) caused by the ship passing the water (without regard to the displacement) and the friction of the wheel churning in the water and the ordinary friction of the engine together equal whole force of the power expended by the steam cylinders.

When the dynamometer was tried, to measure the force put into a ship's propulsion, this instrument behaved so ridiculously that it was pronounced crazy. The parties in such cases never question their own sanity. The ship in certain cases runs away from the thrust of the screw, and the power is at that moment of a negative order. But this can only happen in a seaway when a ship is "pitching" and in short ships in the Pacific oftener than the same ships on the Atlantic. Long ships running nearly level without pitching, would put more or less positive strain on the thrust bearings.

The measuring of the momentum of a ship and the accelerating force of the engines were items which do not have a place in Dr. Lardner's calculations, which are thorough and beautiful as far as they went.

Very truly,

THOS. H. WALTON,

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POETRY OF THE SEA.

By F. T. Bullen.

In precisely the same way, I suppose, as the best journalists—*i. e.*, those who give the most vivid impressions of what they have seen to their readers—are men who have apparently devoted a wonderfully short space of time to their observations; so it would seem that for the writing of real sea poetry an extended acquaintance with maritime conditions is not merely unnecessary but hampering. I come to this conclusion reluctantly but inevitably, for in common with all reading seafarers I have noticed that we may look in vain for sea poetry from sailors. Sailors have written verse, Falconer's "Shipwreck" to wit, but between that peculiar poem and the marvelous majesty, profound insight, and truly amazing knowledge of deep-sea secrets exhibited in the "Ancient Mariner" how great a gulf is fixed!

"Only those who brave its dangers comprehend its mystery" rings true, and yet it is no less true that Longfellow, very little more of a sailor than Coleridge, has also interpreted the mystery of the mighty ocean in a manner (most sailors think) only second in true poetic power to that of Coleridge. To the well-read sailor—and there are far more of him than one would imagine, remembering the poverty of his literary output—Coleridge always stands easily highest, Longfellow next, and Byron next as the interpreters of the voices of the sea. The Biblical allusions to the sea in the Old Testament (always in terms of poetry be it remembered, the Inspired writers seeming only able to express themselves rhythmically about the sea) stand on a plane of their own. Their truth, their stupendous power is felt, as the voices of the sea are felt, rather than heard, but it is only seldom that the sailors obtain any enjoyment from them. They are overwhelming. Something of sacrilege seems involved in the attempt to enjoy them as literature; and also, although I have only twice or thrice heard this mooted, there certainly is a feeling that, grand as the passages are, they have lost immeasurably by translation; that could they be read, with full comprehension, in the original their splendor would be beyond all ordinary thought.

But to return for a moment to the idea in the first paragraph of this article. Is not this clogging of the poetic foot, this hopeless congestion of the mental faculties forbidding their expressing what they feel, rather the rule than the exception everywhere, and not merely at sea? Is the spectacle of the man who knows

too much and is consequently unable to make profitable use of his knowledge a rare one? I think not, and yet how sad a sight it is. The faculty of clear expression of thought seems to be one of the rarest, even in prose. Perhaps that is why, as if in despair, certain writers who revel in obscurity, whose meaning or meanings (for there are usually several alternatives) are apparently hidden from even themselves, are elevated to such an exalted plane by critics of eminence. These gentlemen, finding doubtless a mental intellectual exercise of the highest stimulating properties in elucidating the dark sayings of their favorites, proclaim aloud to a wondering world that in these literary mazes are alone to be found the true prophetic and informing messages for mankind.

And yet all the great masterpieces of prose and poetry are distinguished by clarity of expression, simplicity of diction. That is, if by masterpieces we understand those works that have gone down deepest into the hearts of the greatest multitude of people. Fords that a babe can wade, depths in which a mammoth may disport himself are these massive works of the giants of literature. In them the sailor luxuriates, pointing their beauties out to his shipmates in quaint language, and bewailing his inability to go and do likewise with the glories amidst which he lives and moves and has his being.

There is one poet, however, over whose claim to the proud title there is much controversy among experts, who does certainly come nearer to satisfying the primitive needs of the sailor in the matter of adequate sea-expression than either of the three first mentioned. And yet he is placed in a class by himself—he does not appear to claim precedence to the sailor's mind among other poets. Really I think that sailors are apt to claim Rudyard Kipling as one of themselves—I know for a fact that any sailor five minutes in his company will find his tongue wagging freely in familiar nautical jargon and will never dream of stopping to explain. Yet Kipling is no seaman. He has never spent the long, long hours of the night watches on board of a sailing ship in a stark calm, or with all sail furled but the barest scrap of canvas, in the grip of a howling gale, far out of the track of most shipping. And this not for one or two days but for all the best years of a man's life. So that occasionally even he makes mistakes, detected at once by the keen sensitiveness of the sailor, but looked upon most indulgently in

his case because of the general accuracy of his knowledge and the intense sympathy with his subject manifested in all he does. That savage, brutal energy so apparent in his verse appeals powerfully to the sailor. It is of the sea, it rings true, as truly as does his much maligned rhyme of the engine-room to the practical, inaudible engineer.

But some may ask, "What about ballad poetry? Do not the stirring lyrics of Dibdin, Russell, Allan Cunningham, and Barry Cornwall appeal to the sailor? Did not the first named touch the sailor's heart in the days when a British Government found it worth their while to subsidize him for the way in which his stirring songs brought men into the Navy?" The best answer to that must be found in the fact that, whether you go into the forecabin of a merchantman or on to the lower deck of a man-of-war when singing is going on, the songs that you will never hear are the old sea songs. Why is this? Because the sailor being intensely critical of everything he reads cannot away with the false fustian, the utterly unseamanlike jargon that these songs contain, and turns for relief to the latest music-hall inanity, which amuses him at any rate.

High appreciation of the splendid deeds of a bygone day such as that of Mr. Henry Newbolt's "Admirals All," massive, spirit-stirring, and historically true, can and does appeal to the men in the Navy; but, after all, these fine poems deal with the warlike doings of men almost exclusively, and only by the subtlest of touches is the wide salt atmosphere of the ancient yet ever youthful sea conveyed. Over the heads of the hardly bestead merchant seamen these poems glide forcelessly. A rugged chantey like the "Ballad of the Bolivar," with all its merciless over-emphasis, its savagery, its Berserker bitterness, finds their hearts' core at once. Reading it or hearing it they feel the brine scorching their sea-split hands and feet, they hear the hiss of the curling wave-summit as it threatens to overwhelm their ungainly craft, the broken groans of the tortured engines beneath their feet grind upon their soul-strings, and they see reflected in each other's faces the fundamental fact of the imminence of death.

Therefore it is that in considering sea-poetry I would unhesitatingly give the pre-eminent position to such men as can by their primitive rugged words, full of the elemental power that is characteristic of the ocean, strike more directly at the sailor's heart. What does it matter if occasionally there be to the sensitive ear of the highly educated critic a jarring note?

May it not be that he whose life is being passed in the careful balancing of measured language, who has all the literary artist's delight in the coruscations of faceted words, may not understand the need there is for direct, primitive, forceful expression of so mighty a chorus of voices as those of the immemorial sea? The sailor feels always, although in almost every case he lacks utterly the ability to interpret his feelings by the spoken word, that the strong wine of his life is apt to lose its headiness, its savor, when presented in a chased and jeweled goblet whose very glitter makes him fear to take it in hand; feels, too, if I may use a coarse simile, very much like the dog in the manger because he himself cannot deliver his soul of its depth of experimental knowledge, because, while the innermost chords of his being vibrate fiercely as the song of the sea sweeps against them, he has no power to tune them so that those who are without shall be able to hear and understand; therefore no mere *dilettante* landmen, no petty amateur looking upon the sea from the comfortable height of the promenade deck, ought to be credited with the ability to interpret those sensations which the sailor has insensibly grown to regard as almost too sacred for expression.

The time is fully ripe for the advent of the sailor poet and the marine engineer poet. Whether they write in terms of rhyme or no I care not. A virgin field awaits them, a noble inheritance maturing for ages. They can, if they come, utterly refute the false and foolish prattle of the arm-chair philosophers, and prove triumphantly that, so far from the romance and poetry of the sea being dead, it has hardly yet been given any adequate expression whatever.

Some Characteristics of Chinese Literature.

The literature of China has special claims to distinction, not only by reason of antiquity, which overshadows that of all competitors, but also by reason of the literary industry of the Chinese, which is nothing less than astounding, and the influence which literature exerts upon national life. Prof. H. A. Giles has lately had published in London a volume on "Chinese Literature," in the "Literature of the World" series. A writer in the London *Saturday Review* comments upon some of the characteristics of Mongolian letters which Professor

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A Notice to Critics

The present number of THE BOOK-LOVER is the first of the magazine's third year though in fact its third year began last September, the delays consequent on removal from San Francisco causing the volume to begin now instead of at the earlier date.

We should like our severest critics to compare the present with any previous issue, and tell us what they think of it—this comparison to include everything that goes to make up the magazine: print, proof-reading, paper, press-work and text. In typography we feel improvements are conspicuous. The beautiful new large-face type and the spacing of the type between words as well as between lines are quite in line with the work done by William Morris practically, and outlined by him in the address printed in this issue.

The improvements which we believe will be noticeable are only an earnest of what may be expected in future. On the measure of THE BOOK-LOVER's success in securing more and more subscribers depends that future. There is no limit to the interesting, entertaining and satisfying features we may give it if only those who really care for the magazine and wish to see it continued permanently will go a little out of their way, if it may be necessary, to introduce it to persons who do not already know of its existence. We make some very liberal offers to interest new readers, and these should be examined. Single copies should be on sale with every book and news dealer, and they will also receive subscriptions. But we ask you not to send a subscription through any of the many advertised "club" and "subscription" agents. They demand a large percentage of the price you pay them, and we do not feel that they have a right to any percentage whatever. Nor do we wish to give them any part of the magazine's income.



VERANDA OF THE STEVENSON HOME, SAMOA.

Top center: Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Graham Balfour.

(See note on a preceding page.)

The Book-Lover, March-April, 1902.

The Book-Lover

Number 11.

March - April, 1902.

MR. HENLEY'S ATTACK UPON STEVENSON.

By Cuthbert Harrison.

It was with a feeling of pain and resentment that lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson read the recent article by William Ernest Henley, in which he attacks Mr. Graham Balfour's portrait of his dead friend. "'Tis as that of an angel clean from heaven," says Mr. Henley, "and I for my part refuse to recognize it. Not if I can help it, shall this faultless, or very nearly faultless monster go down to after years as the Louis I knew and loved, and labored with and for, with all my heart and strength and understanding."

Mr. Henley frankly admits that he is a man with a grievance; and we must acknowledge that we hoped to hear something more of "the dear lad" of whom we had gotten a few glimpses in the letters. That Stevenson and he were intimate friends at one time we know, and we also know that Stevenson owed no little to him in his capacity of literary critic, who jealously strove to keep his friend up to a high standard of excellence. And now Mr. Henley tells us that it was he who helped to form Stevenson's taste for pictures; it was he who bought the Canaletto prints and placed the Piranesi etchings which hung on the walls of Stevenson's home. Who is there that does not owe to some friend his love for some particular painter, composer, or writer? I know a man who never sees a print or a photograph of a Velasquez without thinking of the friend who first awakened his enthusiasm for that prince of painters; who never hears a composition of Beethoven without thinking of her who enticed him to his first symphony concert; who never sees a beautiful sunset without thinking of a certain poem—nay, a volume of poems—to which Robert Louis Stevenson first directed his attention. So it seems to me that many of the most cherished objects at Vailima must have recalled the "dear lad" of early days; and I, for one, feel grieved to find that he has been passed over in silence.

Those of us who know Mr. Henley as a literary critic were not surprised that he should comment upon Mr. Balfour's biography; and, were Stevenson other than an intimate

friend, we might expect him to be impatient at the praise bestowed upon the dead author.

On reading the paper in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, I turned to Mr. Henley's article on Richard Jefferies, the devoted lover of trees and birds and flowers,—an article written after Jefferies' death,—and I found: "Is it not plain as the nose on your face that his admirers admire him injudiciously? . . . To come to an end with the man:—his range was very limited, and within that range his activity was excessive; yet the consequences of his enormous effort were—and are—a trifle disappointing. He thought, poor fellow! that he had the world in his hand and the public at his feet; whereas, the truth to tell, he had only the empire of a kind of back garden and the lordship of (as Mr. Besant has told us) some forty thousand out of a hundred millions of readers. You know that he suffered greatly; you know too that to the last he worked and battled on as became an honest, much-enduring, *self-admiring* man, as you know that in death he snatched a *kind of* victory and departed this life with dignity as one "good at many things," who had at last "*attained to be at rest*." You know, in a word, that he took his part in the general struggle for existence, and manfully did his best; and it is with something like a pang that you find his biographer insisting on the merits of the feat, and quoting approvingly the sentimentalists who gathered about his death-bed. To make eloquence about heroism is not the way to breed heroes."

This might almost have been written by Mr. Henley of Robert Louis Stevenson. Not if *he* can help it shall Jefferies go down to posterity in the guise of a hero. The world must be informed that he was a self-admiring man, and Mr. Henley is sick of the praise bestowed on him by "sentimentalists." I wonder if he classes Sidney Colvin under this head. Surely no one paid a more loving tribute than Colvin to the memory of Stevenson. He knew him before Henley did, and from the moment of their meeting until the end he was Stevenson's loyal friend. If any one is qualified to write

with authority of Stevenson, surely it is he. Neither Stevenson nor his work needs any defense, yet it is a comfort to know that Mr. Colvin is to reply to Henley "in his own time and way."

However Mr. Henley may feel irritated at what he considers overpraise of Stevenson, nobody will think him justified in attacking the memory of his dead friend. We all know that Stevenson was interested in Stevenson; but we love to hear him tell us of himself. It is precisely the subjective character of his writings that makes each of us regard him as a personal friend. Nobody has imagined that he was perfect. He never claimed to be so. In several of his letters he said that he sometimes felt himself to be the reincarnation of poor Robert Fergusson, the young poet who died in a madhouse. His very confession of weakness endears him to us. But why should Mr. Henley take pains to publish to the world a catalogue of the faults and short-comings of his friend, compiled in the old days when he "knew and loved him,"—for surely it was then that he noticed such traits as his propensity to pose and to regard himself in the mirror as he passed, and, what Mr. Henley leads us to infer, his meanness in money-matters. The article is nothing less than an attack upon a friend with whom he has had a misunderstanding.

We love to hear Stevenson talk of himself, whether it be in his letters, in his essays, or in his novels;—in his novels, I say; for are not he and Davie one, and did he not always feel forced to write in the first person?—and in reading of his trials and struggles we are cheered up and encouraged to bear our own burdens. Even when we read his beautiful prayer,—the prayer composed on the eve of his death, which Mr. Henley sarcastically refers to as an "eloquent appeal to God,"—his thoughts become our thoughts, his aspirations become our own as truly as when we repeat the beautiful prayers of the English ritual.

"Why, because he wrote better than any one," says Mr. Henley, "should he have praise and fame for doing that which many a poor consumptive seamstress does cheerfully and faithfully, with no eloquent appeal to God, nor so much as a paragraph in the evening papers? That a man writes well at death's door is surely no reason for making him a hero; for, after all, there is as much virtue in making a shirt, or finishing a gross of match-boxes in the very act of mortality as there is in polishing a verse or completing a chapter in a novel." This is very true; but would not the brave seamstress lend

courage to her despondent neighbor, if she could go to her and cheer her in her affliction? I wonder if Mr. Henley thought how much the seamstress or match-box maker might be encouraged by the story of an undaunted fellow-sufferer cheerfully pursuing his task to the end, and taking pride in the thoroughness of his work, even with death staring him in the face.

Apparently nothing short of perfection will please Mr. Henley. He finds fault with Thackeray because his characters all have their shortcomings. "Esmond apart," he writes, "there is scarcely a man or a woman in Thackeray whom it is possible to love unreservedly or thoroughly respect. That gives the measure of the man, and determines the quality of his influence. He was the average clubman *plus* style. And, if there is any truth in the theory that it is the function of art not to degrade but ennoble—not to dishearten but encourage—not to deal with things ugly and paltry and mean but with great things and beautiful and lofty—then, it is argued, his example is one to depreciate and condemn."

If such indeed are the functions of art, then Stevenson was an artist in the highest sense of the word. That he had technical ability is unquestioned. In addition to this, who more than he among recent writers ennobles, encourages, and deals with great things and beautiful and lofty? Henley, in calling attention to Stevenson's shortcomings, seems unwilling that we should "love him unreservedly or thoroughly respect" him. If Thackeray, as Henley remarks, is an example of a cynic who reminds us that "everybody is a humbug," what is Henley? Stevenson, on the other hand, restores our faith in humanity; he finds good in every one; he looks for it. And whether we read of the crusty old Scottish gardener in "Memories and Portraits," of the Trappist monks at "Our Lady of the Snows," or of "the poor Robin that failed," we cannot help feeling that, after all, the world is not so bad and that even we may be doing "better than we think."

Of Stevenson the artist Henley has nothing to say. If he wants reading, he says, he does not go for it to the Edinburgh Edition. He is not interested in remarks about morals; and, if he craves the enchantment of romance, he asks it of bigger men than Stevenson, and of bigger books than his: of "Esmond" and "Great Expectations," of "Redgauntlet" and "Old Mortality," of "La Reine Margot" and "Bragelonne," of "David Copperfield" and "A Tale of Two Cities": while, if good writing and some other things be in his appetite, are there not always Hazlitt and Lamb—to say nothing

of that "globe of miraculous continents" which is known to us as Shakespeare?

Is this dignified? There *was* a time when Mr. Henley was able to appreciate and enjoy much of Stevenson's work. He praised it highly, just as Stevenson enthusiastically and honestly praised his. I do not think that any one imagines Mr. Henley capable of flattery. But now he is no longer the artist jealously keeping his friend up to a high standard of excellence: he is a man with a grievance,—a man who is unwilling to listen to the praise of one with whom he has had a misunderstanding. It would hardly be fair to compare him with Trelawney, Byron's friend and associate; though he, like Henley, felt it his duty to hand down to posterity a true picture of one whom he had once known and loved, and of whom he feared the world would have an erroneous impression.

With Mr. Henley we admire Scott and Dickens, we love Esmond and Bragelonne, we often turn to Hazlitt, and for Charles Lamb—that other "*charmeur*"—we have the tenderest affection. Yet we are not blinded thereby to the beauties of the Edinburgh Edition. Who does not love little Davie and Alan Breck? We read "Treasure Island" again and again with unflagging interest; we have made the "Inland Voyage" many times, and even now we are camping once more in the dark with patient "Modestine" tethered close by to a tree. As for "Virginibus Puerisque," "Memories and Portraits," and the volume of essays containing "Across the Plains," "The Lantern-bearers," and "A Christmas Sermon,"—they have been placed on the shelf with Lamb and Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt and De Quincey, Emerson and Thoreau, Irving and Donald Mitchell, yes, and with Richard Jefferies and Hamilton Mabie. We have time for them all; and they all help us, in different ways, to enjoy the world of books and of nature.

And not far off, on a shelf with the poets, is a volume for which we shall ever be grateful to Stevenson. From it he took the beautiful poem with which he concludes his "Christmas Sermon." When I read it I think of the last days of Stevenson's life. I hear "a late lark singing," and have visions of a beautiful sunset. Then I think of his visit to the hospital where the poet lay sick and helpless, of Stevenson's enthusiastic recognition of his talent and of the letters he afterwards wrote to the "dear lad"; and I also think of the ending of their friendship. Oh, the pity of it! But this shall not spoil for me the beauty of the works of a true poet. On the same shelf there is a place reserved for the volume of poems recently issued by Mr. Henley,

which is said to contain the best things he has written. Mr. Alden writes from London that this volume fully justifies the opinion of Mr. Henley which Stevenson expressed in more than one of his letters. It is to be regretted that a spirit of cynicism pervades the greater part of these poems; but, as Mr. Alden remarks, that has nothing to do with their poetical merit. There are undoubtedly greater poets than Mr. Henley, but they do not blind us to the exquisite beauty of his work.

Not very long ago a visitor to Vailima climbed the mountain upon whose crest sleeps Robert Louis Stevenson. Upon his tomb lay garlands of scarlet pandanus and fragrant *moso'oi* tenderly placed there by brown-skinned natives, who together with the French Catholic missionaries seem to be the only friends of Stevenson remaining on the island. Down on the right the red roofs of Vailima peeped out from among the tree-tops; across a gorge on the left rose a verdure-clad mountain spur, and ahead lay the harbor of Apia between the palm-fringed points of Matauta and Mulinuu. The sun was in the west and over all was peace. The only living thing visible was a white tropic-bird flying seaward from its mountain nest. Suddenly the silence was broken by a sobbing note of strange sweetness. "O le manu-tangi," ("the mourning-bird"), said the guide, and looking upward he pointed to a beautiful green dove with a cap of rose color and a purple band across its breast, almost concealed among the branches above the grave. "Perhaps," said the guide, "it is an *aitu* (wood-spirit) guarding the grave of *Tusitala*."* The sun was sinking lower, and the visitor at the grave thought of Henley's beautiful lines and of the setting of the life's sun of him who lay there "where he longed to be." Laying a few ferns and branches of *lau-maile* upon the tomb, the traveler and his guide retraced their steps down the mountain side, across the brook, over the lawn where the tennis court once had been, and down the "Road of Loving Hearts," bordered by its hedge of fragrant lemons. There were bullet-holes in the roofs, one great shot from an English man-of-war in the harbor had traversed the drawing-room, and another had plowed a deep hole in the lawn. The stone wall had been torn down in places to furnish the soldiers of Mataafa—Stevenson's old friend—with breastworks for protection against the bullets of their enemies. The sign-board still stood with the names upon it of those who had built the road through the forest, in grateful recognition of the kindness shown to them by Stevenson during their imprisonment. The trav-

* "Writer-of-Tales," Stevenson's Samoan name.

eler thought of the many acts of kindness Stevenson had done, of the disinterested love he had bestowed upon the people of his adoption, of the ending of the inscription in Samoan upon his tomb: "Thy land shall be my land, and there will I lie down and be buried." Then the guide turned to take one last look at Mount Væa and said, "*Tofā, Tusitala!*—good-bye, Writer-of-Tales!"

Graham Balfour lived at Vailima during the last years of Stevenson's life. When it was announced that his biography would not be written by Sidney Colvin, his oldest and most intimate friend, all Stevensonians were disappointed; and they looked forward to Mr. Balfour's book with no little anxiety. That he has done his work well every one concedes. He has told the story simply and lovingly, and has most ably edited the letters in which Stevenson himself, in his own charming way, tells us so much that we want to know.

Mr. Henley alone seems to be dissatisfied. He complains that Mr. Balfour is "a day or so after the fair," and says that Mr. Cope Cornford has said "as much about Stevenson, the man, as need now be told." "Let this be said once for all," writes Mr. Henley, very much as he wrote of Richard Jefferies—"he was a good man, good at many things, and now this also he has attained to, to be at rest." But Mr. Henley says elsewhere: "In days to come I may write as much as can be told of him."

If the article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* is an index to the nature of the biography Mr. Henley may write "in days to come," it is safe to say that little weight will be attached to it; for, surely, an author with a grievance against the man whose life-story he tells cannot be convincing.

For most book-lovers there are two Henleys: Henley the poet and Henley the cynic. The first they love and admire; the other they pity; and, were it not for an occasional appreciation, like that for the translations of Homer and Theocritus, by Andrew Lang and Henry Butcher, they would find little pleasure in reading his literary criticisms. When we compare Andrew Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors" with some of Henley's essays, in which he carefully presents the various contemptuous epithets and witty epigrams that have been applied to authors whom we love and revere, what a contrast presents itself. How we thank Mr. Lang for introducing us to Ronsard, "the poet of princes and prince of poets," how eagerly we once more open our Theocritus, and read again the whole trilogy of "Les Trois Mousquetaires." But what pleasure or benefit can

any one derive from hearing George Eliot described as "George Sand *plus* Science and *minus* Sex"; as "Pallas with prejudices and a corset"; and as 'the fruit of a caprice of Apollo for the Differential Calculus'?

For Mr. Lang we feel only gratitude. Even when he criticises he does so gently. He does not degrade but ennoble—he does not dishearten but encourages—he does not deal with things ugly and paltry and mean, but with things beautiful and lofty. On the other hand Mr. Henley seems to have a heavy burden resting upon his shoulders. He seems to feel it his duty to gauge the amount of praise to be meted out to each writer and to express his disgust at the tributes paid to the dead. It is as though Mr. Lang takes you by the hand and leads you along pleasant paths, pointing out one thing of beauty after another, so that you may share with him his enjoyment; while Mr. Henley suggests an architect acting as your guide through a city, calling your attention to the defects of each building, as though fearful lest you admire anything short of perfection.

A Bold Bookseller.

In a collection which George Russell has been making of stories of avarice—that "good old gentlemanly vice"—he prints the following of Lord A—:

"He was a bookbuyer on the largest scale, and everyone praised his noble love of literature, contrasting so favorably with the vulgar extravagances of the racecourse and the gaming table. He always made his purchases through a London bookseller, whom we will call Mr. B—, and one day B— presented himself at the country seat of his noble patron, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Mr. B.—'There is a great sale of books in Paris next week, my Lord, and I feel I ought to be there.'

"Lord A.—'Quite right, B. If you come across anything really good, let me know.'

"Mr. B.—'I will, my Lord; and I hope that your Lordship will excuse my mentioning the fact that your account with me now runs into three figures. It would be extremely convenient for me if your Lordship could settle it before I go to the sale.'

"Lord A.—'And do you mean that you have the audacity to tell me to my face that you propose to go to Paris and speculate with *my money?* (Ringing the bell) John, show this person out of the house.'

"Thus spoke at once a noble taste for culture and a generous indignation against the misuse of money." —*Publishers' Weekly.*

ORNATE TITLE-PAGES: THEIR ORIGIN AND REVIVAL.

By John V. Sears.

Every book has a title but not every book has a title-page. The book of the ages before printing had no page. A page is one side of a book-leaf, and the earlier books had no leaves, being continuous writings on scrolls of papyrus, parchment or other suitable material. Each book was unique, existing primarily in one copy, written by or for the owner or owners, the name or title commonly indicating ownership, as a book-plate serves in later times. The title-page is addressed to the reading public, but of old there was no reading public, reading being confined to the sacerdotal class, the scribes, and the few laymen educated in letters. It was not until Roman civilization developed a taste for reading outside the clerical classes that books were multiplied and titles identifying the several copies of the same writings became necessary. These were briefly descriptive, were written on separate tablets, and attached by cords to the rolls of manuscript. The writing of labels was the first work assigned to young slaves learning the art of scriptography, before they could be trusted to make fair lettering.

With the invention of printing the book-page came into use, and the manuscript scroll was abandoned, except for special and formal purposes. There is still a Master of the Rolls in England, and important documents, title-deeds, treaties and State papers are still written in the scroll form in many countries, but since early in the fifteenth century the folded leaf has taken the place of the scroll or rolled sheet. With the scroll the label fell into desuetude.

The first printed books had no titles. No label was attached and nothing was substituted to take its place, until toward the close of the

first century of printing. The Holy Bible, which was the first book of importance to be issued from the press, was, as a matter of course, always known as The Bible, The Book, the one book of all books, but there was no prefatory title given to the earlier printed Scriptures. It was nearly a quarter of a century after the completion of the Mazarin Bible, before the name was prefixed to the text.

There were, however, much earlier than the fifteenth century, examples of symbolic decoration employed by calligraphers and illumina-

tors, partly to exhibit their skill and partly to adorn their work, but also to preface their text with pictorial suggestions. Portions of the Sacred Scriptures, particularly the copies produced in monasteries and religious houses, were decorated by the "fratres scriptores" with pious care, and in time the brethren acquired the practice of designing a significant ornament at the beginning of each separate passage of the inspired Word. The Agnes Dei, the Dove of Peace, the Annunciation Lily, the Sacred Heart, the various forms of the Cross of



(The Sea of Histories.) Antoine Verard, Paris.

a mer des
hystoires

Christ, and many other symbolic figures were used to give a foregleam of the character of the manuscript's context. These designs might, with some reason, be regarded as the precursors of the modern title-page; the more as they finally became conventional and were regularly used to preface the several portions of Scripture for which they were originally intended. That foundation stone of the New Testament, the Codex Alexandrinus, affords an early instance of the separation of texts by symbolic designs, and in the first-known Greek manuscripts of the Pauline Epistles there are simple

but beautifully rendered drawings in color beginning each separate writing.

These introductory designs were subsequently followed by the cloistered artists of that noble school of illuminators flourishing in Ireland during the eighth century. These prayerful workers carried their art to a very high state of perfection, the ingenuity and beauty of their marvelously intricate patterns of interlaced bands on mosaic groundwork having never been surpassed. In some of their existing manuscripts, notably in the "Book of Kells," they gave whole pages to magnificent pieces of ornamental color-work having some significant bearing on the following texts. The "Book of Kells," fortunately preserved in Dublin, Ireland, is an Evangelary, probably of the eighth century, one of the most wonderful examples of the calligraphic art known to history. Westwood says that in delicacy of handling and in minute and faultless execution the whole range of palæography offers nothing that can compare with this marvelous manuscript; and Wyatt in his description of the book states that he tried in vain to copy details of the ornamentation, but concluded that no modern skill could accomplish a task so difficult. It can be readily understood

why a writer in the twelfth century declares his belief in the tradition that the miraculous labor was performed only by the direct aid of angels at the intercession of Saint Bridget. The first page of this typical work of illumination is filled with a triumph of complicated designs of interwoven bands on a ground of gold mosaic, together with symbolic figures

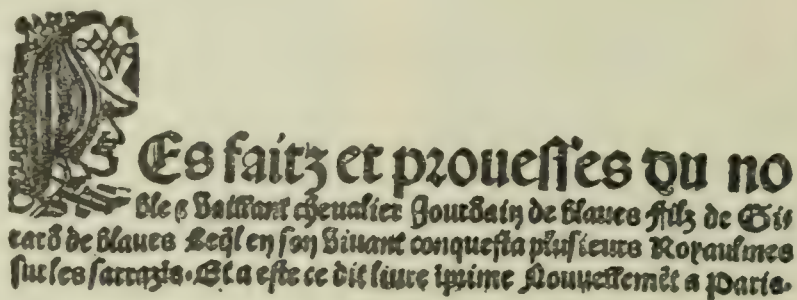
referring to the text, a suggestion of the title-page too significant to be overlooked.

Later in history, during the period of the Italian Renaissance, the art of illumination enlisted the skill of the greatest painters, and manuscript books of the most sumptuous character were produced, costing, in known instances, sums equivalent to \$50,000 of our

money. These splendid volumes were mostly religious in character and the "Evangelaries," "Books of Hours," "Epistolaries," and similar writings frequently had decorated prefixes, giving the name of the owner, the king or duke, or church dignitary for whom the book was written, and also the title of it. These manuscript title-pages were, however, very rare, and were never copied by the early printers. They may be claimed as the predecessors of the modern title-page, but the succession was not immediate. There was a hiatus between the calligrapher and the printer, which the latter did not fill by copying the former.

According to the undoubted authority of Mr. Alfred Pollard the custom of providing a title-page to a printed book was not even thought of for fully fifteen years after the first book was published. The "rubric-

ers," as the artists were called who had so wonderfully developed the art of illuminating and decorating the manuscript books, took the first crude prints of the press and put the finishing touches of refinement upon them by hand. They formed a large class of workers both in the monasteries and among the laity, and the early printers were averse to offending them by neglect, and rather dependent upon them for

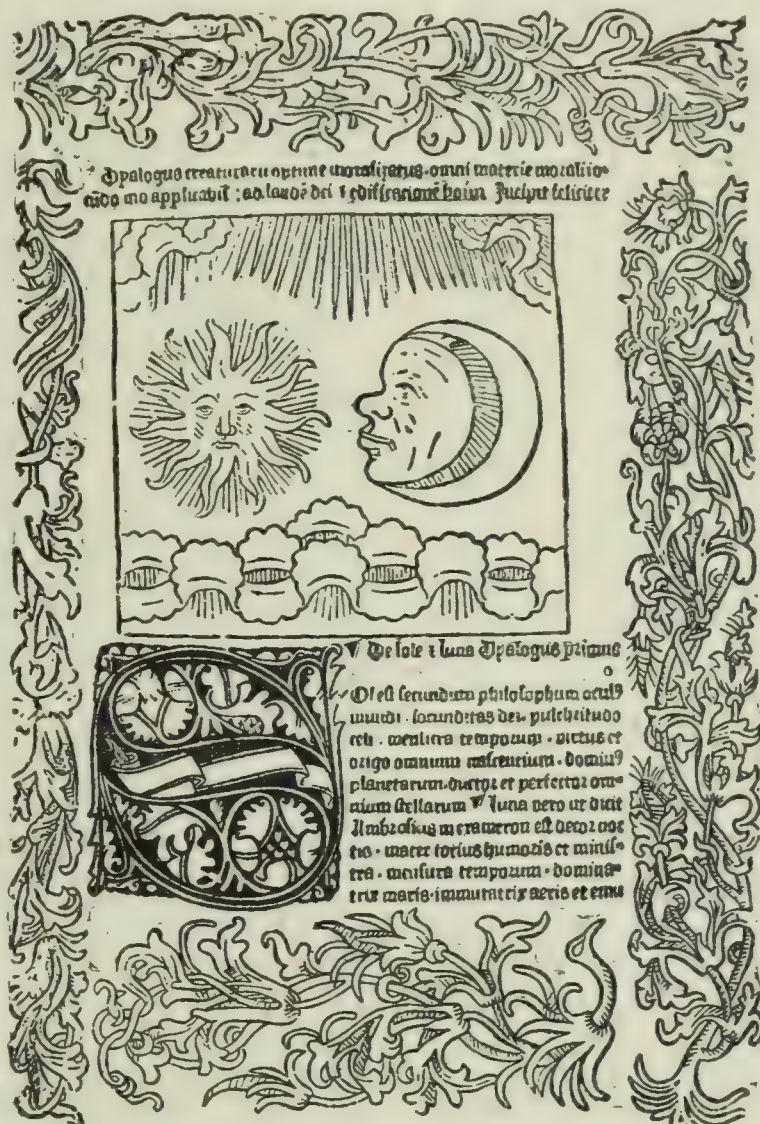


Lumpriuilegio.

(The Deeds and Exploits of Jourdain de Blaues.) Paris, 1520.

artistic finish to their own mechanical work, so blank spaces were left for their initials and head-pieces to be wrought in color by hand. As the habit of the early scribes was to close their manuscripts with a brief commentary of their work following their signatures and the date and place of writing, so the rubricator, to whom had been entrusted the finishing of a printed book, would place the matter of its publication, name of author, date and place of printing, and the printer's name, in a brief paragraph or "colophon," modestly at the end of the book. The colophon is from the Greek word, meaning summit, top, or finishing, and is ingeniously explained by Strabo to be derived from an Ionian town called Colophon, whose cavalry were so irresistible that in any contest they were always triumphant at the finish or, in modern terms, "on top." Plato uses the word as a finishing stroke to an argument, and it has come to mean the completion of the task of the scribe. The first colophon known appeared in the Mentz Psalter in 1457. It is in pompous fifteenth-century Latin and may be freely translated as follows: "The present book of Psalms, adorned with beauty of capitals and sufficiently marked out with rubrics, has been thus fashioned by an ingenious invention of printing and stamping, and to the worship of God diligently brought to completion by Johann Fust, a citizen of Mentz, and Peter Schoeffer, of Gernsheim, in the year of our Lord, 1457, on the vigil of the Feast of the Assumption." In this edition the great initial letters were printed in red and blue instead of there being blank spaces left for the handiwork of the rubricator, hence the reference above to the "beauty of capitals." Shortly after this appeared another colophon in the "Catholicon," or Latin Dictionary of Johannes Balbus, printed in Mentz, in 1460, perhaps by Gutenberg himself, although this is not certain. This abounds in piety and patriotism, as the translation will show, but carefully conceals the information we desire as to the name of the printer. It runs as follows: "By the help of the Most High, at Whose will the tongues of infants become eloquent, and Who oftentimes reveals to the poor in rank that which He hides from the wise, this noble book, the Catholicon, in the year of our Lord's incarnation 1460, in the bounteous town of Mentz, of the renowned German nation which the clemency of God has deigned to prefer and render illustrious above all other nations of the earth by so high a light of intellect and free gift, without help of reed, stile, or pen, but by the wondrous agreement, proportion and harmony of punches and types, has been printed and finished."

Following this it became customary to print colophons in rhyme, and if the printer were unequal to this learned task, a scholar employed as a reader often performed it for him. Up to the time of the invention of printing, literature had been made public only by the handiwork of scribes who formed a professional class, many of them scholars of parts and learning but of small means, who were glad to eke out their livelihood by copying manuscript, many of them monks, as were also many of the illuminators. These professional collaborators had worked together producing the only



(Dialogue of the Creatures.) By Gerard Leco, Gouda, 1480.

books known to their era, many of which were beautiful works of art. Naturally they established customs and traditions of book-making, and the early printers followed for a long time in their footsteps as far as possible. The delay in the appearance of the title-page in printed books and the continued use of the colophon at the end were doubtless due to the habits handed down by frugal scribes for whom parchment and paper were expensive luxuries. To the mind of the monk or poor scholar the use of a whole sheet in the front of a book to tell what a few lines at the close on the last

page would tell as well, was an extravagance not to be allowed. The printers and publishers, accustomed to being governed by those above them in learning, passively accepted their dictum for many years. As in all great changes in the development of human progress, the habits of the past clung hard and died slowly away; the influence of early authority strove heavily against the rising tide of new ideas, and maintained its sway even after those new ideas had accumulated much force. The inevitable must follow, however, along all lines of earthly activity; the old gives way to the new, the past sinks back, the future possibility swings into line as a present reality, and a new era opens.

With the awakening of the world in the Renaissance, there came into being a new phenomenon in creation — a public mind athirst for knowledge. Previously knowledge had been the portion of the rich and favored few, but the wave of new life surged through the hearts and brains of those who had been before too low to think or care about much beyond the needs of the animal man. This newly awakened public mind demanded learning, and as always comes to a great demand, the supply appeared, created by the art of printing. This art being carried forward by mechanical processes and requiring more of mechanical skill than of literary and artistic labor, naturally drew more and more from the ranks of the skilled workmen and less from the learned scribes and illuminators, and by degrees the force of old customs began to wane, and newer methods crept in more suitable to the needs of the new art of book-making.

While the colophon continued in vogue it was often used as an opportunity for the display of

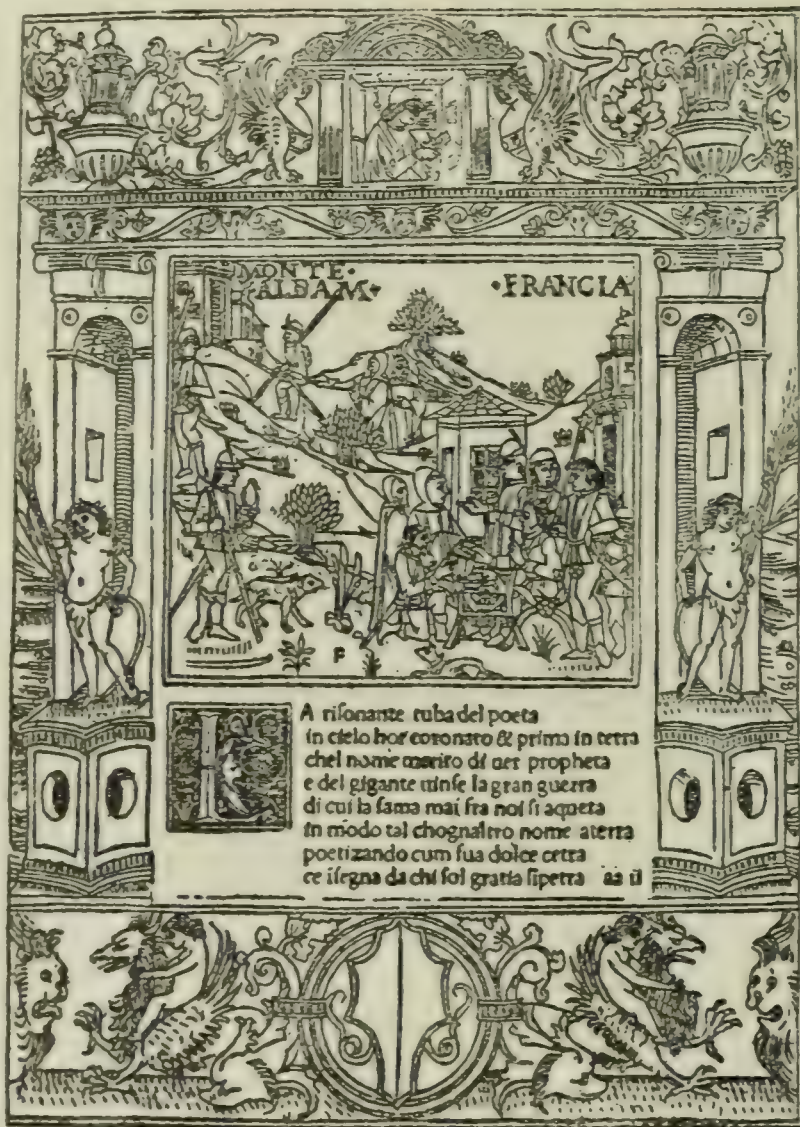
wit and learning, being usually in Latin, often praising in verse the quality of the book it describes, or punning on the author's name. John, of Speyer or Spera, and his brother Wendelin or Vindelinus, who introduced printing into Venice, were especially clever at these versifications, many of which are preserved. In many cases the verses were laudatory or descriptive, and the plain bare facts of the date and place of printing and the author's and printers' names were given in simple prose.

At first, the colophons were printed just like the rest of the text, but shortly Peter Schœffer and others took to printing them in red ink for the sake of distinction, and soon added a special device or design of their own as a printer's private mark. This was sometimes placed above and sometimes below the colophon, and sometimes was used alone when the colophon was omitted. Indeed, after this custom was done away with altogether, the printer's mark remained as a fitting "finis" to the work.

The colophon was often most attractive from both the literary and artistic point of view, and is a point of interest in the history of book-making, marking one stage of development where the customs of the past and methods

of the future met and lapped over as it were; but it was a transitory stage, and with its passing went the last touch of the ancient scribe, and in its place stood forth the printed title-page, a newer, more convenient, quicker, easier fashion of setting out the principal facts about a book which the reader desires to know beforehand.

In the year 1470, Arnold Therhoernen printed at Cologne "a Sermon preachable on the feast of the presentation of the most Blessed Virgin," in which he not only intro-



"Treblsonda Istoriata, Etc." Venice, 1404.

duced the novelty of a title-page, the first of its kind so far as we know, but further improved the art of book-making by the convenience of numbered pages, only that instead of numbering at the upper corner as we do now, he had the numbers placed on the outer margin of the page about half-way between the top and bottom. Three years later a similar title-page was used at Esslingen by Conrad Fyner, and after another lapse of three years there ap-

peared in Venice a title-page, printed in German, Latin, and Italian. This introduction to the "gem of gems" of a Kalendarium is extremely graceful and attractive in design, the letterpress being surrounded by a border of conventionalized vine growing up from classic-shaped vases on either side of the page and surmounted by a head-piece of ornamental scrollwork separate and yet similar in composition. The lettering is headed by a capital in red, and below is the date, 1476. Beneath this are printed, in red, the names of the three partners in publishing, Bernardus Pictor and Erhard Ratdolt, of Augsburg, and Petrus Loslein, of Langenzen, in Bavaria. The city of Augsburg being the first place where "wood engraving was seriously employed for the decoration of printed books," it is likely that these men were true pioneers in the making of decorated title-pages, those previously mentioned being simply printed statements without decoration. These

progressive printers were, however, ahead of their time. To quote Mr. Pollard: "Like its two predecessors, the title-page of 1476 was a mere anticipation and was not imitated." The systematic development of the title-page begins in the early part of the next decade, when the custom of printing the short title of a book on a first page, otherwise left blank, came slowly into use. The earliest two appearances of these label title-pages in England are (1) in "A passing gode lityll boke

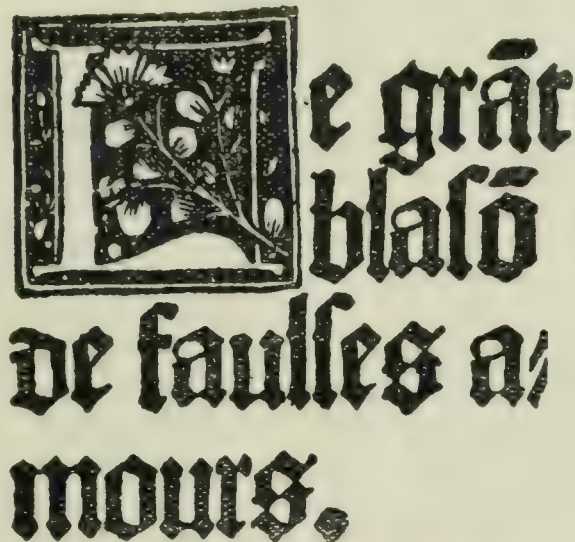
necessarye and behouefull against the Pestilens," by Canatus, Bishop of Ashers, printed by Machlimia, probably toward the close of his career, 1486 (?), and (2) in one of the earliest works printed by Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's apprentice, after his master's death. Here, in the center of the first page, we find a three-line paragraph reading: "The prouffitable boke for mane's soule and right comfortable to the body and specially in adversitee and tribulation

which boke is called the Chastysynge of Godde's Chyldern." Other countries were earlier than England, both in the adoption of the label title-page and in filling the space beneath the title with some attempt at ornament. In France, the ornament usually took the form of a printer's mark, more rarely of an illustration; in Italy and Germany usually of an illustration, more rarely of a printer's mark.

Until the first quarter of the sixteenth century was drawing to a close, the colophon still held its place at the end of the book as chief source of information as to the printer's name and place and date of publication. The author's name also was often reserved for the colophon or hidden away in a preface or dedicatory letter. Title-pages completed according to the fashion which, until the antiquarian revival by Mr. William Morris of the old label form, has ever since held sway, did not become common until about 1520. Perhaps

the chief reason why the convenient custom of the title-page spread so slowly was that soon after 1470 the Augsburg printers began to imitate in wood-cuts the elaborate borders with which the illuminators had been accustomed to decorate the first page of a manuscript or early printed book.

When they first appear, these wood-cut borders grow out of the initial letter with which the text begins and extend only over part of the upper and inner margins. In other instances,



(The Great Coat of Arms of False Loves.)
P. Mareschal, Lyons, 1497.

however, they completely surround the first page of the text, and this is invariably the case with the very beautiful borders which are found toward the close of the century in many of the books printed in Italy. In these they are mostly preceded by a label title-page.

Gradually the plainly printed title became more and more ornate until it was the object of the most lavish elaboration. Among remarkable examples may be cited the title-page of the "*Dyalogus Creaturasum*," printed by Gerard Lecu, in Gouda, 1480. The border of conventional scrollwork surrounding the letterpress and wood-cut designs is evidently shop stock, printed in sections cut to fit the size of the pages, one part being cut lengthwise through the middle of the design. These patterns were doubtless kept on hand ready for use as might be desired, but the curious archaic representation of sun and moon and ruffled clouds is probably a separate block cut by a special artist of the class called miniature or vignette makers. These workers occupied an important position in early book-making, and, indeed, their work often dominated the letterpress to such an extent as to rob the title-page of its first use, that is, a brief, clear, simple statement of the title, purpose, author and printer of the book, and the time and place of its production. In the "*Trebisonda istoriata ne la quale si contiene nobilissime battaglie con la vita e morte di Rinaldo*" (Venice, 1494) the border and design surround the first eight lines of print, the paragraph title appearing in plain print, undecorated. Among the French printers was Michel le Noir, whose title-page designs were most elaborate and flowery as seen by the one of "*Le faitz et prouesses de Jourdain de Blaues*." This shows a number of mailed and mounted figures "pricking o'er the plain," which form of speech seems the more applicable, as the plain is apparently overgrown with plants of an exceedingly spiky and cactus-like variety. Despite this elaborate page, this book is also furnished forth with a colophon stating that it was finished and printed in Paris, August 26, 1520.

Another form of decoration appeared in the enlarged and highly ornate initial letter that sometimes occupied the greater part of the title-page, the printing being enclosed and surrounded by a huge overgrown capital out of which peered all sorts of grotesque and fantastic faces and figures. The initial L in "*La mer des hystoires*," by Antoine Verard, is an example of this style. In the year that Christopher Columbus was discovering America this artist was discovering unlimited realms of

fancy in the convolutions of capital letters. Little did either dream of the days when the fancies of one should be printed and published in the world of fact discovered by the other.

In course of time the custom grew of placing the printer's mark or device, which became more ornate and intricate in design, on the title-page as an ornament thereto, instead of away at the end of the book as it had been in the days of the colophon. A fair specimen of this treatment of the title-page is in "*Le grant blason de faulses amours*," by Guillaume Alexis, printed at Lyons in 1497 by Pierre Mareschal and Bernabe Chaussard. This custom, though often carried out in great beauty of design, led to indulgence in bad taste on the printer's part, as shown by the imprint of Simon Vostre of Paris in 1507 in the "*Horæ Beatae Mariæ Virginis*" where the title and all else is subservient to the emblem of the printer, thereby perverting the proper intention of the title-page pure and simple.

It is a noteworthy fact that the origin, rise and progress of the title-page is to be credited to the early printers, the fathers of the craft, who added to the skill of the artisan the learning of the scholar. Later the authors and men of letters gave names to the books they wrote or compiled, and the printer's work was confined to giving these names such proper setting forth as his taste and resources would permit. In the earlier evolution of the "art preservative," however, the printer and publisher, usually the same person, was alone in the work of editing his issues and preparing them for the press. This state of things was due to the fact that the first printed books were reproductions of standard classics already approved by the limited public given to the patronage of letters. The enterprising printers employed translators of the most highly esteemed Greek and Roman authors, but beyond the work of setting over the text from one language to another the printer and publisher designed the entire book, and often labored with his own hands in producing it. Thus it happens that the honor of inventing and perfecting the title-page must be accorded to the truly great men who created the art of printing. Among the foremost of these originators of one of the noblest trades in the whole range of human industry stands Aldo Manuzio, the founder of the Aldine Press. His "*Editiones Principes*" of Greek and Latin authors are the corner-stones on which the fabric of modern literature has been erected. To the Aldine Press we are indebted not only for established forms of book-making still in use, but also for designs of type with which

printing is done. In co-operation with his engraver, Francesco of Bologna, Aldo Manuzio, or Manucius, as he was called later, produced more than twenty fonts of letters. The most notable of these was the "Corsivi," designed for the Aldine edition of Virgil in 1501 and known to printers to-day as "Italics."

the motto either "Festina Lente" or "Sudavit et Alsit" below.

William Caxton, 1422-1491, the first printer and publisher in England, earned lasting honors by his scholarly work, but none of his many books had title-pages, these being apparently unknown to him. His successor,



(Hours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.) By Simon Vostre: Paris, 1507.

The Aldine title-pages are models of beauty and have served printers as examples to follow for four hundred years. These pages bear the emblem of the Aldine Press under the title, toward the bottom: an anchor, upright, with a slender dolphin turning around the stock, with

Wynkyn de Worde, 1493-1502, adopted title-pages toward the close of his career, but his work was crude compared with that of his great Italian contemporaries. Henri Estienne, the leader of his craft in France, established his press in 1466, and his house continued the

business he created until 1674. Many of the Estienne books bore beautiful title-pages, but the decadence of printing had already set in before the house went out of existence. The famous Plantin Press was established in Antwerp by Christopher Plantin in 1555, and was continued by his family for three centuries, the business being finally closed in 1867. The title-pages of the Plantin issues in the best period, when the house was known as "the first printing office in the world," were artistic and elegant, comparable in good taste and good work with the finest French and Italian examples.

The Elzevirs appeared later, their first known book "Drusii Ebraicarum," bearing date 1583. The title-page was then generally recognized as a necessary feature of a good book, and while the Elzevirs did good service in adapting the title-page to the small compass of their Little Classics, they were not instrumental in promoting its general use.

This brief mention of the few named among the many great printers who aided in bringing their art to a high state of perfection must serve to show that substantially the title-page of the present day was fairly well established by the middle of the sixteenth century.

The single line, with no addendum, has been contracted, where practicable, to a single word, and left to make whatever impression it may, unaided by secondary announcements. Mr. Kipling's "Kim," a title consisting of one word in three letters, may be regarded as an instance in which the simplifying process has been carried as far as it can go.

The printers and publishers have followed the authors and editors in making the title-page as clean and clear an exhibit as possible. Sharp-lined lettering, wide spacing and ample expanses of white paper characterize the style of the present hour. No ornamentation of any kind is now permitted, and the simplifying process has been carried so far that even punctuation has been done away with. There are however, signs of reaction from this severe denudation of the page, and it is not impossible that another change of fashion may be at hand. During the first year of the twentieth century our most popular periodicals have issued new covers with each succeeding month, and these covers have been more and more superbly decorated with designs and pictures in colors. A magazine cover is its title-page, and it may be that this sumptuous adornment is to be the harbinger of a richer and more ornate style for all title-pages.—Text and illustrations reprinted by courtesy of *The International Printer*.

One Hundred Works of Fiction.

Mr. Irving Putnam's List.

This is a bookseller's list (though the author is now Librarian of Congress), and therefore differs somewhat from most lists of the kind. It attempts to reflect, rather than the personal preference of one individual, the consensus of opinion of many thousand cultivated people. The compiler has tried to make the selection representative of every character of fiction, from the "Wide, Wide, World," on the one hand, to "Rabelais" on the other. It is a list of one hundred representative works, including not more than three works of any one author, and excluding books of the day and short stories.

- Alcott, "Little Women."
- Austen, "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility."
- Balzac, "Père Goriot," "Eugénie Grandet."
- Blackmore, "Lorna Doone."
- Boccaccio, "Decameron."
- Borrow, "Lavengro."
- Bronte, "Jane Eyre," "Shirley."
- Cervantes, "Don Quixote."
- Cooper, "Spy," "Last of the Mohicans," "Pilot."
- Craik, "John Halifax."
- Curtis, "Prue and I."
- De la Ramée, "Under Two Flags."
- De Foe, "Robinson Crusoe."
- Dickens, "David Copperfield," "Pickwick Papers," "Tale of Two Cities."
- Dumas, "Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "Count of Monte Cristo."
- Edgeworth, "Belinda."
- Fielding, "Tom Jones."
- Fouqué, "Undine."
- Gaskell, "Cranford."
- Goldsmith, "Vicar of Wakefield."
- Hawthorne, "Scarlet Letter," "Marble Faun," "House of Seven Gables."
- Holmes, "Guardian Angel," "Elsie Venner."
- Howells, "Their Wedding Journey."
- Hughes, "Tom Brown's School Days," "Tom Brown at Oxford."
- Hugo, "Les Misérables," "Notre Dame."
- Irving, "Knickerbocker's New York," "Alhambra," "Sketch Book."
- James, "American."
- Johnson, "Rasselas."
- Kennedy, "Horseshoe Robinson."
- Kingsley, "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!"
- Kingsley, H., "Geoffrey Hamlyn."
- Lever, "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer."
- Eliot, "Adam Bede," "Mill on the Floss," "Romola."
- Lytton, "Caxtons," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Last of the Barons."
- Marryat, "Mr. Midshipman Easy."
- Marlitt, "Old Mam'selle's Secret."

Mayo, "Kaloolah."
 Melville, "Typee," "Omoo."
 Meredith, "Richard Feverel."
 Mitchell, "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life."
 Porter, "Thaddeus of Warsaw."
 Rabelais' Works.
 Reade, "Never Too Late to Mend," "Foul Play," "Cloister and Hearth."
 Russell, "Wreck of the Grosvenor."
 Smollett, "Roderick Random."
 Sterne, "Tristram Shandy," "Sentimental Journey."
 Stevenson, "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped."
 Sue, "Wandering Jew."
 Stowe, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Minister's Wooing."
 Stael, "Corinne."
 Sand, "Consuelo."
 Scott, "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Talisman."
 Swift, "Gulliver's Travels."
 Tautphoeus, "Initials," "Quits."
 Taylor, "Hannah Thurston," "Story of Kennett."
 Thackeray, "Vanity Fair," "Newcomes," "Esmond."
 Trollope, "Warden," "Barchester Towers."
 Verne, "Twenty Thousand Leagues."
 Wallace, "Ben-Hur."
 Warner, "Wide, Wide, World."
 Ware, "Zenobia."
 Warren, "Ten Thousand a Year."
 Whitney, "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."
 Yonge, "Heir of Redclyffe."

Some Schoolboy Mistakes.

HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, LITERATURE.

We have taken the following list of amusing replies given by schoolboys in examinations, from the English *University Correspondent*:—

Of whom was it said "He never smiled again"? William Rufus did this after he was shot by the arrow.

My favorite character in English history is Henry VIII., because he had eight wives and killed them all.

The cause of the Peasants' Revolt was that a shilling poultice should be put on everybody over 16.

Henry VIII. was a very good king. He liked plenty of money, he had plenty of wives and died of ulcers in the legs.

Edward III. would have been king of France if his mother had been a man.

"Doomsday Book." A book signifying that each man should have seven feet of land for a grave.

Alexander the Great was born in the absence of his parents.

What followed the murder of Becket?—Henry II. received wacks with a berch.

What is a watershed?—A shed for keeping water in.

Scutage was a way the Anglo-Saxons had of ploughing the ground.

The battle of Waterloo was fought off Cape Trafalgar. Nelson led up one squadron and Collingwood the other. When it was over, Wellington rode over the field by moonlight, and met Blucher the French general, and they shook hands and were friends ever after.

The chief clause in Magna Carta was that no free man should be put to death or imprisoned without his own consent.

There were certain restrictions on commerce in the old statutes, for the Constitutions of Clarendon says that no son of a villein was to "take orders" without his lord's permission.

What do you know of Dermot?—Dermot's daughter married Magna Charta. Dermot himself married Strongbow.

What do you know of Dryden and Buckingham?—Dryden and Buckingham were at first friends, but soon became contemporaries.

What is Milton's chief work?—Milton wrote a sensible poem called the "Canterbury Tails."

Give the names of five Shakespearean plays.—"Macbeth," "Mikado," "Quo Vadis," "San Toy," "Sign of the Cross."

Bibliophilistic Uncertainty.

I know my sweetheart like a book,
 Each page a tempting word or look.
 The title? Often "sweet" and "dear,"
 But sometimes "Mistress Domineer."
 Her type to me is nonpareil,
 The binding lambskin pink and pale;
 Then, too, the finish is gilt-edge—
 And to the make-up I've a pledge
 To add my quad of real romance
 If I am given half a chance.

And though I know this dainty tome
 So thoroughly—still I become
 Perplexed;—just think should she decline
 To make this rare edition mine!
 —Gorman Wheeler.

In Praise of Kipling.

'E's a gittin' waxed most awful in the papers near an' far;

'E is classed with Halfred Haustin, think o' that!
 They makes fun of 'is hopinions on the way to fight the war.

An' they say that 'e's a-talkin' through 'is 'at.
 But as long as T. Mulvaney tells o' fightin' Paythens, where

The fightin' was the kind to read about,
 And while old Shere Khan is snarlin' in 'is mossy jungle lair,
 Little Rudyard's reputation won't give hout.

Then 'ere's to you, Mr. Kiplin'! You're a 'as-been, it may be;
 But the things you've done already's plenty good enough for me.

Giles brings forward in his book. As far back as the sixth century B. C., we are told, the Chinese were in possession of a written language fully adequate to the most varied expression of human thought, while Fêng Tao's invention of block-printing early in the tenth century A. D., though no doubt much inferior to Gutenberg's press, antedated the latter by over 500 years.

Of the astonishing literary industry of the Chinese, *The Saturday Review* writer speaks as follows:

"One encyclopedia alone, the famous Yung Lo Ta Tien, covered over half a million pages. This gigantic work, compiled by the orders of the third Ming Emperor early in the fifteenth century, was never printed, owing to the cost of the block-cutting. It is a more than national disaster that the only three copies made should all have been burned, two at the fall of the Ming Dynasty, and the third as late as last year at the hands of the Chinese themselves, during the bombardment of the Foreign Legations at Peking. Two other encyclopedias published under the Sung (A.D. 900 to 1200) possess respectively 400 pages and 280 pages of index alone. The famous Emperor Kang Hsi published two encyclopedias, the second an illustrated trifle of 1,628 volumes containing 200 pages apiece. The great work, however, with which Kang Hsi's name (or, to speak more correctly, his title) will always be associated, is his Dictionary, which, produced about the end of the seventeenth century, remains to this day the standard dictionary of the Chinese language. Nothing will give the European reader so clear an idea of the almost reverential interest with which the Chinese regard their literature as the immense amount of study and toil which have been lavished on the preparation of these and many other encyclopedias, concordances, dictionaries, and the like. The same reverence shows itself in the care taken of books; the great library at Hangchau (an imperial foundation, if we remember rightly) remains in our minds as one of the very few public buildings which seemed really clean and cared for."

Concerning the effect which the written language has had on the literature of China, this writer observes that the facts in Professor Giles's book show that "the symbolic language has shut out the people from mental intercourse with their fellow men." He argues that certain results have followed naturally:

"Isolated and self-absorbed, Chinese literature developed rapidly for a certain time, after which the purism and slow decay inevitable under such conditions set in, leading with almost equal certainty to the present state, which, as the author acknowledges in his closing pages, is one of exhaustion if not paralysis. If any regeneration of Chinese literature is to take place, and all readers of Professor Giles's book will certainly hope for

this, we feel convinced that the first step must be for the language to submit to an alphabet. Favorable precedents, which count for so much in China, exist. Kublai Khan, the professor tells us, actually ordered the construction of an alphabet for the Mongol language, and more than one of the great Chinese dictionaries show signs of having got within a tantalizing distance of the great reform."

The reviewer goes on to present some peculiarities of Chinese poems and novels which the book brings to light.

"A Chinese poem," says the professor, "is at best a hard nut to crack, expressed, as it usually is, in lines of five or seven monosyllabic root-ideas, without inflection, agglutination, or grammatical indication of any kind." After this appalling description, our readers will probably desire to hear no more of Chinese poetry. Yet there are some fine pieces and many worth reading in the very liberal number of specimens which Professor Giles has given us. By the way, the poets of old describe themselves, almost to a man, as drunkards of the first order. This is probably nothing more than poetic license; at all events nowadays it is an extremely rare thing to see a drunken native in China.

"Life is not long enough for the appreciation of the Chinese novel. By almost hydraulic compression, aided, we fancy, by a considerable amount of bowdlerization, the professor gives us a very readable abstract of the famous 'Hung Lou Meng': but in its unregenerate state it runs to 4,000 pages and deals with 400 characters! In fact, the only one of the representative novels which recommends itself to us is the 'Strange Stories' of 'Pu Sung-lin. Their 'incomparable style' has won for these stories a place in the domain of true literature, an honor which is otherwise denied to novels and dramas in China. But the 'Liao Chai' have other, and, to European minds, far stronger, claims on admiration. Reading through the very interesting extracts given in this book, we are strongly reminded now of Hans Andersen, again of the 'Arabian Nights,' and yet again, as the professor points out, both of 'Alice through the Looking Glass' and of W. S. Gilbert's 'Sweethearts,' surely good enough company for any writer of fiction, Chinese or European, to keep. If the bulk of 'Pu Sung-lin's work at all equals the samples here given us, we can only hope that one of these days Professor Giles will give us an English version of the 'Strange Stories.'

"One word more: the reader will search vainly through this book for a Chinese equivalent of 'Scots wha hae,' or the 'Marseillaise,' or Napier's stirring account of Albuera. Patriotic literature in short does not exist: it is foreign to the genius of the people; and we see the result."

—*Literary Digest.*

WALTER PATER.

By E. Ritchie.

In reading a book by Walter Pater—"Marius the Epicurean" or "Greek Studies," or "Imaginary Portraits,"—one is reminded of some beautiful piece of old Italian or Flemish embroidery, where a solid and grave groundwork of cloth or velvet, is half hidden by the graceful scrolls and intricate arabesques, heavy with gold, and glowing with warm and delicate colors, that make it a delight to the eyes. For like some such well-wrought raiment of needlework is all Pater's writing, exhibiting both the inspiration of the inventive artist, and the skill of the deft and patient artificer; and claiming our admiration not only for the delicate charm of the result, but for the evidence of a knowledge both wide and deep, and a mastery over technique unusually firm and complete.

Yet perhaps it is not easy to say what dignity of place should be granted to these books, when we attempt to reckon up our treasures of English prose. That they are both beautiful and scholarly is obvious, but an advocatus diaboli might assert that in their refinement they are over subtle, their loveliness having in it at its best a touch of the artificial, and that a style so ornate, a matter so sophisticated, cannot pertain to the highest and noblest art. But without attempting to dispute such adverse criticism, we may at least claim that the beauty is always indisputably present; and that no change of literary fashion, no revolution of taste or feeling, will ever let slip into neglect and oblivion, such a passage as that in which Marius and his boy-friend, reclining in the sunshine among the corn in the old granary, read together from Apuleius the tale of Cupid and Psyche; or can destroy the value of the description of Montaigne, in Gaston de Latour, so intimate and yet so impartial, so discriminating in its sympathetic appreciation, so exquisite in the accuracy of its psychology,—a critical estimate of the prince of essayists, that not even his own France, the land of critics, has ever yet equalled.

It is the most unsuitable of characterizations of Pater, to describe him as a Greek in spirit, and it is of course unquestionable that he had drunk long and gladly of that ever-fresh fountain of living waters, and that the literature, the history, the art of Greece, had thrown over him the web of their magic. But the Greek spirit makes for itself many a tabernacle, and with each incarnation under new circumstances of time, of race, and of environment, there is a difference in the manifestation. Perhaps we

might say that Pater was a Greek at two removes; his direct and immediate affiliation being with that spirit of the Renaissance which itself was the child of Hellenism. It is with Pico di Mirandola, and his fellow humanists of the fifteenth century, rather than with Plato, or Aeschylus, or Theocritus that Pater has most points of contact. His claim for the beautiful and harmonious in life is not the instinctive reaching out for its own proper nourishment of that Greek spirit which felt itself, as Hegel says, so completely at home in the world—in such direct touch with nature, that it could half unconsciously appropriate the material in which to embody its own genius;—rather his was the instructed and disciplined sense which goes deliberately to the world of fact, of hard irresponsible actuality, determined to select, to abstract, and to shape the chosen stuff into the art-work, the thing of beauty and grace and subtle or profound meaning. One need hardly do more than glance through the tables of contents of Pater's volumes to be convinced that he chose of set purpose to turn away from the merely prosaic, the actual, the matter of crude fact, to deal with such subjects alone as could be readily passed through the alembic of the artistic imagination, and be distilled into the finer essence of poetic truth. One of the most conscientious of writers, in his best work he is as recondite, as thorough in his thought and his research as the most dry-as-dust German "Gelehrter," yet there is always a touch of something quite foreign to mere learning,—a gleam of phantasy, of that light that never was on sea or land, so that the result though not indeed the less accurate and faithful, is yet somewhat elusive and impalpable. We, his readers, who have followed him, find we have been led into a new and lovely country, but is it solid earth or faery land? Are Gaston de Foix, Marius, Sebastian van Stolck and the rest, real representations of this human nature of ours? Would he have us believe that men of like passions with ourselves led such shadowy existences, half intellectual, half emotional, but with emotions so ethereal, with intellects so super-subtle? Or are these, not pictures representing flesh and blood humanity at all, but rather mythical forms, luminous and vague, like those of some Northern legend, or like the "good people" the "Shée" of Irish folklore, creatures strange and deathless, yet whose only life is in the quick and fervent glow of imaginative conception.

The selection of subjects like these, refined, shy, ambiguous, such as could only be adequately rendered by an artist with the acutest sense for the most subdued glow of a reflected light, or the silvery coolness on the margin of a shadow, was in truth needed to give its proper value to Pater's peculiar gift of style. He is at his best when he treats of the wild, dubious myths and rites of Dionysius, with their strong undercurrent of tragic horror, mingling with the Greek's light-hearted joy in the beauty and wealth of nature; or when he describes the fascination of the art of Botticelli, half pagan, half Christian, with its self-conscious melancholy and its deliberate quaintness of design. His style, which is mellow rather than clear, is admirably adapted to such difficult and delicate themes. His sentences, carefully constructed, but often long and slightly involved, are in their very form suggestive of the complexity and many-sidedness which he would have us recognize. The words, exquisitely nice in their appropriateness to the precise thought or shade of feeling to be expressed, seem, as it were, full of soft colors and harmonious tones. Only when he ventures on some matter of strong and clearly defined outlines is he less successful. Thus on reading his essay on Michael Angelo's poetry, we do not feel sure that the great colossal genius, whose soul in its rugged strength was even greater than the works of his hands, was quite within the compass of Pater's power of delineation. And when he writes on the poetry of Wordsworth, while there is much of real value in his "appreciation," one perceives with a start of surprise that there was a whole world in Wordsworth's thought of which he takes no cognizance. A strong contrast suggests itself in this regard between the critical work of Pater, and that of Ste. Beuve. The French master of criticism loves the light of common day, and is most successful when drawing firmly with practised hand the portraits of men and women of well-rounded vigorous personalities, Le Sage, Balzac, Voltaire, Madame de Sevigné. How skillful the draughtsmanship, how well-balanced the composition, though there may be in places some thinness of atmosphere, some lack of the sense of the mysterious that belongs to our consciousness of all great human beings. Pater, on the other hand, as we have seen, is fond of dealing with all difficult, remote, abnormal forms, wooing them forth from their shadowy twilight, till they stand out but just clearly enough for a single impression to be seized of their beauty and interest. Pater, indeed, is one of the most subjective of critics, sparing no pains to give us "la

vraie vérité," to use a favorite formula of his; yet reaching the truth always and only as presented from an individual, and even from a somewhat peculiar and exceptional, point of view.

By most thoughtful readers, not in the first glow of youthful enthusiasm for art, and of faith in its powers to solve all difficult problems, it will be admitted that Pater's philosophy of life in so far as he recorded it in his books was inadequate and one-sided. He had learned that beauty is truth, but that truth, all truth, is essentially beautiful he recognized only imperfectly, since it was the beauty of artistic presentation that alone interested him; while from the no less essential side of life, that of practical endeavor, of stress and striving, he turned away with something like contempt. For him, feeling alone, in its various forms, constituted the riches of consciousness. "Our one chance," he declares, in referring to the narrow limitations of life, "lies in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time;" and devotion to art is the highest wisdom, because art professes "to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake." This is the modern presentation of the frank old Cyrenaic creed, long advocated, often tried, and always found wanting, under the stern test of experience,—the creed that pleasure, emotional satisfaction, is our being's end and aim. It is false and to some minds dangerous; yet we may well remember that no false creed lives at all, save as it holds in solution some portion of truth, and that he who would worship beauty exclusively, must render homage perforce, however unconsciously, to the goodness and the truth that in its highest ideals are in closest union with it.

Édition de Luxe.

Priscilla is a poem sweet,
As anyone may see,
Of perfect lines and rhythmic feet
And bound for life—to me.

Her brow, a frontispiece so rare,
Contains no smallest line,
But eyes speak volumes, and declare
The whole edition mine.

About her mouth a winsome smile
Of rapture gives a hint;
Sweetheart, I'd travel many a mile
For one unpublished print.

But lest I lose my treasure trove,
Desired, though undeserved,
I'll mark you "Copyright," my love,
And add "All rights reserved."

—Lucy J. Miller, in *Life*

THE OLD BLACKGUARD SLATING.

By Andrew Lang.

Many years ago, I chanced to be recovering from a severe illness in a famous Italian town. Little remains in my memory about the charms and historic antiquities of this city. The home of Juliet, I think, I did not see, and I am not sure whether I saw the amphitheater or not. I remember the wine-card at the hotel in Verona, for thereon, among the names of outlandish vintages (which looked, and tasted, like the contents of Rosamond's Purple Jar), I saw the words, "Old Whiskey Scott."

"'Old Whiskey Scott'! Now, which of the Scotts is *that*?" inquired my enfeebled intellect, which wandered from Verona to the hills and burns of Teviotdale and Ettrick, where Scotts are plentiful, and whiskey is no rarity. But the words, with all their kind fragrance of home, merely meant, "Old Scotch Whiskey."

Perhaps the title of this essay may equally puzzle the ingenious reader. "The Old Blackguard Slating"? he or she will murmur, and expect from me a personal attack on a Mr. Slating, unknown, who is apparently designated as "The Old Blackguard." Even as the young lady, to whom "Locksley Hall" was read, observed that it was a pretty composition, but that she did not quite understand who "the individual Withers," might be, "The Old Blackguard Slating" is not a person, but a phrase used by Sir Walter Besant in an essay on "Books and Reviews." To make everything clear, "blackguard" is employed by Sir Walter as an adjective, not as a substantive, though, if we wish to be purists, perhaps "blackguardly" is the adjective, if we are to use the adjective. To be sure "blackguardly" does look more like an adverb. "Slating," again, is a technical term for a severe criticism, or *éreinement*. I humbly suggest that "slating" and "to slate" are derived from "slat," a long, thin, flat piece of wood, like Harlequin's wand in the pantomime. As a weapon it is not dangerous, but its application produces a good deal of noise. The old blackguard slating, then, is a very severe review, in very bad taste. We have many examples of this kind of performance—classical examples. Thus, when Hazlitt reviewed Coleridge's "Christabel," he more than insinuated that the author was a lunatic, and a Radical who had ceased to hold Radical opinions. The propositions are not convertible. As for the poetry of Coleridge, there were only about a dozen lines, said Hazlitt, which soared above the level of the Poet's Corner in a rural newspaper. If Scott and Byron expressed more favorable views, that

was because Scott and Byron expected the grateful Coleridge to praise them, in turn, in the press. When Coleridge reviewed a play by Mathurin, he even surpassed Hazlitt in the art of blackguard slating. The word "putrid," I think, was among the mildest blossoms of his style, for Mathurin's play had been successful, and that of Coleridge had not, or had failed even to be accepted. Mathurin wrote to Scott about the critique, and, I presume, wished to call Coleridge out. Scott replied that it would be very pleasant to have such a reviewer "on the sod," or "where the muircock was baillie," that is, in a sequestered spot not under police supervision. But, after all, Coleridge was an unfortunate man, and "slating" did nobody much harm. Thus S. T. C. was never paraded "at a nice gentleman's distance," as Sir Lucius O'Trigger recommends. He could not have been a dangerous opponent. Other familiar examples of blackguard slating are afforded by *Blackwood's Magazine* on Keats, and, I fear, by Poe upon many persons. This kind of criticism has almost disappeared, as Sir Walter Besant says. It was usually inspired by personal or political hatred. But, while we should certainly never permit ourselves to stray from urbanity, I think that criticism has a right to be severe when a book is bad. Many bad books are highly popular, and few be they who lift up a hand against them. Plain speaking, now and then, is very necessary. The author will call the critic a "blackguard slater," of course, but he need not be a blackguard. Ferocity of language only hurts his effect. In her last years Mrs. Oliphant reviewed a silly, snobbish book in a masterly manner. Her humorous severity was worth far more, as literature, than the book itself. If the critics of to-day were conscientious, familiar with good models, and impatient of fustian and affectation, they would produce little effect on public taste, perhaps, but they would be doing their duty.

Sir Walter Besant appears to have thought that we need a school of critics of this kind, and that we have it not. I am happy to agree with him. The difficulty is that there are so many books, and that each of them is thought worthy of notice. Of course, the vast majority, especially so the novels, deserve no remark from an educated man or woman. "In the matter of novels alone," said Sir Walter, "two might be selected every week; this was formerly the wholesome and intelligent practice of the *Saturday Review*." But two were far

too many. There are not a hundred novels in a year which are not *négligeable*. In the old days of which Sir Walter speaks, I also was a *Saturday* reviewer. I remember that we used often to give two columns to a novel which did not deserve even to be mentioned. The two columns might, if the critic was lucky, be diverting columns, but, for all other purposes, they were waste. To be sure, the novels reviewed were actually read by the critic. Sir Walter thinks that they are not so fortunate when six or eight of them are reviewed "in a lump." That depends on the critic. If he is allowed, as I dare say he often is, to select what he finds readable from a huge parcel, then, if he is given time, he will actually read what he writes about: he, or, as Sir Walter thinks, more probably she.

This is a favorite grievance with novelists—this habit of reviewing them "in a lump." But what is to be done? If nothing is said about them, they do not like it, and I conceive that their publishers become rebellious. Yet if *The Athenæum*, for example, gave two columns, or even one column, to every novel, there would be no room for critiques of other books, and for reports on music, the drama, painting, and the meetings of learned societies. Why not erect a literary review, of vast bulk, which shall review nothing but novels, and each novel at full length? Then, perhaps, novelists would be happier in their minds. I take up at random a number of *The Athenæum*. There are nearly four columns of a review of an Anthology, whereof many of the contents are not even modern! Then we have three columns on a historical work by Mr. Marion Crawford. Two follow on a biography; two on the history of a town; three on a work about Old England glosses; two and a half on Egyptian Papyri; three on Dante; three on the religion of the Nosairis, and then two columns deal with six novels. Nearly as much space is actually devoted to a history of the Rising of 1745. Now here twenty columns might have been given to novelists, a whole column to each of them. Six columns, again, which might have made six novelists happy, are sacrificed to letters on Charles Lamb, King Alfred, Dante, Huchown, William Penn, and (*mea culpa*, this last) to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. All these persons are dead; the public, like Huckleberry Finn, has no use for dead persons. Six more novelists might have been cheered. Then, after a trifle of "Literary Gossip" (without even a photograph or an interview!) we come to electricity, botany, astronomy, and the Fine Arts. "May the Devil," ejaculated Mr. Car-

lyle, "fly away with the Fine Arts!" Even music, itself no better than a fine art, has twice as much room to expatiate in as the novelists. And this infernal tyranny has been going on for half a century: lording it over a literary population almost exclusively consisting of novelists. These men—I speak of them with tender sympathy—are becoming soured and dangerous to the community. Not nearly enough is said about them in print. One might think that they were interviewed enough, sufficiently photographed; essays about their birthplaces, and grandmothers, and early studies, or neglect of studies, abound, but they are not satisfied. Sermons are preached about them: it does not suffice. They also want "intelligent judgments by educated and competent critics," and they do not get what they want. It may be that they also need a little "slating." Queen Mary once informed her husband that he "needed to be daggered a little," so it is said. To be "daggered a little" (only with a pen) might be salutary to some novelists. I deeply sympathize with their desire for intelligent criticism. It is, as Sir Walter Besant justly says, what we call for; not novelists alone, but other authors. How are we to get it? The only way known to me is to make intelligent enemies in our own line of work. Could I secure the hatred of about twenty specialists as my favorite themes, I, for one, would be satisfied. But there are not twenty critical specialists in Ghosts, Homer, Primitive Man, Secret History, and so forth; and the few who exist are good-natured creatures, who hate to find fault. So one does not get intelligent criticism. Eager to do as I would be done by, I sedulously point out what I deem the errors of my neighbors in research. But there is no reciprocity.

From this point of view, how are novelists to get a hearing for their bitter cry? They cannot in fairness review each other. If they do, they cannot write their minds, which, however, they *speak* with much freedom. There always remains the original difficulty. There are not *columnnæ* enough in the world for all the novelists. The kind of literary journal which Sir Walter Besant and I want, the review which only reviews books worth reviewing, would, he says, "in the long run, compel advertisements." But the run is so terribly long—a run on the bank—and, where is the capital? Having little of that commodity, I do not feel anxious to invest it in the shares of this otherwise desirable periodical. A benevolent capitalist, who shall never interfere, is what we need. To millionaires an eligible opportunity is offered. They might start one review of one hundred weekly

pages, about novelists alone, and another, of the size of the *Revue Critique*, about other forms of literature. Perhaps the former would pay the expenses of the latter. Then there is a plan, which was a dream of Coleridge's, a serial in which every man would be his own reviewer, as M. Lemaître reviews his own plays. There would be intelligent criticism!

I once reviewed the "Encyclopædia Britannica," anonymously, and having found out a blunder in an article by Mr. Andrew Lang, I gave him an "old black-guard slating." "His habitual and apparently congenital inaccuracy" was finely trounced. But the editor of the "Encyclopædia," though a Scot, did not see the joke.—*The Critic*.

DID SHAKESPEARE WRITE BACON?

By Leslie Stephen.

Were Shakespeare and Bacon identical? A new answer was recently suggested to me by a friend, and a consideration of his hypothesis led to the discovery of such corroborative arguments that it should only require a brief exposition to secure its acceptance by some people. I may briefly recall certain well-known facts. Bacon had conceived in very early youth an ambitious plan for a great philosophical reform. He had been immediately plunged into business, and at the accession of James I, when a little over forty, had been for many years a barrister and a member of Parliament, and had, moreover, taken a very active part in great affairs of State. He was already lamenting, as he continued to lament, the many distractions which had forced him to sacrifice literary and philosophical to political ambition. Now that a second Solomon was to mount the throne, he naturally wished to show that he was a profound thinker, deserving the patronage of a wise monarch. Besides merely selfish reasons he hoped that James would help him to carry out his great schemes for the promotion of scientific research. He resolved, therefore, to publish a book setting forth his new philosophic ideas. He had not as yet found time to prepare any statement of them, or even to reduce them to order. He was still immersed in business and harassed by many anxieties. Now Bacon, if there be any truth in Pope's epigram or Macaulay's essay, was not above questionable manoeuvres. If he had not time to write he could get a book written for him. We know in fact that he afterwards employed assistants, such as Hobbes and George Herbert, in preparing some of his literary work. It is plain, however, from the full account of his early life in Spedding's volumes, that he had as yet no connection with the famous men of letters of his time. Not one of them is mentioned in his letters, though at a later time he became known to Ben Jonson, who has celebrated the charms of his conversation. Jonson's friendship with

Shakespeare gives some significance, as we shall see, to this circumstance. Bacon took a significant step. He had recently incurred reproach by taking part in the prosecution of his former patron, Essex. He now (1603) made conciliatory overtures to Southampton, who had not only been a friend of Essex, but had been under sentence for complicity in the rising for which Essex was beheaded. Why did Bacon approach a man so certain to be prejudiced against him? One reason suggests itself. Southampton was a patron of men of letters, and especially the one man whom we know to have been helpful to Shakespeare. If Bacon was desirous of hiring an author, Southampton would be able to recommend a competent person, and there was no one whom he was more likely to recommend than Shakespeare. Shakespeare was by this time at the height of his powers, and had shown by "Hamlet" his philosophical as well as his poetical tendencies. He was recognized as an able writer, capable of turning his hand to many employments. He could vamp old plays and presumably new philosophies. If Bacon wanted a man who should have the necessary power of writing and yet not be hampered by any such scientific doctrine of his own as would make him anxious to claim independence, he could not make a better choice. Southampton is said, on pretty good authority, to have made a present of £1,000 to Shakespeare. The story is intelligible if we suppose that he paid the money on Bacon's account, and for some service of such a nature that any trace of Bacon's interest in it was to be concealed.

At any rate, somebody wrote a book. The famous "Advancement of Learning" appeared in the autumn of 1605. It is dedicated to James, and gives a general survey of the state of knowledge at the time; or, as the last paragraph states, is "a small globe of the intellectual world." It shows literary genius and general knowledge, but not the minute infor-

mation of a specialist. Who wrote the book? I need not rely upon the probabilities already mentioned, however strong they may be, which point to Shakespeare. If Shakespeare wrote it he might naturally try to insert some intimation of the authorship to which he could appeal in case of necessity. One of the common amusements of the time was the composition of anagrams; and I accordingly inquired whether such a thing might be discoverable in the "Advancement." It would most probably be at the beginning, and I was rewarded by finding in the first two lines a distinct claim of Shakespeare's own authorship and a repudiation of Bacon's. Naturally, when a man is writing two sentences in one set of letters he has to be a little obscure, and will probably employ a redundant word or two to include all that are required. Shakespeare's style, therefore, if perceptible, is partly veiled. The opening words are "There were under the law, excellent King, both daily sacrifices and free-will offerings, the one pro (ceeding, etc.)." To the end of "pro" there are eighty-one letters. Rearrange them and they make the following: "Crede Will Shakespere, green innocent reader; he was author of excellent writing; F.B.N. fifth idol, Lye."* I won't try to explain why the reader should be called green and innocent, but the meaning of the whole will be perfectly clear when the last words are explained. F. B.N., of course, means Francis Bacon. "Fifth idol" refers to one of the most famous passages in a book hitherto ascribed to Bacon. In the aphorisms prefaced to the "Novum Organum" the causes of human error are described as belonging to *four* classes of "idols." False systems of philosophy, for example, generate what are curiously (though the word would naturally occur to a dramatist) called "idols of the theatre." Of the others I need only say that they do not include one fertile source of deception, namely, direct lying. Shakespeare intimates that his employer was illustrating this additional or fifth kind of idol by his false claim to the authorship. The aphorisms, however, were for the present held back. The book was published, we may presume, before Bacon had discovered this transparent artifice. Shakespeare would chuckle when calling his attention to it afterwards. Bacon would be vexed, but naturally could not take public notice of the trap in which he had been caught. His feel-

ings may be inferred from his later action. When Shakespeare's plays were collected after the author's death, Bacon, we know, got at the printers and persuaded them to insert a cryptogram claiming the authorship for himself. The claim was obviously preposterous, but the fact that he made it is interesting to the moralist. It is a melancholy illustration of a familiar truth. Bacon had probably come to believe his own lie, and to fancy that he had really written the "Advancement of Learning," or that, having bought it, he had a right to it. Then, he thought, he would make sure of a posthumous revenge should the anagram be deciphered. "If Shakespeare succeeds in claiming my philosophy, I will take his plays in exchange." He had become demoralized to the point at which he could cheat his conscience by such lamentable casuistry.

Meanwhile Bacon's fame was growing; and so was his immersion in business. In 1607 he became Solicitor-General and a comparatively rich man. In the next year he makes references to a proposed continuation of his great philosophical work. In other words, he was thinking of procuring its continuation. Probably there was some little difficulty in getting over the misunderstandings which would inevitably arise from these dark and dangerous dealings. The bargain might be hard to strike. In 1611, however, we know that Shakespeare gave up the stage and retired to pass the last five years of his life at Stratford. All his biographers have thought this retirement strange, and have been puzzled to account for the supposed cessation of authorship. No successful writer ever gives up writing. The explanation is now clear. Shakespeare retired because Bacon, who had grown rich, could make it worth his while to retreat to a quiet place where he would not be tempted to write plays, or drink at the "Mermaid," or make indiscreet revelations. If it be asked what he was doing the answer is obvious. He was writing the "Novum Organum." It was all but impossible for Bacon in the midst of all his astonishing political and legal activity to find time to write a philosophical work. No doubt he did something; he made notes and procured collections of various observations upon natural phenomena, with which he supplied his co-operator. We may even suppose that he persuaded himself that he was thus substantially the author of the book which he prompted. Shakespeare died in 1616, leaving the work as a fragment. Bacon, who not long afterwards became Lord Chancellor, put the papers together, had them translated into Latin (which would obliterate

* If any one cares to verify this, he may be helped by the statement that in both cases A occurs in four places, B in one, C in three, D in three, E in fifteen, F in four, G in two, H in four, I in six, K in one, L in six, N in six, O in four, P in one, R in seven, S in three, T in five, U in one, W in three, X in one, and Y in one.

any lurking anagram), and was able to publish the book in 1620. I leave it to critics to show the true authorship from internal evidence. It is enough here to note certain obvious characteristics. The book in the first place, as is generally admitted, shows that the author was not only an amateur in science, but curiously ignorant of what was being done in his own day. That was quite natural at Stratford-on-Avon, while Bacon in London had ample means for hearing of the achievements of leading men of science, even if he could not appreciate their work. In the next place the "Novum Organum" is the work of a poet. The scientific formulæ are given in the shape of weighty concrete maxims—"Man is the servant and interpreter of Nature," and so forth. So in classifying the various kinds of experiments, the writer does not elaborate an abstract logical scheme, but represents each class (there are no less than twenty-seven) by some vivid concrete emblem. One class suggests the analogy of a sign-post at cross-roads and receives the famous name of "Instantiæ crucis," the origin of our common phrase, "crucial experiments." Bacon was not a poet—as any one may see who looks at his version of the Psalms; Shakespeare certainly was.

After publishing this "magnificent fragment," as an accomplished critic calls it, Bacon was convicted of corrupt practices, and passed his few remaining years in trying to proceed with his philosophical work. The result was significant. He had no official duties to distract him, but also he had no Shakespeare to help him. His later publications added little or nothing in substance. The chief of them was the "De Augmentis." This is simply an enlarged edition in Latin (the anagram of course disappearing) of the "Advancement of Learning." The early book, as the same critic says, has an advantage over the "more pretentious" version from the "noble and flowing" (shall we say the Shakespearean?) "English," while the additions are of questionable value. I shall notice only one point. The "Advancement of Learning" speaks of the state of poetry at the time. "In poesy," says the author, "I can report no deficiency . . . For the expression of affections, passions, corruptions and customs we are beholden to poets more than to the philosophers' works; and for wit and eloquence not much less than to orators' harangues." That was a very natural opinion to be expressed by Shakespeare. In the "De Augmentis" the last sentence disappears; but a fresh paragraph is inserted upon dramatic poetry. The theatre might be useful, it says,

either for corruption or for discipline; but in modern times there is plenty of corruption on the stage but no discipline.

Bacon, it may be noticed, was aiming this backhanded blow at Shakespeare in the same year in which he was inserting the cryptogram in the first folio. It may appear, at first sight, that he was inconsistent in condemning the very works which he was claiming, and it may even be said by the captious that the fact throws some doubt upon the cryptogram. A deeper insight into human nature will suggest that such an inconsistency is characteristic. Bacon wishes at once to appropriate Shakespeare's work, and to depreciate it so long as it is still ascribed to Shakespeare. I omit, however, the obvious psychological reflections, and will only remark that other works ascribed to this period, the "Sylva Sylvarum" and so forth, no doubt represent the collections, which, as I have said, Bacon formed to be used as materials by his collaborator.

I have told my story as briefly as may be, and leave details to be filled up by any one who pleases. Plenty of writers have insisted upon Shakespeare's logical subtlety and powers of philosophical reflection. They will be ready to believe that the author of "Hamlet" was also the author of the "Novum Organum," and will be glad to be relieved from the necessity of accepting the old paradox that the "wisest" was also the "meanest" man of his time. The meanness may all be ascribed to one man, and the wisdom to the man from whom he stole it.

—*The National Review.*

The Little Girl Paid.

This little story is declared to be true and we very much hope it is. It relates to Jacob Grimm and runs :

One of his prettiest tales ends with the words "whoever refuses to believe this story owes me a thaler."

One winter morning a little Jewish girl rang the doorbell and asked the servant if Herr Professor Jacob Grimm was at home. When informed that he was not, she said politely:

"Will you please hand him this thaler when he returns?"

The servant took the coin, glanced at it curiously, and inquired who sent it and what it was for.

"I owe him the money myself," said the little girl.

"Why? What for?"

"Because I don't believe the story about the wolf."

STEPHEN VALLENGER.

By H. R. Plomer.

In the year 1581, Edmund Campian, a Jesuit priest, and other Roman Catholics, were arrested on a charge of advocating the deposition of the Queen, or her removal from the throne in an even more summary manner.

Campian and his friends, Ralph Sherwin and Alexander Bryan, were tried before the Court of Star Chamber, found guilty of high treason, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; they were accordingly dragged through the streets to Tyburn, and there executed.

One of the principal actors in this tragedy was a well-known and popular writer, Anthony Munday, who, a couple of years before these events, had delighted many readers with a new edition of "The Mirror for Magistrates," under the title of "The Mirror of Mutabilitie," and had followed this up with several original writings.

Munday had now persuaded himself that it was a virtue to play the spy upon the Roman Catholics, and after his miserable tissue of evidence had helped to send Campian and his friends to the gallows, he made no secret of it, but gave the whole story to the world the year following their execution.

The severity of the sentence roused great indignation not only among Roman Catholics, but among many moderate Protestants, and it found expression in certain pamphlets, one printed in French, and the other in English, but both at some secret press abroad, in which attention was called to the weakness of the evidence brought forward at the trial, and Munday was held up to well-merited contempt, against which he could make only a lame defence.

But the immediate effect of the condemnation and execution of Campian was to kindle once more the fires of hatred against the Roman Catholics. It took the form of senseless persecution, not only of those professing that faith, but of everyone who fell under suspicion of sympathizing with its adherents. Thus, the two pamphlets just mentioned were declared to be libels. Rigorous search was made for the authors and printers of them, and everyone found with a copy in his possession was seized and thrown into prison. The spies of the Government were everywhere. No man could trust his neighbor.

Amongst the victims of this persecution was the subject of this paper, Stephen Vallenger. Who or what he was is alike unknown, and in all probability the history of his imprisonment in the Fleet would never have come down to

us but for a zealous scribe of the sixteenth century, who set himself to record the doings of the Court of Star Chamber during Elizabeth's reign, and whose papers are resting among the Ayscough Manuscripts in the British Museum (Ayscough MSS., 326, No. 7).

The story that he tells is brief and tragic enough. Some one had informed against Vallenger for possessing a copy of the English pamphlet written in defense of Campian. He was accordingly arrested at his lodgings in Southwark, and brought before the Star Chamber on a charge of being the author of these "libells." The prosecution presumably brought forward the strongest evidence it could get, and it amounted to this: that a manuscript copy of the pamphlet was found in Vallenger's lodging, which he owned was in his handwriting; that although he denied the authorship, he refused to say from whom he had received the book; and, further, that he was a "masterles man, and a maker of Rymes and suche vayne things."

Not a word was said as to his having any connection with Campian, or sympathy with his beliefs, and no evidence was produced to prove that he was in league with any conspirators, or knew by whom the pamphlet had been written. The mere fact of the copy having been found in his possession was enough for the court, which declared that, as he refused to say who was the author of the libel, he must have written it himself. Accordingly he was condemned to be confined during the Queen's pleasure; to pay a fine of £200, which in money of the present day would represent nearly ten times that sum; and, further, to stand for a public example in the pillory at Westminster one day, and in that at Cheapside another, and to lose both his ears.

This barbarous sentence was duly executed; and as Vallenger either could not or would not pay the fine imposed upon him, he was lodged in the Fleet prison as a crown debtor. Here he lingered for ten years, his death taking place within the prison walls in 1592, and among the records of the Exchequer, preserved at the Record Office in Fetter Lane, is an inventory of the goods and chattels which he left behind him. This inventory is remarkable from the large number of books that it contains, showing that the prisoner was a scholar and a student; and the interest which always attaches to such early lists of books is heightened in the present instance by the melancholy fate of their owner.

Stephen Vallenger's library consisted of upwards of one hundred books, in Latin, Greek, English, French, Spanish and Italian, the largest and most important divisions being those in Latin and English. In many cases the size, place of publication, and date of printing are given in the inventory, and to all the books a price is affixed; but whether this is a mere valuation, or the actual price for which the copies were sold, there is no evidence to show.

In the Latin division theological works form the largest class, including the Scriptures and commentaries upon them, and books by Bonaventura, Chrysostom, Thomas Aquinas, Thomas à Kempis, and Erasmus.

The classics include the works of Cicero, in three volumes, printed by Froben of Basle in 1533; two editions of the "De Officiis," one with annotations by Erasmus; the "De Amicitia" in "an old print"; the works of Virgil and Ovid, and the comedies of Terence. Besides these may be mentioned the "Flores omnium doctorum et philosophorum" of Thomas Palmer or Thomas Hibernicus; the "Zodiacus Vitæ" of Marcellus Palingenius, a work popular throughout Europe, nine editions being printed on the Continent, and several English translations having been issued before 1580; the "Scholastica historia" of Petrus Comestor; and, lastly, the "De Antiquitate Cantabrigiensis Academiae" of John Caius, printed by Day in 1570. The presence of this last work in Vallenger's library seems to indicate that he had some special interest in Cambridge; but his name does not appear in the "Athenæ Cantabrigienses," and he may only have added it to his shelves on account of its being a good piece of Latin writing.

The English books in this inventory are especially interesting, as they include some of the best work of the sixteenth century. The first entry on the list is "The Garden of Pleasure," written by J. Sandford, of which there were editions in 1573 and 1576. The full title of this book, which conveys at once its character, was "The Garden of Pleasure; Contayninge most pleasante Tales, worthy deeds and witty sayings of Noble Princes and learned Philosophers moralized. . . Done out of Italian into English." Next we have the "Works" of Thomas Lupset, who was known as "the flower of all learned men of his time." Barclay's "Ship of Fools," and the equally famous and popular "Mirror for Magistrates," naturally found a place on Vallenger's shelves, as did also the metrical history of England, written by the poet William Warner and entitled "Albions England." Side by side with these

were the "Golden Boke of Marcus Aurelius, Emperor of Rome," under which lofty pseudonym the Spanish writer, Anthony de Guevara, disguised himself, and the same author's "Familiar Epistles." Guevara was one of the most delightful writers of the sixteenth century. No less than seven editions of this "Golden Boke" were published in England, before its popularity was eclipsed by other writers, although no doubt much of its success was due to the fine translations made of it by Lord Berners and Sir Thomas North. The Italian poet Petrarch was represented by Twyn's translation entitled "Physicke against Fortune," a book that must often have soothed its unfortunate owner when he felt inclined as Jaques puts it, to "rail at Lady Fortune in good terms." Another of his volumes that Vallenger doubtless often turned to for solace was St. Cyprian's "Sermon of Mortallity with the rules of a Christian life by Picus Mirandula, translated by Sir Thomas Elyot." Let us hope that he found some help in them, for few poor makers of "Rymes and suche vayne things" can have had a harder lot.

The Bookstall.

It stands in a winding street,
A quiet and restful nook,
Apart from the endless beat
Of the noisy heart of Trade.
There's never a spot more cool
Of a hot midsummer day,
By the brink of a forest pool,
Or the bank of a crystal brook,
In the maples' breezy shade,
Than the bookstall old and gray.

Here are precious gems of thought
That were quarried long ago,
Some in vellum bound, and wrought
With letters and lines of gold;
Here are curious rows of "calf,"
And perchance an Elzevir;
Here are countless "mos" of chaff,
And a parchment folio,
Like leaves that are crackled with cold
All puckered and brown and sere.

In every age and clime
Live the monarchs of the brain;
And the lords of prose and rhyme,
Years after the long last sleep
Has come to the kings of earth
And their names have passed away,
Rule on through death and birth;
And the thrones of their domain
Are found where the shades are deep,
In the bookstall old and gray.

—Clinton Scollard.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

By P. A. Sillard.

According to the biographer of Lord Macaulay, a person need possess but a very moderate reputation, and have played no exceptional part, in order to have his memoirs written. How comes it, then, it may be asked, that so considerable a personage as Croker was has not had what Carlyle styles "posthumous retribution" paid to him? It is true that a mass of his correspondence has been collected and published under the editorship of his friend the late Mr. Louis J. Jennings; but the biographical thread which connects the letters in those volumes is of the slenderest description, and although "the true life of a man is in his letters," we would fain have a complete biography of the great reviewer, a biography which would forever dispel the calumnies that grew around his name, and made it in some men's mouths a synonym of all that was base and contemptible. Whether for good or ill, Croker early in life made it a rule never to reply to an attack that was made upon him, no matter how vile or slanderous it might be, but to live it down; and from this rule he never, with one notable exception, deviated. From one point of view this had for him an advantage, for so numerous were the attacks made upon him and the slanders hurled at him, that were he to have replied to them, he would have had his hands so full that he would have found but little time for literature and politics, to both of which his life was devoted. The disadvantage at which his self-imposed rule placed him was the sufficiently obvious one that the slanderer mistook the silent contempt with which he was treated, and was reinforced by various smaller fry, who repeated and spread what they either knew to be false or did not trouble to investigate. Thus we find him variously described as "one of the most murderous critics that ever lived—a veritable assassin, who used pen instead of dagger." "The man who killed Keats by his violent attack on him in the *Quarterly Review*." "The wickedest of reviewers." "A man of low birth and no principles." "A defamer whose path was paved with dead men's bones." "A bad, a very bad man," wrote his enemy Macaulay in his diary; "a scandal to politics and to letters."

That all these statements were at variance with the truth a few facts will go to show. His father, John Croker, was descended from an old Devonshire stock, and held the position of Surveyor-General of the Excise and Customs in Ireland. Edmund Burke described him as "a man of great abilities and most

amiable manners, an able and upright public steward, and universally respected and beloved in private life." His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Robert Rathbone, of Galway, and was a lady of culture and refinement. It was in the town of Galway that their son, John Wilson Croker, was born on December 20th, 1780. Having a slight stutter, he was early sent to the school of the great elocutionist James Knowles (father of Sheridan Knowles), in Cork; but although an improvement was effected, he never altogether conquered the impediment. From here he was sent to another school in the same city, kept by a French family, with whose language he acquired a great facility. He then was sent to Mr. Willis's school in Portarlington, where at twelve years of age he was "head of the school, *facile princeps* in every branch, and the pride of the masters." So great and retentive was his memory that he had Pope's "Homer" by heart. From Mr. Willis's he went to the more advanced school in the same town presided over by the Rev. Richmond Hood (who in later years became the second Sir Robert Peel's classical tutor), and he then passed to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was entered in November, 1796. During his four years' residence there he won a distinguished place among brilliant contemporaries, was conspicuous as a speaker in the Historical Society, and gained several gold medals for essays. He left Trinity (which he later had the honor of representing in Parliament) with a B.A. degree, obtaining that of LL.D. in 1809.

Being destined for the law, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn in 1800, and for the two following years devoted himself to legal studies. He varied these labors by contributing to periodicals of the day, and collecting a vast mass of literature bearing on the French Revolution, a subject which deeply interested him, and to the study of which in all its aspects he gave so much attention that he came to be considered about the best-informed man in all England regarding it.

He returned to Dublin in 1802, and two years later created a sensation by publishing (anonymously) a sort of imitation of the "Rosciad," entitled "Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones, Esq., on the Present State of the Irish Stage." It was in octosyllabic verse, and although having both point and sparkle, was vastly inferior to Churchill's masterpiece. Jones was, it may be mentioned, lessee of the Crow Street Theatre, and Dublin society raved

about the book. One journal said the author was an "infamous scribbler," while another declared it was evident that he was "a well-educated gentleman." With characteristic coolness, Croker published in the successive editions (it went through five in a year) an abstract of the conflicting praise and abuse lavished upon his book. A few extracts will serve to show the nature of the satire:—

Next Williams come—the rude and rough,
With face most whimsically gruff;
Aping the careless sons of ocean,
He scorns each fine and easy motion;
Tight to his sides his elbows pins,
And dabbles with his hands like fins;
Would he display the greatest woe,
He slaps his breast and points his toe;
Is merriment to be expressed,
He points his toe and slaps his breast;
His turns are swings—his step a jump—
His feeling fits—his touch a thump;
And violent in all his parts,
He speaks by gusts and moves by starts.

The acting-manager, Fullam, was thus dealt with:—

Come, then! lead on the rear guard, Fullam,
Who with deputed truncheon rule 'em;
And tho' the buffo of the band,
Tower the second in command
(Thus, as old comedies record,
Christopher Sly became a Lord).
Cheer up! nor look so plaguy sour—
I own your merit, feel your power;
And from my prudent lips shall flow
Words as light as flakes of snow,
For should I vex you, well you might
Repay 't by playing every night,
And—furnished with most potent engines,
Gubbins or *Scrub*—take amply vengeance.
But truce to gibing, let's be fair—
Fullam's a very pleasant player;
In knavish craft and testy age,
Sly mirth and impotence of rage,
He's still, though often harsh and mean,
The evenest actor of our scene.

Montague Talbot, famous in light comedy parts, was highly praised:—

He reigns o'er comedy supreme—
By art and nature chastely fit
To play the gentleman or wit:
Not Harris's or Colman's boards,
Nor all that Drury Lane affords,
Can paint the rakish *Charles* so well,
Or give such life to *Mirabel*,
Or show for light and airy sport
So exquisite a *Doricourt*.

The phenomenal success of this book induced him to publish another, and in 1805 appeared "An Intercepted Letter from J—— T——, Esq., written at Canton, to his friend in Dublin." This was a vigorous satire on Dublin city, and recalls to mind Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," which, however, lives, while Croker's work, having run through seven editions in twelve months is utterly forgotten.

These, however, were but the recreations of a busy man, for, having been called to the Irish bar in 1802, he joined the Munster circuit and soon enjoyed a considerable practice, which was in a measure due to the important position held by his father. This brought him into contact with O'Connell, with whom he had, as he told his friend Charles Phillips,* a "sharp encounter of wits" at their very first meeting; but no ill-will followed, and when they met some years afterward in London they greeted each other cordially.

In 1806 he married Miss Rosamond Pennell, daughter of William Pennell, afterwards for many years British Consul at the Brazils. This marriage was the happiest event in his life, and they lived to celebrate their golden wedding just a year before he died. In a letter to a friend, written shortly after his marriage, he thus describes his wife, who was his junior by nine years:—

Don't indulge yourself in fancying my dear wife to be one of those fine and feathered ladies who have a little learning, a little language, a little talent, and a great deal of self-opinion. She is nothing like this. She has none of what Sir Hugh Evans calls "affectations, fribbles and frabbles." She is a kind, even-tempered, well-judging girl, who can admire beauty and value talent without pretending to either, and whose object is rather to make home happy than splendid, and her husband contented than vain. In truth, she is all goodness, but for literary tastes she has, as yet, none, and her indifference on this point becomes her so well that I can hardly wish for a change.

He turned his attention to active politics, and on the collapse of the "Ministry of all the Talents" he stood for Downpatrick, and was elected. Thus early he advocated the Catholic claims for Emancipation, which at the general election in 1810 cost him his seat for Downpatrick; but he was returned for Athlone. He advocated similar views in his "Sketch of Ireland Past and Present," published in 1807. This was a brilliant success, speedily going through twenty editions, and, remarkable to relate, seventy-seven years afterward (*i. e.* in 1884) its lustre was found sufficiently undimmed to justify its republication.

This sketch contains a fine passage on the character of Swift, which Sir Walter Scott copied when he came to write his memoir of

* Author of *Recollections of Curran*. When Phillips was writing his book he wrote to Croker for reminiscences of the great Irish orator and advocate. Croker replied: "I have never, even in my youth, been able to *sit down to remember*. Conversation breaks through the surface that time spreads over events, and turns up anecdotes, as the plough sometimes does old coins."

the immortal dean. It is worth while quoting it:—

On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry, her true patriot—her first—almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw—he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future. He first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she must cease to be a despot. But he was a Churchman; his gown entangled his course and impeded his efforts. Guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more like Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years, and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the Government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

On the night that he first took his seat in the House of Commons he made his maiden speech. Something which had fallen from the lips of no less a person than Grattan on the state of Ireland stimulated him into replying, and notwithstanding that he spoke after so illustrious an orator, his speech elicited warm commendation, and was the means of his becoming acquainted with Canning, who asked to be introduced to him, and together they walked home to his lodgings. This acquaintance ripened into friendship, which ended only with Canning's death. It may not be out of place here to mention that among several poems which Croker published, and which are not devoid of merit, his lines on the death of Canning are considered very fine.

Among the many able speeches which the famous Duke of York case called forth, none were better or more effective than Croker's, who had in a short time made quite a name for himself in parliamentary debate, and was a formidable opponent, as Macaulay afterward found out, and grew to hate him for it.

With the outbreak of the Peninsular War came the necessity for Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterward Duke of Wellington) to take up the command, and as he was at the time Secretary of State for Ireland, Croker was recommended to him by Perceval as the most competent man to look after the duties of the office. So well did he discharge the duties imposed upon him that when, in 1809, on the reconstruction of the Cabinet consequent upon the duel be-

tween Canning and Castlereagh, Perceval became Premier, he appointed Croker Secretary to the Admiralty. At first Croker hesitated about abandoning his profession, which was now yielding him a fair income, but as he was pressed to accept the position (to which was attached a salary of £3500 a year) he consented, and held the secretaryship for twenty-one years, retiring in 1830 with a pension of £1500 a year, having in the meantime been made Privy Councillor. His tenure of office at the Admiralty was memorable in the history of that department. Gifted with a quick eye, marvellous powers of mastering details, and untiring industry (he used to be at his desk at nine in the morning, often working until four or five in the evening), he kept affairs in a state of efficiency not common in those days. Within a month from his accepting the office he felt constrained to resign, being unable to gloss over a series of defalcations discovered in his department in the accounts of one of the King's personal friends. His resignation was not accepted, and his reasons for tendering it being inquired into, none more highly appreciated his zeal and rectitude in the public service than George III. himself.

These twenty-one years during which he was at the Admiralty were also the busiest in his literary life. He had shared the councils of Sir Walter Scott, Canning, and George Ellis in arranging for the establishment of the *Quarterly Review* in February, 1809. His first article was a review of Miss Edgeworth's "Tales of Fashionable Life," and it appeared in the third number. He did not contribute to it again until the tenth number, in 1811, but from that until 1854, except for an interval in 1826 and 1831, scarcely a number appeared without one or more papers from his pen. In all he wrote for it upward of two hundred and sixty articles.

During these forty-three years innumerable books came before him for review, and very many he most undoubtedly severely handled; but in no instance did he adversely criticize any work that on its merits (or demerits, rather) did not deserve it. The reviews of the *Quarterly* were so severe, and so numerous were Croker's contributions to it, that it is not to be wondered that he sometimes incurred odium for scathing articles that were not from his pen. For instance, Gifford, its editor, hated Leigh Hunt, and he abused Keats because he was his friend, and Croker had this article ascribed to him. When occasion or friendship called for it Croker could be silent. Thus when Allison brought out his "History of

Europe," which, as everybody knows, is not remarkable for its unvarying accuracy or breadth of view, Lockhart (who had succeeded to the editorship on the death of Gifford, in 1826) asked Croker to deal mercifully with it, as its author was a near neighbor and friend of his. Croker, finding that he could not conscientiously praise it, abstained altogether from reviewing it. In the light of this fact, it is rather amusing to find Allison (in a letter to a friend) complaining of "the want of kindness on the part of the editor of the *Quarterly* in neglecting his work."

Like W. S. Gilbert's "King Gama," Croker "could tell a woman's age in half a minute—and he did," and by the term "female Methusaleh" so enraged Lady Morgan that she vowed she would put him in her next book, which she did as "Crawley" in "Florence MacCarthy." *Apropos* of this, Peel, who was then in Dublin, wrote to Croker:—

Lady Morgan vows vengeance against you as the supposed author of the article in the *Quarterly*.^{*} You are to be *the hero* of some novel of which she is about to be delivered. One of her warm friends has been trying to extract *from me* whether you are the author of this obnoxious article or not; but I disclaimed all knowledge, and only did not deny that it was to be attributed to you because I thought you would be indifferent to Lady Morgan's hostility.

The shaft, as far as Croker was concerned, missed its mark, for he never read any of her novels, though it is not true that he ever boasted that he never read a novel in his life; for he told Charles Phillips that he had Scott's novels almost by heart, and that he dated his distaste for novel-reading to Theodore Hook's "Gilbert Gurney," which, from knowing its author, he tried to read, but gave up the attempt after two or three efforts. In this way he missed Disraeli's "Coningsby," in which, under the transparent fiction of "Rigby," Croker is caricatured with Disraelian mercilessness.

Sir Robert Peel, whose letter has just been quoted, was, from 1812, when he became Irish Secretary, down to the period of his Corn Law measures, Croker's intimate friend, and was godfather to his only child, a son born January 31, 1817. This child, christened Spencer Perceval, was the joy and the hope of his parents during his short life: he only lived three years, dying May 15, 1820. The blow was a severe one to Croker, and the grief to which he at first gave way unnerved him, and gave a color to his whole later life. It

was only the fear of mischief to health of mind and body that kept him from resigning his office, for he feared to be idle and unemployed; and although he continued to prosecute his literary labors, the chief incentive to exertion was gone—all his hopes were buried with his son. While his grief was still fresh upon him he wrote the following lines to be inscribed upon the tombstone when he himself and his wife^{*} should be laid to rest:—

Oh, pity us, who lost, when Spencer died,
Our child, our hope, our pleasure, and our pride,
In whom we saw, or fancied, all such youth
Could show of talents, tenderness, and truth,
And hoped to other eyes his ripened powers
Would keep the promise they had made to ours.
But God a different, better growth has given—
The seed we planted here now blooms in Heaven.

A poignant sorrow, when it does not chasten, often embitters, and the death of his son did nothing to diminish the acid which not infrequently ran through his writings.

It was about this time that the Earl of Yarmouth, afterward the third Marquis of Hertford, became intimate with Croker, and formed so high an opinion of his abilities, shrewdness, and sound common sense, that from seeking his advice and assistance on matters of business, he eventually entrusted to him the entire management of his estates and business affairs generally, his almost constant residence abroad rendering this peculiarly convenient to him. For this Croker accepted no salary or remuneration of any kind; but in his will the marquis bequeathed him his cellar of wine and £21,000. His position in the house of this nobleman laid him open to some imputations, the truth or falsehood of which a complete biography can alone clear up. It did not affect his social position in the slightest degree, although it afforded Disraeli the opportunity for the caricature already mentioned, and furnished Thackeray with material for a more delicately drawn but equally untrue portrait.

Croker's position in the world of letters was now a most important one. His long connection with the *Quarterly Review* had brought him into relation with the literary lights of the day, who numbered him among their friends. "He was," says Sir Theodore Martin, "the friend and confidant of many of the best and ablest men of his time; a pattern of sincerity, consistency, devoted loyalty, and unselfishness." Sir Walter Scott, who was associated with him on the *Review*, gave him most cordial assistance with his "Boswell's Johnson" (of which more anon), and owed the idea

^{*} A review of her "France."

^{*} She survived him three years, and died November 7, 1860.

of his "Tales of a Grandfather" to the "Stories from the History of England," which Croker wrote for an adopted daughter.

When Southey brought out his immortal "Life of Nelson," he took occasion to dedicate it to Croker, "who," he wrote, "by the official situation which he so ably fills, is qualified to appreciate its historical accuracy, and who as a member of the Republic of Letters is equally qualified to decide upon its literary merits."

And Mr. John Murray did not hesitate to offer him 2,500 guineas for a "History of the French Revolution," a work which Croker had often meditated, but never found leisure to finish. However, his numerous scattered essays on the subject, which, as has been mentioned was a special one with him, were collected and published. There is no need to enumerate the many works which he wrote and edited, most of which are of great historical value, or to more than refer to several translations of important works by foreign authors, but his great work—the one on which his chief claim to literary recollection rests—is his edition of "Boswell's Johnson," which he brought out in 1831.

The idea of this book had for a long time occupied his mind, and he first proposed it to Mr. Murray in a conversation he had with him on January 8, 1829, and then more fully explained in a letter written to him the next day:—

As Dr. Johnson himself said of the *Spectator*, a thousand things which everybody knew at the time have, in the lapse of years, become so obscure as to require annotation. It is a pity that Malone did not apply himself to this line of explanation—he could have done with little trouble what will cost a great deal to any man now living. I know not whether there is any man who could now hope to do it well; but I am also satisfied that I should, *at this day*, do it better than any man, however clever or well-informed, will be able to do it twenty years hence.

If, however, there be any of your literary friends whose greater leisure or better information would enable him to do the work earlier or more satisfactorily, you are quite at liberty to make use of my hints and employ him to carry them into effect. I shall be glad to see the thing done, but I have no great desire to be the *doer*. So you are quite at liberty on that point.

Murray at once replied, offering him 1,000 guineas for the work. There is no doubt that he was probably the only man then living who was capable of doing it, for his knowledge of the political and social history of Johnson's time was perhaps second to none, and besides,

he knew the most celebrated survivors of the generation which could remember Johnson and Boswell; and his social position enabled him to prosecute his researches in every direction. The work cost him two years of laborious and painstaking research, and that, undeniable faults apart, he did it well is attested by the fact that his successors have been able to add but little to what he has done.

That he was engaged on it was of course well known in the literary world, and so bitter was the feeling of Macaulay toward him, that he expressed his determination to destroy it if he could. In the House of Commons passages of arms between the two were frequent and fierce, and not always was the victory with Macaulay. Impartial critics declare that Croker was often more than a match for his opponent, as he certainly was on the occasion of the Reform Bill debate, when, in an elaborately prepared speech, Macaulay attacked the House of Lords, pointing to the downfall of the French nobility as a warning of what might result from a want of sympathy with the people. Croker in reply pointed out the baselessness of the analogy (the passage is really eloquent, but too long to quote), and contemptuously referred to "vague generalities, handled with that brilliant imagination which tickles the ear and amuses the fancy without satisfying the reason."

It is quite clear from Macaulay's own letters that, from being irritated with Croker, he grew to hate him. "See whether I do not dust that varlet's jacket for him in the next number of the 'Blue and Yellow.' I detest him," he wrote in July, 1831; and again he wrote to Macvey Napier,* "I will certainly review Croker's 'Boswell' when it comes out." In September the "review" appeared, and opened with several pages of abuse of Croker "which," said the *Athenæum* of May 17, 1856, "reads in our calmer days so much bad taste and bad feeling." Macaulay, however, gloried in his achievement, and went about declaring that he had "smashed the book." This was hardly true, however, as upward of 60,000 copies were sold.

Croker would not condescend to reply to his assailant, or to refute his charges of inaccuracy, but his friend John Gibson Lockhart did it for him in one of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ;" and his detailed answers to Macaulay's charges were so conclusive that they were subsequently reprinted along with the charges in the later editions of the work. This refutation further angered Macaulay, who had cul-

* Then editor of the *Edinburgh Review*

tivated his animosity until it became a morbid passion. He again attacked Croker for "literary incapacity," "inaccurate writing,"† and "slender faculties." It is little to the point in Macaulay's defence that he was, as he himself admitted, "addicted to saying a thousand wild and inaccurate things, and employing exaggerated expressions about persons and events." This does not excuse or cover entries made in a diary. The truth is, he was himself a living illustration of his own saying, "How extravagantly unjust party spirit makes men!" How paltry was the spirit which actuated him may be seen from his describing as a "new cant word" the term "Conservative," which in an article in the *Quarterly* in January, 1830, Croker had used for the first time toward the Tory party.

It is refreshing to turn from this acrimony to pleasanter episodes in Croker's life. When Crofton Croker (of "Fairy Legends" fame) migrated from the Irish Athens to the modern Babylon, the Secretary to the Admiralty, to whom he bore a letter of introduction from Tom Moore, appointed him to a clerkship in his department, which he held for nearly thirty years, retiring in 1850 with a pension. It was at his instance that his friend Peel came to Maginn's assistance when misfortunes had encompassed that reckless genius. And Thackeray, always a child-lover, was quite touched on one occasion when he learned how Croker had had the school-children in his neighborhood over to his house for a Saturday to Monday holiday. "They'll destroy your flower-beds and upset my inkstands," said Croker to his wife; "but we can help them more than they can hurt us."

Literary men will not think unkindly of him for having founded the Athenæum Club; and the acquisition of the Elgin marbles for the British Museum must always redound to his credit.

Having, after twenty-one years at the Admiralty, retired from the secretaryship, he likewise retired from Parliament, on the passing, in 1832, of the Reform Bill, which he had strenuously and consistently opposed, finding himself, as he said, "unable spontaneously to take an active share in a system which must

subvert the Church, the peerage, and the throne—in one word, the Constitution of England."

Although pressed by Peel to re-enter Parliament and take office under him when he came into power in 1834, he adhered to his determination, but gave him his full and cordial support in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*. It was under Peel's direct inspiration that he wrote the long series of Protection articles in that review during the Corn Law agitation; and when, from having placed himself in a false position, the Minister found that he had to destroy the system which he had been returned to power to preserve, Croker was perfectly consistent in maintaining his own position, and for this he has been charged with "leaving the munificent hospitality of Drayton Manor, only to cut up his host in a political article." "Calumniate boldly," it has been said, "for some of it will stick," and truly Croker had more than his share of misrepresentation. Peel was merely the victim of circumstances which he had to a great extent created for himself, and Croker's high sense of duty would not permit him to abandon principles which he had thus far vigorously and consistently upheld. The friendship which had existed between these two men for upward of thirty years was now broken, and its severance caused considerable pain to Croker, who wrote to Peel a letter which can only be described as affectionate; but Peel was bitter, and replied coldly. They never met again.

Another and still more painful episode in Croker's life had yet to come. His friend Moore, whose acquaintance he first made when, as a boy of sixteen, he went to Trinity College, died in the spring of 1852. To Lord John Russell, whose friendship Moore had enjoyed almost from the time he went to London, he bequeathed the task of editing his "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence." Now, Maginn in his portrait of Russell in *Fraser's Magazine* accurately described him as a compound of "pride, pertinacity, and frigidity, with a taste for attempting departments of literature foreign to his nature." When we add that he was strangely oblivious of the truth of Pascal's saying that "if everybody knew what one says of the other, there would not be four friends left in the world," it is not surprising that his performance displayed evidences of defective judgment, not to say bad taste.

When the book appeared Croker learned for the first time that his friend, "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own," had been slandering him in his letters and in his diary,

† In this connection it should be noted that when Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* it contained the startling statement that "it would be unfair to estimate Goldsmith's true powers by such a pot-boiling piece of drudgery as the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'" His attention having been drawn to the singular ineptness of this criticism, he changed it in the collected edition of his Essays to the very different opinion that "it would be unjust to estimate Goldsmith by the 'History of Greece.'"

the while he had been asking and receiving favors at his hands. This was too much for Croker, who had disdainfully borne the attacks and the calumnies of his enemies, but could not silently suffer this stab in the back. He indignantly repelled the charges brought against him, not so much for what had been published, but that Lord John Russell had made the *suggestio falsi* that there was more behind, but so damaging that he dare not publish it. Croker deliberately challenged him to publish anything more, stating his firm disbelief that there was anything reserved half so vile as had been given to the world. The controversy which ensued was exceedingly bitter, and resulted in the complete triumph and vindication of Croker, who was deeply grieved at the pain which, through the *mala fides* of the biographer, had been inflicted on the poet's widow.

"By his warmth of declamation," said Lord John Russell, "and by his elaborate working out of details, he was a formidable adversary."

The life of a writer has been said to be a warfare upon earth, and Croker's experience was largely in support of the proposition. From his first appearance in literature to his last he was the object of unjust and unsparing attack. Political differences largely accounted for this, as did also the fact that he was frequently on the winning side. "His sarcastic sallies," said the *Quarterly Review*, writing of him some years after his death, "and pungent wit made him many enemies . . . but it is not to be endured that the authority of Macaulay should be evoked in order to support false and railing accusations against the private life of a writer who for fifty years rendered important services to letters and to literary men."

His alleged sins of criticism in the *Quarterly* were not more grievous than those of the "Blue and Yellow,"* many of the criticisms in which have been food for the mirth of a later generation. As a critic, Croker was perhaps somewhat *borné*, but as an active political life hardly conduces to the soundest judgment on literary subjects, this would be his misfortune, and not his fault. He reviewed "Waverley" in the *Quarterly* for July, 1814, and "Guy Mannering" the following January, and also "The Antiquary" when it appeared a year later; and each of these reviews was full of warm yet judicious praise. This may seem little at this late day, but it must be borne in mind that these immortal works appeared anonymously, and had to be judged solely on their merits, to which not all critics were

equally alive. "When the reputation of authors is made," says Sainte-Beuve, "it is easy to speak of them *convenablement*: we have only to guide ourselves by the common opinion. But at the start, at the moment when they are trying their first flight, and are in part ignorant of themselves, then to judge them with tact, with precision, not to exaggerate their scope, to predict their flight, or divine their limits, to put the reasonable objections in the midst of all due respect—this is the quality of a critic who is born to be a critic."

In criticizing a poet he would

Insist on knowing what he means—a hard
And hapless situation for a bard;

and although, as has been shown, he was not the writer of the article on Keats, the poetry of the school to which Keats belonged was especially distasteful to him. The fondness which he had shown when a boy for the poetry of Pope grew into admiration as his judgment ripened, and the task which he set himself in his old age was a collected edition of this poet's works, the notes for which he was engaged upon up to the day of his death.

His judgments on literary and political matters, even after his retirement from parliament and public life, had great influence. As a politician he was always at least consistent, and Irishmen especially should remember that he advocated the Catholic claims nearly a quarter of a century before the passing of the Emancipation Act by a Government of which he was a member. He sometimes held extreme views, and supported them with vigor, and occasionally with bitterness. Had he imparted less of a certain arrogance of tone into his speeches, he might have made fewer enemies; and his manner toward strangers or those who did not know him certainly savored of harshness; but, as was said of Dr. Johnson, there was "nothing of the bear about him except the skin."

As depicted by Maclise in *Fraser's Magazine*, he is shown to have had a fine, intellectual head of the type of Canning, with a kindly and slightly melancholy expression of face. The same expression is conveyed by the fine portrait of him painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and when we add that he was slightly under the middle height, slender, and well knit, the reader has a faithful presentation of the outward appearance of this most remarkable and much maligned man. Forty years have passed away since he died, on August 10th, 1857. Let us hope that we may not have to wait many more years for that complete biography which all who love justice will be glad

* That is, *The Edinburgh Review*.

to see; for calumny need only fear the truth. Let us also hope that his biographer, whoever he may be, will approach his subject in the right spirit, and will "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Fortunes Within Book-Covers.

If people would only invest their spare money judiciously in old books, said a bibliophile to the writer, instead of venturing among the shallows and quicksands of Stock Exchange speculation, they might confidently rely on getting such a return for their money, coupled with absolute security, as they could never find in Capel Court.

Ever since I first found that I had a spare sovereign I have invested every pound I could scrape up in books, with the result that if I were to-day to put my library into the market it would realize £100 for every £10 that I have spent on it.

More than one book that I have picked up for a few shillings is now worth as many pounds, and for a first edition of Milton's "Comus," which not many years ago cost me the modest sum of 10s., I could find a purchaser at £70, or a comfortable little profit at 1,400 per cent.; while an original edition of Milton's poems for which I paid 7s. 6d. is worth every penny of £25.

My purchases have unfortunately always been on a small scale, commensurate with my savings, but they serve to show what a splendid investment even a poor man can find for his money in books.

This field of investment was quite unknown to me until one day, about seventeen years ago, I dropped casually into a sale-room, where a handful of men were bidding for a dingy, antiquated volume, such as one would scarcely care to be seen carrying through the streets without a cover. I shall never forget my stupefaction when one quiet, shabbily-dressed man made a bid of £2,000 for it; £2,000 for a book which any average man would think dear at a shilling! Surely it was some joke—a man who did not seem as if he had a five-pound note in the world bidding £2,000 for a book which would appear dear at a shilling!

When the bidding rose to £2,500, £3,000 and even higher, and when I saw the tense excitement that pervaded the small knot of bidders, I was compelled to realize that they were very much in earnest. The excitement was contagious, and when at last the volume was knocked down for £3,900 I drew a deep

sigh of relief, as one might who has come through an episode of great mental tension.

The shabby-looking book which had realized a fortune was the famous Mazarin Bible, one of the chief treasures of the Syston library. But even this costly book, a fortune indeed between two covers, had to yield pride of place and interest to another volume, more than four centuries old, for which the bidding mounted higher and higher among the thousands, until it was knocked down for £50 under £5,000—actually realizing a thousand guineas more than the Mazarin Bible, and representing within a few pounds a year's official income of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This wonderful volume was a copy of the "Codex Psalmarum," on vellum, another copy of which, as is well known, Mr. Pierpont Morgan recently purchased for the colossal sum of five thousand guineas, or £300 more than Mr. Quaritch paid for his copy in 1884.

Now, just see how the value of one of these rare volumes increases by leaps and bounds. In 1857 Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the king of book-buyers, paid just under £700 for a copy of the Mazarin Bible. Thirty years later this identical copy, which had come into the possession of the Earl of Crawford, was sold for £2,600, or nearly four times the price Mr. Quaritch had paid for it. Three years earlier another copy, in better preservation, was sold for £3,600, and a few months later, as we have seen, the Syston library copy fetched £3,900.

Thus in less than thirty years the value of a Mazarin Bible had increased from under £700 to £3,900, an appreciation which surely ought to satisfy the most exacting of investors. These two books, the "Psalmarum Codex" and the Mazarin Bible, which to-day are worth between £9,000 and £10,000, could probably have been purchased a century ago for a few hundred pounds.—*Tit Bits*.

Books.

O living voices of the long dead Past!
The pure and heaven-born wisdom of the Sage
Is poured in bounteous streams upon the page.
The wit, whose glow and sparkle doth outlast
The sudden flash that kindled into flame.
Ye are the true and living *souls* of men,
And by thy magic power we own again
The spell that binds us to each hallowed name.
In thee, behold the true Promethean fire,
Which, like a flaming torch, from age to age,
The hand of Genius from thine altar-pyre
Hath kindled in the breast of Seer and Sage.
Through thee the secrets of the earth and skies
Are opened wide to our admiring eyes.

—Sarah J. Pettinos, in *San Francisco Bulletin*, March 15, 1879.

THE GOLD TOOLING OF TO-DAY.

By Fletcher Battershall.

Mr. Horne, in his admirable essay on book-binding, tells of a celebrated Parisian binder who used to show an original Grolier beside a copy thereof made by himself, in which he had corrected all the curves of the original and executed the joints and mitres with absolute precision. As an example of technical skill the copy was an extraordinary production; as a work of art, it was dull and lifeless, wanting "that vitality which comes of the error of the hand in spontaneous expression." Why should not the design of the old master copied by a modern workman with far greater technical skill, be better than the original? Here lies one of the mysteries of art; here lies also one of its essential truths: Fine art must ever be the *spontaneous* expression of brain and hand, following freely an original impulse which has mastered them.

All recent critics of the craft of binding, agree that the modern workman, while excelling in all particulars of technical skill, misses too often that accomplished beauty which alone can justify his skill. Gold tooling is counted among arts decadent. This was true not many years ago. Is it true to-day? I think not. This art, as many others, is to-day renascent. And here it is endeavored to point out, or at least to suggest, the probable path of the new life which seems to be before us.

This will best be done by analyzing the artistic failures of contemporary work; and for this purpose there is nothing more instructive than to turn the pages of "*La Relieure Moderne Artistique et Fantaisiste*," by M. Octave Uzanne. There will be seen finely illustrated over seventy examples of what M. Uzanne deems the triumphs of contemporary French craftsmen. One fact stands prominent; almost without exception the only examples which are not a shock to the beholders are those which are confessedly in imitation of historic patterns. When the modern Gallic craftsman breaks with tradition, and embarks upon the sea of his own fantasy, the result too often is distressing. We see little birds, billing and cooing about a nest; we see small dancing figures, parasols or fans of gorgeous inlaid leather; we see butterflies and sprays of flowers, naturalistic, tooled "so that it shall appear as if they had been thrown down carelessly." Truly, in these naturalistic attempts the craftsman is, in the words of Mr. Cobden Sanderson, "developing his own dissolution and the dissolution of his craft."

Here may we not lay down a canon of the art in question? It is this: Imitation of nature is not design; and design, not representation, is the true means of decoration. Let us illustrate this fact: Suppose you had a Turner enlisted in the craft, and he with some thousand "*petits fers*" should draw in gold on your book cover an exact replica of his most famous landscape. Would you have here a work of art? By no means; rather something unfit, something impossibly unfit, a hopeless and futile struggle, where the false tool seeks to grave upon the false material a false ideal. And this would be so even if we conceive a technical success. But how impossible is technical success will be seen in the attempted "drawing" of the most skillful artisans of France, also without question the most skillful in the world.

But, let it be not thought because in the examples cited, success is found only in imitation of the past, that therefore in such imitation lies the high road to success. To reproduce Grolier or Le Gascon is to-day nearly as sterile a performance as to stamp with a rigid tool a naturalistic spray of flowers. I say nearly as bad, because such imitation, however little it shows spontaneous conception, does at least seek the proper embellishment on the proper material with the proper tool.

But enough of modern failure; the moral is pointed, and let us turn to modern triumph, to true renaissance, as one may boldly style it.

Mr. Cobden Sanderson, at one time a barrister and now one of the most original of English binders, is representative of the new life I mean. He stands an important figure not merely because he has wrought exquisite bindings which already are valued at their weight in gold, but even more because he has written of his craft luminous and enthusiastic words which are the inspiration and the creed of a number of isolated and collected English binders. Indeed it seems now as if book-binding were no longer "*une art tout Français*," but rather Anglo-Saxon.

Mr. Sanderson's main article of faith is that true art is contemporaneous. Great as are the old schools of Grolier, Éve, Le Gascon, they are closed forever. "The future is not with them or their development or repetition." The reason is simple, expressible in a syllogism: True art is self-expression; in book decoration such expression is through design; and (pithy

saying!) "The designer in designing must—design."

Here we are at the root of modern failure. The average craftsman does not design, he copies; he remains artisan and does not aspire to be an artist.

What then is necessary to the future of the craft? This: first the impulse and then the power to design; to design, having ever a keen sensibility for the nature of the material and to the possibilities which lie within the tool. To genius these are instinctive. They were instinctive in the artists who wrought for Grolier, they were instinctive in the Éves and in Le Gascon, and thereby resulted native and surpassing styles, full of proportion, grace, and balance.

Is it to be concluded, therefore, that for the finest tooling we must have genius ready-made? Yes and no. For the unique examples, genius; but for competent and excellent gold-tooling, wrought in a style that shall at once have beauty and reserve, there is needed chiefly study and instruction in the craftsman—study of what has been, and instruction in what should and shall be.

Already in England are springing up schools where the art is taught to workmen and apprentices. Such, for instance, is the Central School of Arts and Crafts in London, where Mr. Douglas Cockerell, an accomplished artist, teaches the English apprentice the ideal and method of his craft. Why not? The painter, the sculptor, the architect, do not spring full-born and competent masters without study or instruction. Mr. Cockerell was bred in the school of William Morris, and did much work for him in repairing and re-binding the chief treasures of his library. It was thus, or more probably through some native instinct, that he found that style at once racial and original which characterizes the books from his bindery. There is no other artist working to-day whose work is so Anglo-Saxon in spirit, so rich and so reserved—so truly beautiful with the beauty which is proper to the book.

Indeed, the sterile period of this craft is past in England; and already the leaven is spreading to this country. Here and there binderies are springing up where beautiful and gracious work is done. And at the same time, the public itself is awakening to the existence in its midst of a charming and historic craft; to the fact that it is as barbarous to dress one's best loved books in shoddy, as to cumber one's walls with crude and puerile pictures.

—*The Literary Collector.*

Books for Lazy People.

How many persons take the trouble to investigate any literary question for themselves? How many of them always seek for some handy volume in which there is a more or less careful summing up of the matter and then content themselves with that? There are periodicals which endeavor to summarize the mass of information poured into the world on certain topics. These periodicals have a distinct and worthy mission, but the book which is designed simply to act as a lazy man's help has as large a field, though its mission is perhaps not quite so sure of approbation.

Just now the performances of the Wagner dramas are in progress at the Metropolitan Opera House, and all who make it their business to write on subjects of that sort are deluged with questions from persons who are too indolent to read the librettos of the work. Why does Wotan have only one eye? Why does not the Ring enable Siegfried to overpower all his enemies? If the ring gave Alberich universal power, how could Wotan take it away from him? Who were the mothers of all Wotan's children? How long were Siegfried and Brunnhilde on the mountain top? Who was the father of the Rhine maidens?

Some of these questions can be answered easily and some cannot. The most important of them are answered in the texts of the dramas. But to seek their answers in the texts is just what the ordinary person will not do. What he requires is a book that will tell him the stories of these works so that he need not read the texts. And the result is that the best-selling Wagner book in the market is one that fills this lazy man's want.

If this be true in regard to a subject so popular and so easy of access as the Wagner dramas, how much more must it be true of more recondite subjects. Very few of us are willing to exert our minds sufficiently to gather and collate facts for ourselves even in regard to the matters that are of the most interest to us. To dig out of the pages of a number of volumes and put together in some significant form the facts in any literary or artistic case is something that the average man prefers to leave to a professional. But if the average man only knew the amount of intellectual pleasure and profit which he could gain by doing it himself he would abandon a very poor habit.

N. Y. Times.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PLAGIARISM.

By W. D. Howells.

A late incident in the history of a very widespread English novelist, triumphantly closed by the statement of his friend that the novelist had casually failed to accredit a given passage in his novel to the real author, has brought freshly to my mind a curious question in ethics which I was tempted to write of some time ago. The friend who vindicated the novelist or, rather, who contemptuously dismissed the matter, not only confessed the fact of adoption, but declared that it was one of many which could be found in the novelist's works. The novelist, he said, was quite in the habit of so using material in the rough, which he implied was like using any fact or idea from life; and he declared that the novelist could not bother to answer critics who regarded these exploitations as a sort of depredation. In a manner he brushed the impertinent accusers aside, assuring the general public that the novelist always meant, at his leisure, and in his own way, duly to ticket the flies preserved in his amber.

When I read this haughty vindication, I thought at first that if the case were mine, I would rather have several deadly enemies than such a friend as that; but since, I have not been so sure. I have asked myself upon a careful review of the matter whether plagiarism may not be frankly avowed, as in nowise dishonest, and I wish some abler casuist would take the affair into consideration, and make it clear for me. If we are to suppose that offences against society disgrace the offender, and that public dishonor argues the fact of some such offence, then apparently plagiarism is not such an offence; for in even very flagrant cases it does not disgrace. The dictionary, indeed, defines it as "the crime of literary theft;" but as no penalty attaches to it, and no lasting shame, it is hard to believe it either a crime or a theft; and the offence, if it is an offence (one has to call it something, and I hope the word is not harsh), is some such harmless infraction of the moral law as white-lying.

The much perverted saying of Molière, that he took his own where he found it, is perhaps in the consciousness of those who appropriate the things other people have rushed in with before them. But really they seem to need neither excuse nor defence with the impartial public, if they are caught in the act of reclaiming their property, or despoiling the rash intruder upon their premises. The novelist in question is by no means the only recent ex-

ample, and is by no means a flagrant example. While the ratification of the treaty with Spain was pending before the Senate of the United States, a member of that body opposed it in a speech almost word for word the same as a sermon delivered in New York City only a few days earlier and published broadcast. He was promptly exposed by the parallel-column system; but I have never heard that his standing was affected or his usefulness impaired by the offence proven against him. A few years ago an eminent divine in one of our cities preached as his own the sermon of a brother divine, no longer living; he, too, was detected and promptly exposed by the parallel-column system, but nothing whatever happened from the exposure. Every one must recall like instances, more or less remote. I remember one within my youthfuller knowledge, of a journalist who used as his own all the denunciatory passages of Macaulay's article on Barrère, and applied them with changes of name to the character and conduct of a local politician whom he felt it his duty to devote to infamy. He was caught in the fact, and by means of the parallel column pilloried before the community. But the community did not mind it a bit, and the journalist did not either. He prospered on amidst those who all knew what he had done; and when he removed to another city, it was to a larger one, and to a position of more commanding influence, from which he was long conspicuous in helping shape the destinies of the nation.

So far as any effect from these exposures was concerned, they were as harmless as those exposures of fraudulent spiritistic mediums, which from time to time are supposed to shake the spiritistic superstition to its foundations. They really do nothing of the kind; the table-tippings, rappings, materialisations, and levitations keep on as before; and I do not believe that the exposure of the novelist who has been the latest victim of the parallel column will injure him a jot in the hearts or heads of his readers.

I am very glad of it, being a disbeliever in punishments of all sorts. I am always glad to have sinners get off, for I like to get off from my own sins; and I have a bad moment from my sense of them whenever another's have found him out. But as yet I have not convinced myself that the sort of thing we have been considering is a sin at all, for it seems to deprave no more than it dishonors; or that it is

what the dictionary (with very unnecessary brutality) calls a "crime" and a "theft." If it is either, it is differently conditioned, if not differently natured, from all other crimes and thefts. These may be more or less artfully and hopefully concealed, but plagiarism carries inevitable detection with it. If you take a man's hat or coat out of his hall, you may pawn it before the police overtake you; if you take his horse out of his stable, you may ride it away beyond pursuit and sell it; if you take his purse out of his pocket, you may pass it to a pal in the crowd, and easily prove your innocence. But if you take his sermon, or his essay, or even his apposite reflection, you cannot escape discovery. The world is full of idle people reading books, and they are only too glad to act as detectives; they please their miserable vanity by showing their alertness, and are proud to bear witness against you in the court of parallel columns. You have no safety in the obscurity of the author from whom you take your own; there is always that most terrible reader, the reader of one book, who knows that very author and will the more indecently haste to bring you to the bar because he knows no other, and wishes to display his erudition. A man may escape for centuries, and yet be found out. In the notorious case of William Shakespeare the offender seemed finally secure of his prey; and yet one poor lady who ended in a lunatic asylum, was able to detect him at last, and to restore the goods to their rightful owner, Sir Francis Bacon.

In spite, however, of this almost absolute certainty of exposure, plagiarism goes on as it has always gone on; and there is no probability that it will cease, as long as there are novelists, senators, divines, and journalists hard pressed for ideas which they happen not to have in mind at the time, and which they see going to waste elsewhere. Now and then it takes a more violent form, and becomes real mania, as when the plagiarist openly claims and urges his right to a well-known piece of literary property. When Mr. William Allen Butler's famous poem of "Nothing to Wear" achieved its extraordinary popularity a young girl declared and apparently quite believed that she had written it and lost the MS. in an omnibus. All her friends apparently believed so too; and the friends of the different gentlemen and ladies who claimed the authorship of "Beautiful Snow" and "Rock Me to Sleep" were ready to support them by affidavit against the real authors of those pretty valueless pieces.

From all these facts it must appear to the

philosophic reader that plagiarism is not the simple "crime" or "theft" that the lexicographers would have us believe. It argues a strange and peculiar courage on the part of those who commit it or indulge it, since they are sure of having it brought home to them, for they seem to dread the exposure, though it involves no punishment outside of themselves. Why do they do it, or having done it, why do they mind it, since the public does not? Their temerity and their timidity are things almost irreconcilable, and the whole position leaves one quite puzzled as to what one would do if one's own plagiarisms were found out. But this is a mere question of conduct, and of infinitely less interest than that of the nature or essence of the thing itself. —*Literature.*

Did Shakespeare Write the Psalms?

"S. L. H.," in the London *Morning Leader* says the following suggestion reached him "from a learned correspondent in West Hackney": "In the name Shakespear there are four vowels and six consonants. . . . If you write down the figure 4 and then follow it by the figure 6, you get 46. Very well—turn to Psalm 46 and you will find that in it the 46th word from the beginning is 'shake,' while the 46th word from the end is 'spear.'" This fact, or rather these facts, may be held to prove, according to my correspondent, that the Psalms were written by Shakespear and that this is really the correct way of spelling his name. I know that controversialists are a fierce tribe and they stick at each other as well as nothing, and so they will try to make out that the word "spear" is the 47th and not the 46th word from the end of the 46th Psalm; but this can only be done by counting "Selah," and if you think I am going to throw over a valuable literary discovery for the sake of an odd "Selah" you are mistaken.

Literature.

There was a man who wrote a book,
And very well indeed it took;
So then another man he went
And wrote another book anent
The man that wrote the book.

But seeing this, another took
The hint, and said: "I cannot brook
That others only should succeed!"
And so he wrote a lengthy screed
About the man that wrote about the man
that wrote the book.

To try to tell you all were vain,
Because it is an endless chain.

—(William Wallace Whitelock, in *The Smart Set*.)

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BOOKS.

Whatever more important changes the close of the year 1899 may have in store for us, there can be little doubt of one—that when we begin to date our years with the nineteen (even before the dawning of the twentieth century), books of the sixteenth century will suddenly assume an air of increased antiquity. They are, of course, tolerably ancient already, but, as a class, may be said to have been rather neglected and “light esteemed” in proportion to their intrinsic value. The books of an early age are, of course, not necessarily its literature (the earliest printed books of all, from 1450 to 1500 were anything but that), but “contemporary” interest (of authorship and publication) usually transcends any other; and though it cannot be suggested that, for example, “The Faery Queen” of “England’s Arch-Poet” (1590) or the “Comedies of William Shakespeare” (1595) have declined in commercial value, there are, none the less, scores of other genuine “first editions” that posterity may thank us for attending to a little more carefully than we have done.

There are reasons, of course, for everything. In the first place, it seems clear that the overpowering artistic and antiquarian interest attaching to “incunabula” has thrown into the shade the comparatively modern-looking and modern-sized works that succeeded them. The excitement roused by a splendid “specimen” of black letter (from the press of the insolvent Colard Mansion, let us say, at the publishing office of Anthoine Vérard) has its inevitable reaction when we pass from the romantic, tentative, and enthusiastic mediæval atmosphere to that of the more prosaic, practical, and finished work of Stephanus and Plantin—more “practical,” that is, from the standpoint of typographical legibility, more “prosaic” only as compared with the obscurer and mysterious charm of the vanishing “dark ages.” This attraction, the charm of artistic obscurity, or sometimes—may we not say—of meaningless enthusiasm, is one which particularly attaches to the style and ornamentation of some of the most *recherché* “incunabula” of printing. If antiquarian enthusiasm can revive the “black-letter” type—at once so expensive to cut and so difficult to distinguish—this must be for historic and artistic purposes, not those of book production. By the side of such striking chiaroscuro the work of a later generation—when the business has lost its first difficulty and with that its primitive charm—may for a moment appear dull. But, in fact, the great

characteristic of sixteenth-century printing is a peculiar brightness and lucidity.

The best work of the age, the productions of the Aldine Press (specially those in Roman, and not in cursory, type), of Torrentino and the Giunti at Florence, of Henri Estienne, Duval, and several others at Paris, of Jean de Tournes (who seems to have left us lamentably few specimens besides the splendid first edited text of Froissart, 1559–60–61) at Lyons, of Plantin, Gryphius, Giolito, and the rest stand out by these very qualities from the ruck of the printing of the last three centuries. The best examples represent, in fact (and allowing for the imperfect mechanism of the time), precisely what the best modern taste demands in book production, just the desired balance of artistic grace and well-planned, practical utility.

For purposes like the present there is some use in a chronological arrangement of, at any rate, the most beautiful and attractive of one’s books.

From a shelf or two of sixteenth-century works one may select the following at haphazard and with some misgiving. But if a reader or two write and better the selection at every point, they will only enforce the argument.

The Giunta edition of the works of Giovanni Della Casa (8vo, 1564), the Froissart above referred to, and still more, perhaps (as far as concerns mere printing apart from style and woodcut initials), Mettayer’s library edition of Monstrelet’s “Chronicles” (1595 and probably earlier), the “Stephanus Varro” (with indices, 8vo, 1581), the works of St. Augustine (though all that is common is the “De Civitate Dei”) in double column, by Denys Duval (fol. 1585; here, again, the index is an admirable piece of work), the Plantin edition of Clenart’s “Letters” (small 8vo, 1566; a good example of the smaller type), St. Chrysostom’s curious essay, “De Virginitate” (ap. P. Manutium, Aldi fil., small 4to, Rome, 1562; a splendid specimen of the press, with the best species of dolphin in the Device), the edition of Cardinal Bembo’s famous “Prose, della volgar lingua” (Torrentino, Florence, 1549), and last, but not least, the edition of Boethius’s “Historia Scotorum,” printed by Lepreux, at Lausanne, in 1574. All these works, and scores of others of about the same period, have in common a peculiar charm and distinction. They differ from ordinary printing precisely as the work of certain famous

contemporary printers differs from the ordinary productions of the press of 1899. The finest "Elzevirs" (charming, neat, and superlatively "practical" as these are) have not—if one may say so—the same personal interest for the intelligent collector. While to rival their more mysterious quality of brightness and "effect" (of the printed page presented as a picture to the eye) we have, perhaps, to wait till the appearance of the shaded Didot type late in the eighteenth century, the "incunabula" of the best modern printing. Typography, however, is but one chapter of our subject matter. Yet, seeing that books printed before 1500 are chiefly valued merely as specimens of printing or as first editions (which are inevitably in most cases inferior to later ones), it may be urged that, roughly speaking, sixteenth-century books are, in fact, the oldest books, the earliest practical literature accessible to us. It was only in that period that the press (having with dutiful piety put on record, as best it could, the main classics of antiquity, or all then discoverable) acquired that facility in expressing the ideas and feelings of the moment which has ever since constituted its chief social value. What, then, was printed in the sixteenth century—that age of enthusiastic scholarship, criticism, and book production?

Let us first admit that another reason, if only half realized, for the mercantile indifference toward works of this period, as such, is the fact that it was also (until the vainer enthusiasms of the Renaissance wore themselves out) a great "book-making" age, scarcely less so in its way than our own. The two ages, indeed in more than one respect—in their shaking off of conventions, in the revival of scholarship and new criticism, in their passion not merely for writing histories of their own and all other periods, but also for editing and making generally accessible all kinds of useful classics—closely resemble one another. Scores of excellent and still useful "first editions" date from this period—Morel's beautiful Gregory of Tours (1562), Gulielmus Neubrigensis (Antwerp, 1567), Giraldus Canbrensis (1585), and Matthew Paris (Wolf, 1570). But the average *littérateur* of the Renaissance, having once sharpened the pen, was too often carried away by the novel delight of blackening the excellent paper of the period and contemplating his lucubrations in print. This was especially the case in Italy; and not even Edmondo de Amicis in his most sentimental vein could spin more "words, words" out of nothing than a contemporary of Cellini or Paolo Manuzio in

the rhetorical dialogue, or academic "epistle" of the period. It is on some such ground, perhaps, that booksellers in general detest Italian books, whatever their date; though owing to the "rage" for that language in the early nineteenth century, an astonishing quantity have been collected. Indeed, sixteenth-century books in other foreign languages are, or were until quite lately, surprisingly common. But that is by the way.

Apart from vain book-making, an abundance of the most interesting, indeed most sensational of original literature belongs to this period. It simply abounds in short and interesting books first and foremost (being an age of the greatest mental and physical activity and disturbance), in tracts and pamphlets, written at a white heat, and frequently involving a whole series of replies and rejoinders. The Reformation and the Renaissance alone, viewed merely as emotional and intellectual movements, with their various phases and local varieties, afforded ample material for an "occasional" literature which is often—usually, indeed—of the first historical importance.

Even when this literature is purely theological, it has the originality attending the first application of modern intelligence to the subject, not the dreary staleness that hangs about the dumpy controversial quartos of the succeeding age. In France, it is true, fanaticism well-nigh exhausted itself by the date when an explosion of native common sense in that pamphlet of pamphlets, the "Satyre Ménippée" (1593), "quenched in torrents of ridicule the dying ashes of the League." But besides theological, literary, and scholastic problems, constitutional and, one may say, Socialist questions were threshed out with the same novel energy. More's "Utopia" (1516) and the colloquies and other works of Erasmus are landmarks on the path of humane as opposed to more strictly religious progress by the appearance of Calvin's "Institutes" (1536) and the first Protestant Bible (1535). Modern common sense and humor "wave their signals," as Mr. Meredith might say, even more distinctly from the heights of Estienne's "Apologie d'Hérodote" (1566), Montaigne's "Essays" (1580), the jointly composed "Satyre Ménippée," aforesaid, and the "Civil and Moral Counsels of Lord Verulam" (1597). And in the special department of politics, in Poyntet's "Treatise of Politick Power" (1556), in the remarkable "Essay on Voluntary Servitude," of La Boétie, the beloved of Montaigne (first published with other tracts of the kind in Goulart's "Memoires de l'Estat de France," 1578), in Languet's

"Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos," "Edimburgi" (meaning Paris or Switzerland), (1579), and in Hotman's "Franco-Gallia," the "contrat-social," as M. Thierry calls it, of the sixteenth century (1573), and the "Republic" of Jean Bodin (1586), we trace the modern genesis and elaboration of constitutional theories applied in France and England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The fact is that in every element of "human" interest, in everything, that is, but science, which comes to a head later on, the age of which we speak holds its own easily against any other.

To those, indeed, who hold that the proper study of mankind is man, there is no such pabulum provided as in the memoirs, and especially the French memoirs, of the generation "*dont c'était le propre*," as an editor of Marguerite de Valois observes, "*d'allier la licence avec l'activité*."

But given, as we have said, a widespread taste for writing, with presumably an at least equal enthusiasm for reading (and what must have been the gentle reader's delight when the Aldine octavo took the place of the clumsy black-letter folio in the pig-skin, often utilized, we are told, for saddles by vandal soldiery!), what ought we not to expect? For in the sixteenth century "things happened," as Mr. Kipling might say, with a freshness and vivacity that might have made the stones of the streets cry out. To omit battles of epoch-making importance, such as Flodden, Marignano, Pavia, Lepanto (and of this last dozens of contemporary "relations" are to be found), has history, with the one excepted chapter of the French Revolution, anything more highly colored in the way of human sensation than such events as: (1) The Reformation, regarded simply as an extensive intellectual shock; (2) all the discoveries and conquests of Cortez, Pizarro, Cabot, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Drake, besides the most important voyages of Columbus and Vespucci; (3) simply as episodes of bloodshed and suffering, the sack of Rome in 1536, the sack of Antwerp, and the string of horrors associated with the name of Alva in the Netherlands, the Anabaptist horrors, and monstrosities in Germany, the martyrdoms under "Bloody Mary," the wholesale atrocities of the Spaniards in the West Indies, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and attendant tragedies, and the defeat of the Spanish Armada?

—Literature.

Profitable Cyphers to Find in Books.

On the front page of his No. 45 Catalogue of "Ancient and Modern Scarce and Old Books," Mr. H. W. Ball, of Barton-on-Humber, quotes some interesting notes about fortunate finds in books. from the columns of our brilliant little contemporary, the *Golden Penny*:—we give one or two which are additionally interesting now that the secret cypher season is in full bloom.

Glancing through a mass of marginal MS. notes in a second-hand copy of Milton that he purchased, a gentleman came upon a memorandum interpolated in Latin, amid an erudite dissertation on the text, relating to certain property averred to be hidden in an old Greenwich house. Curiosity prompted him to communicate with the present tenant, who, on searching the spot indicated, came upon a box containing over £200 in money, besides a quantity of rare lace and antique jewelry.

A somewhat similar find due to a communication discovered between the leaves of a copy of Dr. Croly's "Salathiel" was made some forty years since under the flooring of an attic in a Hertfordshire farmhouse. Among other things some forty spade guineas and a quantity of valuable china were brought to light.

A gentleman, who a few years since purchased at a West End auction a first edition of Dickens's "Oliver Twist," found cunningly hidden beneath a large and elaborate bookplate the halves of five £50 notes with a memorandum to the effect that the other portions were correspondingly placed in the same author's "Pickwick." The finder having ascertained the purchaser of the work in question at once approached him.

For the sake of its bookplate an old volume was not long since bought at a second-hand shop at Fulham. On proceeding to remove the plate the purchaser found, concealed in an artfully constructed cavity beneath, ten small diamonds, accompanied by a written request that the finder would put them to any use he might wish.

The proprietor of a well-known toilette requisite owes his present position to having, when a young man, purchased an old black-letter Bible. On examining his purchase he noticed that certain letters in Genesis were underlined with red ink. These he had the curiosity to put together in the order in which they occurred, to find that they formed what read very much like a recipe, which, on being made up, proved of such value as to warrant it being introduced to public notice.

GENIUS AND MORALS.

By Harold Van Santvoord.

We are always curious to know how much of himself the author puts into his books. However free from moral prejudice and the contagion of the world he esteems himself in working out the problems of his art, public appreciation of the literary value of his work is sensibly affected by what is known of his moral prepossessions and personal habits, and the critical reader, in interpreting the *motif* and in analyzing the characters of his story, deems them a significant factor and important clue. It is vain to insist that the atmosphere of genius should be as pure and stimulating as the ambient ether that nourishes and sustains physical life. In the exercise of its functions creative energy is not bound or regulated by convention or rule. Genius is not a question of moral character, nor are literary ethics closely bound up with the affairs of private life. It has its votaries, who recognize it as a law unto itself—an omnipotent power, which,

"Like Cato, gives its little Senate laws,
And sits attentive to its own applause."

The moral prepossessions of a writer of genius, however, perceptibly color the web of his loom as well as the reader's views. In some instances they obtrude on the printed page coarsely and repugnantly, as in Swift and Sterne. In others they are veiled in euphemisms, or in seductive phrases exalt the spirit of beauty in a canonization of vice. Because we would rather give up potatoes than roses, and can go without boots rather than without poems, must the Muses ever pose as inveigling *hetairæ* while we are dangling in hammocks or dallying in primrose paths? Lamb, self-indulgent and subject to alcoholic lapses, always wrote cleanly. There is so much humanity and tender feeling and the milk of human kindness in Elia that we are inclined to condone his faults. We almost feel like forgiving Heine, who did not always write cleanly, but whose wit tempers our judgment, and who paid the penalty of his excesses—a sufferer to the end. Two months before he died he wrote his publishers in Paris: "During the past few days I have been so ill that a number of German countrymen, who came to Paris to see the Exposition, have postponed their return to Germany in hopes of being able to attend my funeral." A sarcasm so illumined with pathos excites within us a sense of pity and touches the secret springs of our sympathy. We are moved by his tingling wit to admire the unconquerable spirit of this wayward genius, who

scorned to wear a mask, though we cannot efface the indelible stains from the record of his life. But however lenient we may feel toward Heinrich Heine we can never forgive Sterne, whose sentiment was shammed, whose piety was a pretence, who mocked his own emotions, a hypocrite and posturing charlatan, gifted as he was, concerning whom Thackeray reminds us that "the foul Satyr's eyes leer out of his leaves constantly."

When a writer does not conceal his faults, but with unbridled license defiantly exposes them in the mirror of his art, personifying his vices in the fictitious characters he portrays, it is difficult to dissociate the personality of the author from the progeny of his pen. A mere reference to certain phases of popular French fiction is enough to indicate the personal note—a pervasive *ego*—dominating the tone of the narrative, excluding analysis of character and the natural play of emotions, and concerning itself mainly with immoral tendencies and rhetorical tricks of style. We know how the personal note in Tennyson, and in our own Longfellow, was so insistent that they failed of distinction in the art of dramatic composition, the poet's highest aim. But they were constantly reporting their best thought and never affected a morbid tone. They bravely faced the facts of existence and breathed an untainted ozone. Of course, the artist is always free to choose his medium of expression. But whether it is Hellenism, Romanticism, Realism—in whatsoever mould it is cast—we demand a healthy art.

The personal element is constantly intruding and in some forms of literature it is the vital fact. Upon this element skilfully employed rest the author's power and charm. We feel its force and persistence in Burns's lyrics, in Poe's and Emerson's poems, in Thackeray's "Pendennis" and "Philip," and in the romances of Hawthorne. It is the fascinating quality—and what writer possessed a richer personality than Holmes'—of the Autocrat's Breakfast-Table *causerie*. In the flimsiest skein of illusion spun by Goldsmith and Irving we are conscious of the same captivating charm. In a diseased mind the personal note has an undue emphasis, a droning preponderance, due to an excess of emotion, or satyric conditions of feeling and thought. In a healthy nature it rings with a resonant accent, and has a vital significance and convincing force. Our literature is richly endowed by the liberal

gifts of the New England mind, whose persuasive power and sympathetic insight gave authority and distinction to its utterances, and whose dominant note clearly reveals how inflexibly it obeyed the laws of life. Without any exaggeration of their virtue, would it have been possible to assemble in any previous age in the kingdom of letters a group of men who lived on such a high plane of endeavor as the New England circle composing the Boston Saturday Club? A literary neighbor, Colonel Higginson, pleasantly recalls how the talk at these symposia was always "well-bred and manly; nor was there any visible sign of that taste for unseemly subjects, which so disgusted Carlyle, among the leading men in London in 1832, that he wrote to his brother: 'The conversation was about the basest I ever listened to.'"

It would be altogether strange if the honest reader were not prejudiced against the writings of a man of letters whose life is mean. The prejudice is apt to deepen into disgust when the writer abuses his gift of expression and degrades the passion of love. It was Ben Jonson who affirmed that the principal end of poetry "is to inform men in the just reason of living." Is not this true of the novel, and has the novelist or essayist a higher task? I would not deprecate the art of George Sand and Théophile Gautier, to say nothing of Ouida and the lesser lights. But has not the love story in their hands borne poisonous fruit? The novelist writes to some purpose when the novel is made a means, rather than an end. When George Eliot paints the evils of pride and covetousness, and reveals in the history of a wretched life the misery and heartache that follow an ill-assorted match, she enforces a lesson that could not be brought home to the moral consciousness of men and women by all the pulpits in New York and London with the same effect. The moral lapses of a writer of genius, however, need not place his writings under the ban if he does not sully the pages of his book. We ask of him not to amuse us alone, but to lighten sorrow, to chastise folly and pretension, to exalt human sympathies, to teach us that there is a higher power than fate, to idealize and epitomize the best of life. Such a power attests the perfection of his art.

Our enjoyment of the matchless word-painting of "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe" is none the less keen because De Quincey was addicted to opium. Marlowe gave himself up to every passion and was stabbed by his own poniard in a bar-room brawl, but in "Tambour-

laine" and "Dr. Faustus" are passages of rare beauty. Pope, who wove moral precepts into the tissue of his polished stanzas, was a little crafty, vain, pettish, and pitiful creature, and Shelley was an atheist whose morals were sadly at fault. But what contemporary poet had a clearer vision than Shelley or was master of a finer art? We must not be too eager to unveil the Isis of our enchantment. We enter the poet's cloister to seek the source of his inspiration and the secrets of his craft. We are unrewarded, and discover a skeleton in the closet. Reverting in imagination to those fruitful periods in English composition, the Renaissance and the Restoration, we may discover the poet in a tavern, surrounded by brawlers, writing verses of infinite tenderness and charm.

"George Sand is often immoral," says Ruskin, "but she is always beautiful;" and although Elizabeth Barrett, writing to Robert Browning, discovered that "she had something monstrous in combination with her genius," she regarded her with increasing admiration and delight. The writer recently met a lady of taste, the oracle of a suburban literary club, who declared that she was unable to read Keats with any sense of enjoyment since she had finished reading the life of the poet by William Michael Rossetti and those "foolish letters" to Fanny Browne. As well might one find little to admire in the "Pastoral Symphony," because Beethoven was so fickle and light-hearted in love affairs that he regarded as a matter of curious psychological interest the phenomenal fact of consciousness that he had once been in love with the same woman for seven long months. Saint-Simon, deploring the moral weakness of his sovereign, had a contempt for Louis XIV. personally, but revered him as a king. Such should be the attitude of the reader toward the peccable but gifted writer of books. When the writer is not wholly self-conscious—when the personal flavor of his books is stimulating and wholesome, should we not be restrained from lifting the veil which hides the secrets, sorrows, or scandals of his private life?—*Literature*.

Written On a Library Wall.

When faltering fingers bid me cease to write,
And, laying down the pen, I seek the Night,
May those to whom the Daylight still is sweet,
With loving lips my name oft-times repeat.
And should Belshazzar's spirit hither stray,
And linger o'er the lines I write to-day,
May he, who wept for Babylonia's fall,
Look kindly at this "writing on the wall"!

—Arthur Macy.

PHILIPPE-AUGUSTE-MATHIAS DE VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM.

By H. H. Carlill.

Villiers is an author who has little honor among his own countrymen. In his life he had a certain notoriety and one or two enthusiastic friends; but except during a brief lecturing-tour in Belgium, undertaken in 1887, real public recognition was denied him. Since his death the chief critics have indeed combined to praise him, but their commendations are for the most part unsympathetic; and any disciples, anything like a school, he never has had, and probably never will have.

And yet he is a master with a style, an insight, an enthusiasm all his own; one, moreover, who from the quality of his intellect and the moral character of his work has a better chance of being appreciated outside of France than that of most of his contemporaries. It is impossible to read the "Contes Cruels" and the "Nouveaux Contes Cruels" without astonishment. The wealth of his faculties is prodigious. His audacity, his inexhaustible fancy, the masterly precision of his strokes, affect one at a first reading like some unheard-of gymnastic performance; and when his actual achievement is taken in connection with what is known from other sources of his life and character, the artistic mastery that could produce such combinations from such elements becomes a portent.

As for his character, never was a writer more encompassed with temptations. On every side the way lay open to fatal excesses, and the very number of his dangers may have been the means of his salvation. His extraordinary ingenuity in conception, his instinct for effect and for style, his delight in subtlety and dialectics, the romantic opulence of his imagination, the bitterness of his irony—each of these might have been his artistic ruin. But in his best moments the diverse faculties that he had in him find their equilibrium, and then he is an artist indeed, completely master of his resources and completely conscious of his purpose. At such times he produces pearls—the best short stories that have ever been written.

Certainly there was nothing in his life to help him. It would be difficult to imagine anything much more pathetic than the story as told by M. du Pontavice de Heussey. Villiers was in everything a fulgurant creature, the very type of a "genius," full of forlorn enthusiasms, astonishing faculties, and the simplicity of a child—a man radically incapable of thinking and feeling like other men. He used to forget the very existence of his nearest friends for

months together. He was liable to acute crises of melomania, weeks long; and in his head he carried the complete scores of two original Wagnerian operas, which he used to perform himself, seated at the piano. His talk was an incredible mixture of acting, poetry, and music, an uncontrollable flood of dramatic improvisation, the stolen fragments of which supplied false friends with columnfuls of "copy." To make the picture complete he was miserably and incurably poor, haunting the cabarets of Paris at night, pouring forth gorgeous fantasies over tables sloppy with alcohol, and noting luminous ideas on cigarette-papers. Where he lived in the day few could ever discover. With all this, he was Satanically proud. His august lineage was food and clothing to him. In 1876 he astounded Paris by lavishing the most magnificent energy in a lawsuit against the proprietors of a drama in which his ancestor, a fifteenth-century marshal of France, was represented as a traitor. And this was typical of his whole life, a life only made endurable by the tapestry of dreams with which he hid its squalor. He had a father, a sort of aristocratic Micawber, who spent his days and the remnants of his fortune in tracing lost genealogies and hunting for hidden treasures, and a mother who waited in vain year after year with unalterable hope for the hour when her Mathias should at last be famous. In the end he died, at fifty years of age, worn out by bad air, bad food, and all the wretched discomforts of his surroundings.

Was it not to be expected that, with a life like this and a temperament so imaginative, Villiers's work should have turned out to be a mere orgie of pseudo-romanticism, erratic, extravagant, hopelessly unreal? On the contrary—and nothing speaks more for his real strength—there is about his later and best writings something peculiarly clear-cut, peculiarly classical—a sobriety, a precision, a perfect adaptation of the means to the end which implies absolute power and absolute restraint. The effect desired is first calculated to a hair's breadth, and then delivered with an ease and nicety past all praise—no sound and fury, no flights on a forlorn hope into the unknown. To watch his technique—on the way in which every detail, every word, the very length and balance of the sentences, conspire to produce the required atmosphere—is a pure joy. There is nothing superfluous and nothing unintentional; his two best volumes of stories are each

a box of crystals, perfect in shape, pure in color, and endless in variety.

It is the variety that strikes one first. The "Nouveaux Contes Cruels" are from this point of view alone unequalled. The ironical care and gravity with which he sets out the theory of the "ami de cœur," the direct and poignant description of the "torture by hope" (a story which has been translated in the *Strand Magazine*; and may be compared to its advantage with Poe's tale of the Inquisition); Milton dictating to his daughters; the dark priest who wagers "the secret of the Church" at cards; "Sylvabel," a piece of "gauloiserie," "L'Incomprise," a study of a nymphomaniac—there are not two alike in the whole volume. Turn by turn we have satire, pathos, realism, exaltation, mystery, until it is hard to believe that all can be the work of one hand.

As for the style, it is masterly, swift, expressive, complex, dazzling. Wyzewa compares him on this point to De Quincey, and justly. The Englishman is, of course, far more diffuse, but the language of both has an indescribable plastic movement in which from time to time the poetry wells up and spreads into glittering pools. Villiers is more nervous, less undulating and conversational, less "milkily abundant"; indeed, in his complicated elegance he suggests Plato more than any other. We are told that he used to say "Mes mots sont pesés dans des balances en toiles d'araignée," and Du Pontavice relates how he used to read and re-read each page, "tout bas d'abord, puis en bredouillant; enfin, quand elle était corrigée, épurée, il la déclamaient de cette voix claire et sonore qui lui était habituelle lorsqu'il récitait ses œuvres." One result of this patient care was that he knew by heart almost everything that he had written; but the method had its disadvantages. He carries to much further lengths than De Quincey the effort to express, to the fraction of an inch—by dots, italics, dashes, parentheses, marks of exclamation, capitals, all the gymnastics of style—the precise nature and the precise bearing of the idea that he has in mind.

Indeed, Villiers's cardinal fault is that he is too anxious to express his meaning, too argumentative. In the matter of psychology he is desperately subtle; often the minuteness of his refinements is enough to make one dizzy; and the more recondite his meaning, the more exhaustingly he labors to make every point as clear as day. There is no freak of his fancy for which he cannot find an abundance of the best of reasons. Take, for instance, in "L'Inconnue" the arguments by which the deaf girl

convinces her lover that she must never be his, must never even read his name; or, better, take the contradiction between "Les Demoiselles de Bienfilâtre" and "Les Amies de Pension," placed respectively, doubtless with intention, at the beginning of the "Contes Cruels" and the "Nouveaux Contes Cruels." In the former, for the courtesan to have a lover who pays nothing is the unpardonable sin; in the latter, it is precisely the possession of an "ami de cœur" ("cette chose sacrée sise, en soi, plus haut que toutes questions vénales") that gives the indispensable stamp of respectability; and each view in turn is established beyond the possibility of question, for Villiers is the most convincing of casuists.

There are times, however, when his love of argument gets the better even of his sense of style, so that he can write such a sentence as this in "La Maison du Bonheur":

"Comment éviter par tous pays le spectacle de ces triomphantes lupercales où les majorités—au patriotisme si lucratif, aux éloquences foraines—exultent si gravement, et dont la sereine servilité—giratoire seulement aux uniques souffles de ces trahisons écœurantes, philosophiquement situées au dessous de toute pénalité comme de tout dédain—affirme outre mesure en quelle désespérante inanité s'aplatissent les révolutions."

But this does not often happen. In revenge we have numberless masterpieces of description, ranging from the barest enumeration of details up to the highest flights of imaginative coloring. Such are the departure of Leonidas's six hundred in "Impatience de la Foule," the dawn in "L'Enjeu" or the evening landscape in "L'Intersigne," and many of the stage directions in that strange symbolic drama "Axel."

It is not only in their management of language that Villiers and De Quincey are alike. The resemblance goes further. Their irony is of the same cast, and their sense of what may be called the lugubrious-ludicrous. "L'Affichage Celeste" or the "Appareil pour l'Analyse Chimique du dernier Soupir" belong to the same order of writing as "Murder as One of the Fine Arts." The sequel to the latter work, again, in its patient insistence on the logical necessity of every frightful detail is just in the Frenchman's manner; and so is the monotonous majesty of the Tartar's Revolt. Both writers have the instinct of minute scholarship, almost of pedantry, curiously coupled with an Oriental exuberance of imagination; both were learned in strange and thorny bypaths of knowledge; and neither could be trusted in the stories he told (and believed) of his early life.

Villiers is also compared to Poe, and is supposed to show much of his influence. But this

does him an injustice. No doubt he affects something of Poe's logical precision and something of his weirdness—often, indeed, far surpassing him in delicate and unexpected horror; but at his best he has much more intellect—much more intelligence, rather—than the other. For being a poet, and a magnificent one (though his actual verse production was small), he is a metaphysician, devoutly impressed by Hegel, and never happier than when he is playing with Not-being, Limitation, and the Absolute. In the third part of "Axel," "le Monde Occulte," Maître Janus, strangest of necromancers, using categories for crucibles and transmuting souls by the dialectical method, subjects the over-romantic hero to an exhausting course of lectures on the relation of individual to universal spirit. Is it surprising that the positive, essentially unmetaphysical, Frenchman is somewhat put aback by Villiers's vagaries, and that not even the unearthly beauty and grandeur of the fourth part, "le Monde Passionnel," can quite reassure him?

But Villiers, for all his idealism, was free from the fault which besets his brother "Parnassiens," and all the apostles of art for art's sake. What distinguishes him is his vivid sense of actuality, very unexpected in such a mind, but his genius is compact of contradictions. Despite all his love of mere cleverness, mere mystery, mere "effect," mere style, he is filled with a feeling of the reality and importance of life. Under everything he is intensely earnest. The French critics praise only his secondary qualities; M. Anatole France, for example, speaks of his irony as if that were the last words of his spirit. And, indeed, almost everything he writes turns in part to satire—satire on vulgarity, ineptitude, and ignorance ("L'Eve Future"), on materialism ("Tribulat Bonhomet"), on the atrocities of modern science ("L'Analyse Chimique du dernier Soupir"), and modern inventions ("L'Affichage Celeste"), on the brutal morality and brutal immorality of respectable people, on all that is gross, unimaginative, conventional, heartless in the nineteenth-century life—in a word, "le quasi-simiesque atrophie du sens-surnaturel." When Villiers amazed his acquaintances by standing for a Parisian constituency in 1876, his programme was the demolition of certain unæsthetic public buildings and the re-introduction of imprisonment for debt, in order that a place of refuge might be assured to men of letters. Sometimes, as in that indescribable piece, "Les Délices d'une Bonne Œuvre," the satire passes all bounds and becomes as horrible as Swift's.

For one thing, being a metaphysician, Villiers was profoundly religious; and that (despite the French critics) not after the order of Baudelaire and Barbey d'Aurevilly, but religious and earnestly moral to boot. Strange!—he believes in monogamy—in love; he believes in the higher side of human nature generally; and at times the force of his conviction leads him into an excess of personal insistence on the moral idea which is his theme. Many of the "Histoires Insolites" are more ethical essays than stories in any sense; "La Maison du Bonheur," in particular, is the merest shadow of a tale, nothing more than a highly decorated description and justification of two elect souls, who flee from the contact of a vulgar world to an Eden of their own, there to thrill with sensibility at their ease in the twilight. How keen a sense he had of living problems is amply proved by his play, "La Révolte" (translated in the *Fortnightly Review* last year).

But to complete even a sketch of so original and so versatile a man is impossible within ordinary limits. Enough at any rate, has been said to show that Villiers de l'Isle-Adam deserves more consideration than he has yet received. Modern criticism tends more and more to interpret and estimate literature by the known or inferred character of the author; and here we have a character indeed! The man must have had a good heart who, despite every discouragement and every temptation to weakness, could yet work on year after year, purifying his art, taming the excesses of his nature, thinking more and more deeply and clearly, writing more and more grandly and musically—for what? He was lonely, he was poverty-stricken, he was unrecognized or recognized only to be derided; sometimes he wrote stretched upon the floor for lack of chair or bed; all his dreams ended in bitterness, but there was something in him greater than his destiny, and a spirit such as his commands our respect.

—Literature.

When a young man of one and twenty Mr. Clark Russell, the novelist, was present at the trial of a dozen seamen who had mutinied because the food provided for them was of the most abominable description. He was disgusted to find that the mutineers were actually sentenced to several weeks' imprisonment for refusing to be poisoned with the provisions dealt out to them. From this sprang the idea of a story of a mutiny caused entirely by the shipment of bad food for the crew. The result was "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," by which Mr. Clark Russell made his name.

OF ALMANACS.

By William S. Walsh.

The whirligig of Time has brought around a new year, and with it the new year's inevitable accompaniment of almanacs. A few considerations upon this form of literature may therefore be in order.

The derivation of the word almanac is still uncertain. Many wild guesses have, indeed, been made. No real lexicographic angel, however, has dared to decide which on-rushing and enthusiastical philological fool is in the right.

This much is certain:—the thing itself is older than the word. There is preserved in the British Museum an almanac which dates back 1200 years before the birth of Christ, to the time of Rameses the Great of Egypt.

Written on papyrus, in red ink, it covers a period of six years. The entries relate to religious ceremonies, to the fates of children born on given days, and to the regulation of business enterprises in accordance with planetary influence. Such injunctions as "Do nothing at all this day," and "If thou seest anything at all this day it will be fortunate," must sound strangely familiar to modern readers of "Raphael's" or "Old Moore's Almanac."

Among the Greeks and Romans, almanacs or calendars were not written for the general public, but were preserved as part of the esoteric learning of the priests, whom the people had to consult, not only for the dates of the festivals, but for the proper times when various legal proceedings might be instituted. About 300 B. C., however, one Encius Flavius, secretary to Appius Claudius, stole these secrets by repeated applications to the priests and collated the information so gained. It was really publishing an almanac, when, as Livy relates, Flavius exhibited the *Fasti* on white tablets around the Forum. From this time similar tablets containing the calendar, the festivals, astronomical phenomena, and sometimes allusions to historical events became quite common. They have been dug up in Pompeii and elsewhere.

There are also extant Christian calendars dating as far back as the fourth century, which give the names of the saints, and other religious information.

One of the most famous of the calendars of the Middle Ages is that compiled by Petrus of Dacia in A. D. 1300. A MS. copy is preserved in the Savilian Library at Oxford. The Symbolical Man or Man of Signs (*Homo Signorum*), still a common feature in almanacs,

appears in this book, not it is conjectured for the first time, as it seems to have been a survival from the time of Ptolemy's "Almagest," a collection of classic observations and problems, relating to geometry and astronomy.

The first printed almanac was the "Pro Pluribus Annis," issued at Vienna in 1457, by an astronomer named Purbach. The earliest known almanac devoted expressly to the year of issue was published by Rabelais in 1533.

Thenceforth, the ephemeral yearly character of the publication came to be definitely recognized by almanac makers.

Nostradamus set the fashion of incorporating predictions of coming events into almanacs, a fashion that has continued to this day in all purely astrological brochures of this sort, despite intermittent efforts to suppress it by royal authority in France and elsewhere.

The *Almanach Liégeois* is a venerable remnant of seventeenth century superstition. Begun in 1625, it survived into the middle of the nineteenth century, largely on the strength of a successful prophecy made in 1774, announcing that in April a royal favorite would play her last part. Madame Du Barry took the prediction to herself. She was frequently heard to exclaim, "I wish this villainous month of April was over." But ere it was over, Louis XV. was taken sick, early in May he died, and thus the royal mistress really played her last part.

In England no legal attempt was ever made to stop prognostications. But in 1708 the wits of London joined together to abate the nuisance by attacking its most prominent exponent, the astrologer Partridge. Dean Swift took the initiative.

At the close of the year 1707 he issued a pamphlet entitled "Predictions for the year 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff." The writer's professed aim was to rescue a noble art from vulgar impostors. He drew attention to the difference between the ambiguous methods of the latter and his own straightforward predictions. He apologized for the trifling character of his first bit of augury, the death of John Partridge "upon March 29th next, about 11 at night, of a raging fever."

On March 30 there appeared another pamphlet, announcing that the first of Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions had been fulfilled. Then followed a broadside "Elegy on the Death of Mr. Partridge." In vain Partridge rushed into print with a denial of his death. The wits

took up the cue. Grave treatises were written to convict Partridge of futile absurdity in urging that he was still alive. The Company of Stationers, who, under the law, had the exclusive right to handle almanacs for the trade, struck his name off their rolls. Over in Portugal the inquisition, hearing of the marvelous verification of Bickerstaff's "Predictions," ordered the book to be burned as an unmistakable emanation from the devil.

For a period Partridge was overwhelmed. Four years passed before he attempted to resume publication of his Almanac. A successor is still issued under his name.

Another famous almanac-maker was Francis Moore, at one time an assistant of Partridge's. The story has often been told of how, weary and disgruntled at the ill-success of his first number, Moore started in to compile the second.

"What shall I put in for June 4?" asked his assistant.

"Oh, cold and snow!" cried the old man in a huff.

By an extraordinary coincidence, snow actually fell on June 4. The sales of the almanac bounded up into the thousands. It is still kept up under the title of "Old Moore's Almanac," and still appeals to the superstitious.

Finally the ignorance, profligacy, and imposture of the almanac-makers became so monstrous a scandal that the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, in 1775, undertook the publication of "The British Almanac," which was the parent of all the respectable and scholarly publications of to-day.

In France almanacs have always abounded. They are fitted to all tastes, all religions, and all superstitions. But fun is the staple of most of them. For half a score dedicated to useful purposes there are half a hundred given up to anecdotes, puns, quips, cranks, and caricatures. Old jokes are pursued through a thousand transparent changes, run a gauntlet of travesties, and at the end come out the same old jokes, only a little battered and worn by hard usage. Every event of the year is twisted and turned in many ways to discover its humorous side. The misfortunes, the vices, and the virtues of men all alike are food for laughter.

In fact, life itself becomes a vast field of jokes—a Potter's Field, a Parisian Golgotha with all the skulls on the broad grin.

It was in colonial America that almanacs became most valued and of most potent influence. Good books, then and there, were few and expensive. The almanac, insignificant as it was in appearance, was the literary event of

every year. With the exception of the family Bible it constituted the sole reading of many a colonial household. In every kitchen a nail was provided to hang up the fresh almanac on its yearly appearance. Nightly it was taken down and thumbed over until it became brown and ragged, tattered, smoked and soiled. Its weather predictions were always gravely consulted even after their unreliability had been established. Its jokes and anecdotes formed a perpetual fund of amusement. Its sententious sayings were accepted with awe and reverence.

The first American almanac was printed by Stephen Day at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639, under the title "An Almanac, calculated for New England, by Mr. William Pierce, Mariner." No copy is known to exist, but Governor Winthrop notes its appearance in his diary, and the types and press upon which it was printed are now in Harvard College.

The earliest almanac in Boston was compiled by John Foster in 1676, in New York by John Clapp in 1687, in Philadelphia by Samuel Aitkin in 1685. The latter was the initial printing enterprise of the famous William Bradford. It was entitled "Kalendarium Pennsilvaniense." Copies of the first number are now so rare that the Historical Society of Pennsylvania paid \$520 for the one in their possession.

A more important publication was the "Poor Richard Almanac," which Benjamin Franklin started in 1728. His editor was Thomas Godfrey. At the end of three years Godfrey and Franklin quarreled. Thereupon Franklin became his own editor, as well as his own publisher. Conscious that young "B. Franklin" was not sufficiently well known as a philomath, he borrowed the name of Richard Saunders, an English "Chyrurgeon," who, during the eighteenth century, issued a popular almanac.

By dint of unique and humorous advertising, aided by its intrinsic merits, Franklin's almanac met with immediate and continuous success. The terse proverbs and witty sayings with which it abounded, some original but many borrowed, were quoted all over the colonies for the quarter century during which Franklin compiled and printed it.

The chief rival of the Poor Richard Almanac was one compiled and published at Dedham, Mass., by Nathaniel Ames, father and son, from 1726 to 1775. It attained a yearly circulation of some 60,000 copies through much the same qualities of shrewdness, good humor, and homely wit which had made Poor Richard famous.

As the revolutionary war drew near, a distinct change appeared in the tone and character

of the Ames publications. They grew intensely patriotic and anti-British. Their squibs smelt of gunpowder. As, for example:

"Fine weather for fighting."

"Who can serve 500 masters faithfully when they are 3000 miles off?"

"Stand forth the champion of your country's cause

Nor fear the traitors aided by their laws!"

"Now, my brave countrymen, prepare for dire approaching civil wars."

The Ames family were the last of the great almanac-makers. The publication of almanacs was suspended by the actual outbreak of the revolution. On the re-establishment of peace, better mail facilities brought the weekly newspaper to the remotest parts of the country districts, and the almanac which had filled so important a position, was largely supplanted as a medium of literature and popular philosophy.

—*The Era*.

Dickens at \$130,000 Per Set.

The sum of \$130,000 seems a comfortably high price for a set of Dickens, but that is the price placed by the publisher on the St. Dunstan's Illuminated Dickens, work on which has been in progress for over a year. Besides being a most complete edition, it will be notable as the most costly publication ever put before the public. Altogether fifteen sets will be printed, eight to be sold in this country, and seven in Europe. Each set will contain 130 volumes, and the cost is, therefore, at the rate of \$1,000 a volume. Three years will be required to complete the work. Six volumes are now in type, and four complete sets have been sold.

The publisher is George D. Sproul of New York. The editor in chief is Frederic G. Kitton, of London, who, as author of "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil," "Dickens and His Illustrators," and "The Novels of Charles Dickens," has reputation as a Dickens expert. Mr. Kitton will write the bibliographical article on each novel, and a topographical article on each. Associated with him are Austin Dobson, Percy Fitzgerald, Edmund Gosse, George Gissing, Algernon Swinburne, Clement Scott, Miss Braddon, George Saintsbury, William Michael Rossetti, and others, all of whom have been associated with Dickens or his works, and each of whom will write a special introduction to some one of the volumes. The only American in the list is Bret Harte, who will write the introduction to "Martin Chuzzlewit."

The illustrations, which are to be bound

separately, will fill seven or eight volumes. An entire new set of illustrations will be made for the edition by Harry Furniss, Gordon Frederick Browne, Hugh Thomson, H. M. Brock, and H. M. Paget. Each is to illustrate the subjects best adapted to his own particular style. Besides these original drawings there will be included in the edition all illustrations which have been drawn for the original editions, and all those of merit which have been made for sets of Dickens during the past fifty years. To allow of this, arrangements have been made with American publishers to permit the use of copyright material, which will include drawings by Charles Dana Gibson, A. B. Frost, and Howard Chandler Christy. Illustrations, autograph letters, speeches, and new Dickensiana by Kitton fill eighteen volumes, while one hundred and twelve volumes will contain the text.

The volumes are to be about 12 by 10 inches in size and printed from type on the finest Italian parchment. It has been difficult heretofore to obtain satisfactory results from type on parchment, but the new secret process of the University Press in Boston, which is doing the work, gives a clear, clean imprint which does not affect the life of the parchment.

The feature of the text, and that which contributes most largely to the expense of the publication, is, of course the illumination. The chapter headings, the beginnings of paragraphs, and many capital letters will be done in water-color by hand, and those which have been done already show a skillful adaptation of old models to modern lettering. Those who are now engaged in the work of illuminating are Ross Turner of Boston, and the Italian, Nestore Leoni. The number of illustrations, together with the fact that the pages are printed on only one side, make necessary the splitting of many novels into several volumes—for example, "Pickwick Papers," which fill six volumes.

Many would naturally wonder how \$1,000 worth of value can be put into a single volume. Considering the matter, however, on the basis of an average of, say, \$5 a page for the illumination of 175 pages, which is the number of pages in each of the Dickens volumes, the calculation is easy. The financial success of the venture must remain in doubt, but the same publisher some time ago got out a few volumes of the classics in a similar style and has sold the majority of them at \$1,000 a volume. A manuscript Service Book, designed, written, and decorated by Frank Harding, sold recently at Sotheby's in London for £310.

THE ROMANCE OF BOOK-COLLECTING.

By J. H. Slater.

THE RULES OF THE CHASE.

There was a time, and that not so very many years ago, when old books were, if only you got out of the central mart, difficult to procure, and by no means easy to store. They were frequently in folio, huge, ponderous works which, unless they were of the very best, challenged the courage of all but veterans, as they looked down from their dark corners. There was no escaping them, no getting away from their costly presence, and no reading them either without sitting at a table; for "literary machines" were not then invented, and no one seemed to care about lingering with arched back over a fire, with sixty or eighty pounds weight of paper on his knees. Such a discipline would have been valuable, no doubt, but learning grew lazy when it left the monasteries, and a table became a virtual necessity for most folk. After a time folios were turned into octavos, and the price cheapened. The "extraneous Tegg," as Carlyle calls the well-known bookseller, and our friends Cooke, Walker, Bell, and many more, commenced to cut the throat of the trade, and to ruin the honest author, by printing favorite books at such a very cheap rate that the public soon became totally demoralized. Cooke made an enormous fortune—for a bookseller—and died amid the plaudits of the mob and the curses of his competitors, for he had out-Heroded Herod in prostituting "Tom Jones," a thing deemed impossible, by publishing the text in numbers, *verbatim et literatim*, at a scandalously cheap price. Then he approached other "British novelists" in turn and went through the entire pantheon, winding up with a series of sacred classics. Cooke was a man of immense resource, and no scruples; he got the author out of the way (I don't say he murdered him), sold up his rivals, and positively lived to an advanced age—three crimes which procured him hosts of enemies, but nevertheless altered the whole system of publishing, and solved forever the problem whether it is better or worse for the producer to sell fifty articles at a penny each, or a single one of the same kind for four and two.

Now Cooke's procedure, and that of the other booksellers who were wise enough to follow his lead, not only had great influence in molding the character of the bibliophiles of that day, but is directly responsible even now for many of those rules and regulations which their descendants are sticklers in the preservation of. A folio had always been bound in a manner

suitable to its bulk, and in such a way as to render a new binding unnecessary for a very long time, and there was, consequently, little or no necessity for rules of any kind for its preservation. When the folio was hoisted to its place, there it would stop, or, if taken down, it would be with a considerable amount of caution.

Not so Cooke's cheap and easily handled productions. They were light and airy, and bound in millboard, which, after a moderate use, never failed to come to pieces. As a matter of fact, nearly all Cooke's books met with on the stalls to-day show unmistakable evidence of honest handling. They are thumbled, perhaps torn, and always very feeble in the cover. Should it have been worth one's while to rebind one of these cheap little volumes, we may be sure that it will show a stout leather cover, and be scrupulously cut down to the headlines for the sake of the shavings. This cropping of margins was no crime then, because there was no rule to the contrary, and Cooke turned out his books in such numbers that they were really of very trifling value at any time. Before his day, it was a common practice for the publishers themselves to have their books bound in leather, and for the binders to cut as much of the margins away as they decently could.

For instance, let us revert to "Tom Jones," one of the first books experimented upon by the first of really cheap publishers. When this novel came out, in 1749, it made its appearance in six small volumes bound uniformly in leather, with edges more or less cropped. This cropping process seems to have pleased Fielding immensely, or at any rate there is no doubt in the world that he preferred to see his handiwork issued in the way common to folios, rather than in boards with ragged edges, for a sample set of volumes was done up in the latter style and rejected.

We think him foolish, because not very long ago the sample set was discovered in an old farm-house, and, after changing hands once or twice, packed off to the auction-rooms, where it realized the handsome sum of £69. A little bit of paper made an immense difference in this case, for its presence was in conformity with an imperative rule that has grown up since Fielding's day, and which lays it down that never—no, never—must a book be denuded of its margins if you wish to make the most of it. Whatever its quality, do not deprive it of the minutest fraction of its legitimate area of paper. Of course, this drastic regulation came

into force when books began to be generally published, not in folio or quarto, but in a smaller and more handy size.

Collectors, whether of books or anything else, are content at first with a little. Their requirements are indeed boundless, so far as number is concerned; but they have not yet become solicitous of technical or minute distinctions. A book is a book, and a coin is a coin, and they are satisfied without it, provided it is substantially the same as some other copy of the same edition, or some other coin struck from the same die, which they happen to have. After a while, however, a very natural desire to excel produces its inevitable result, and all sorts of arbitrary variations are catalogued and insisted upon by those who have plenty of money, and at the same time pride themselves on their discrimination and taste. Thus it is that a comparatively scarce book, this first edition of "Tom Jones," for instance, may become excessively scarce under exceptional circumstances. True, the collector who is a terrible stickler for detail may, and probably will, be charged sooner or later with being a fool for his pains; but that penalty he is content to accept, happy in the consciousness that, when everything is said and done, he has chosen the better part, which in all these cases consists in leaving well alone.

Not long ago a London newspaper, which ought to have known better, was very angry with a collector of the circumspect school because he had boasted that all the books in his library were "uncut." "This shows," said the sage who wrote the article, "that he has a hundred or more books which he has never read, and, what is worse, has no intention of reading." He thought that "uncut" meant "not cut open," and perhaps thinks so still, for it was worth no one's while to teach him his business, and so the matter dropped.

The cropping of books has, indeed, become as iniquitous as the old Star Chamber practice of cropping of ears, or perhaps even more so, for some at least of the delinquents who appeared to the usual Writ of Rebellion, which it was the practice of that tribunal to issue from time to time, richly deserved all they got. The proper way to deal with a book is to burn it if it be wicked, and if not, to leave it alone; though, if this fact had always been recognized there would have been no scope for us in the matter of broad expanse of margin, since what everybody has no one craves for.

Fine bindings are a law unto themselves, and require separate consideration; but there is a matter connected with bindings generally, or, rather, with the advisability of binding at

all, which has created a considerable amount of scandal in times past. Let us take that scarce book, "The English Dance of Death," which William Combe wrote in the safe seclusion of the King's Bench Prison. It appeared originally in 1815 in parts, each with its wrapper, and afterwards was bound up in two volumes, whereupon it at once lost, according to present-day ideas on the subject, five sixths of its value.

The "Tale of Two Cities" when in the original eight parts is worth three times as much, at least, as when in the publisher's cloth binding; and nearly all Thackeray's more important works are subject to a very considerable reduction under identical circumstances. Curiously enough, the rule is imperative in certain specific instances, while in others it has no application at all. The question whether to apply it or not depends on the character of the book. We should insist upon the parts being left unbound in the case of "Bells and Pomegranates," but not in that of Trusler's 1833 edition of "Hogarth Moralized," for here the twenty-six parts are a positive nuisance unless they are bound. Trusler's melancholy production is not much good, bound or unbound, but it will serve as an illustration; and certain it is that the cost of binding will have to be taken into consideration when estimating the worth of the numbers, in case anyone thrusts them upon a long-suffering purchaser, and will not be denied.

"Fools you are!" says Sir Ensor Doone, under other circumstances, and "Idiots!" adds the man in the street when he reads that somebody has paid a large sum for "Ask Mamma" in the "original thirteen parts," when he could, had he been so minded, have got the entire book nicely bound, for a fourth of the money—plates, text, and all. This is the cry whenever a sum which appears exorbitant on the face of it is paid for anything.

A short time ago £445 was obtained for a fiddle by Stradivari; £798 for an imperfect silver cup made by Jacob Frölich, master of Nuremberg in 1555; and £246 odd for a rose-point flounce of Venetian lace three yards long. Nothing was said about the enormity of these sums, but let a fiftieth part of the smallest amount be realized at any time for a book "in parts," and there is a chorus of disapprobation, for which, however, it must be confessed, there is just a modicum of warrant.

It is really not at all easy to see why a series of numbers, liable at any moment to injury, and always inconvenient to handle, should, the quality of the plates, if there are any, and other

accessories being equal, be so greatly preferred to a volume bound in a proper manner. Perhaps it is a matter of sentiment, perhaps of pure scarcity, or perhaps the *bona-fide* book-collector likes to give himself as much trouble as he possibly can, by way of purifying his life and chastening his soul. However this may be, there is no question that some books are thought more highly of when in sections, and that the public in their blindness fail to see the reason why.

Well, there is, at any rate, much less reason, one would think, in paying £246 for a lace flounce wherewith to minister to the vanity of some middle-aged dame than there is for incurring a fractional obligation for classic works, which will outlast us by many a day, even though they may have the fortune to be uncut and in parts as issued. And besides, O shade of Mr. Burgess! did you not ignore in your lifetime the rule that it were best to let well alone, and were not the consequences terrible in the extreme?*

Whether any regulations are really necessary for the proper preservation of books old and new, let the bibliophiles determine; but so long as they exist it is folly to ignore them. Nay, further, to be as far upon the safe side as possible, we must prefer to buy our books with due regard to those rules and orders which our progenitors have in their wisdom drawn up, selecting the very best copies we can afford to pay or obtain credit for, and even going to the length of investing in "parts" which shall not shame us, or cause us loss when the inevitable hour of parting arrives.

The cardinal rule of the game is triple-headed, and it is this: Buy the best you can, spend what you find convenient without stint, and, above all, keep to the track you have mapped out for yourself and have so far followed. Then will it be well with you now and hereafter in all things bookish. Act the contrary throughout, and every stiver you spend will swell the total of your confusion; drop by drop the clepsydra of your fortunes will run out to your bane.

But the rules which hem in the book-buyer, and direct his course, are not solely confined to technical points and details such as those mentioned. On the contrary, they are equally stringent in many other respects, and in par-

ticular as to the description of book to buy, its condition, and so on; for it is taken for granted that no man, or at least no bookman worthy the name, would purchase a bad or inferior edition when he could get a better, or a volume that was imperfect or had been shamefully used by a succession of careless owners. Between the quality of one edition and another there is often an immense difference, as all the world knows, or ought to know. That edition of "'Paradise Lost,' a Poem in twelve books, the author John Milton, Printed for the Proprietors and sold by all the Booksellers," no date, but about 1780, is one of the very worst that any misguided man ever picked up from a street stall. The mistakes, not merely in punctuation, but in spelling, are too gross and scandalous for mention; entire lines are not infrequently missing, and whole sentences often perverted. Contrast this with any copy of the first edition, no matter which title-page may have heralded it into the world, and we have a different book entirely. The rule says that, though an ordinary copy of the first edition may be three thousand times as valuable in money as this gutter abortion, you must nevertheless not be attracted by the latter because it is cheap—no, not even though you should think it good enough for everyday use.

Naturally enough there are free-lances among bookmen, people who are a law unto themselves, and insist upon doing precisely as they like, but it will be noticed that they very rarely fly in the face of any rule in important cases. Your free-lance has the courage of the Seven Champions of Christendom when face to face with Stackhouse's "History of the Bible," but let him, for example, come across "Tamerlane, and other Poems, By a Bostonian;" not Herne Shepherd's London reprint, but the original tract which Calvin F. S. Thomas printed at Boston in 1827. Let us suppose also that it is in its original tea-tinted paper covers, just as Edgar Allan Poe sent it forth into the world. What would our free-lance do? Have it rebound in defiance of the rule? Hardly, for if he did he would reduce the importance of his exceptionally fortunate find, and therefore its value, to such a considerable extent that even he would hesitate long before committing himself to an act that could never be recalled. Moreover, he would have direct evidence with regard to a copy of this very pamphlet before his eyes, for a collector once really did pick one up for a few pence. In the first place, let it be stated that only three copies of "Tamerlane" can now be traced. One is in the British Museum,

* The library of the late Mr. Frederick Burgess was sold by Messrs. Sotheby on May 31 and three subsequent days, 1894. It consisted almost entirely of then "fashionable" books, illustrated by Cruikshank and other talented artists. Parts had been bound up, original cloth covers removed, and expensive bindings substituted, not merely in a few instances, but as a general rule. The collection, though an excellent one of its kind, was disposed of at an enormous sacrifice.

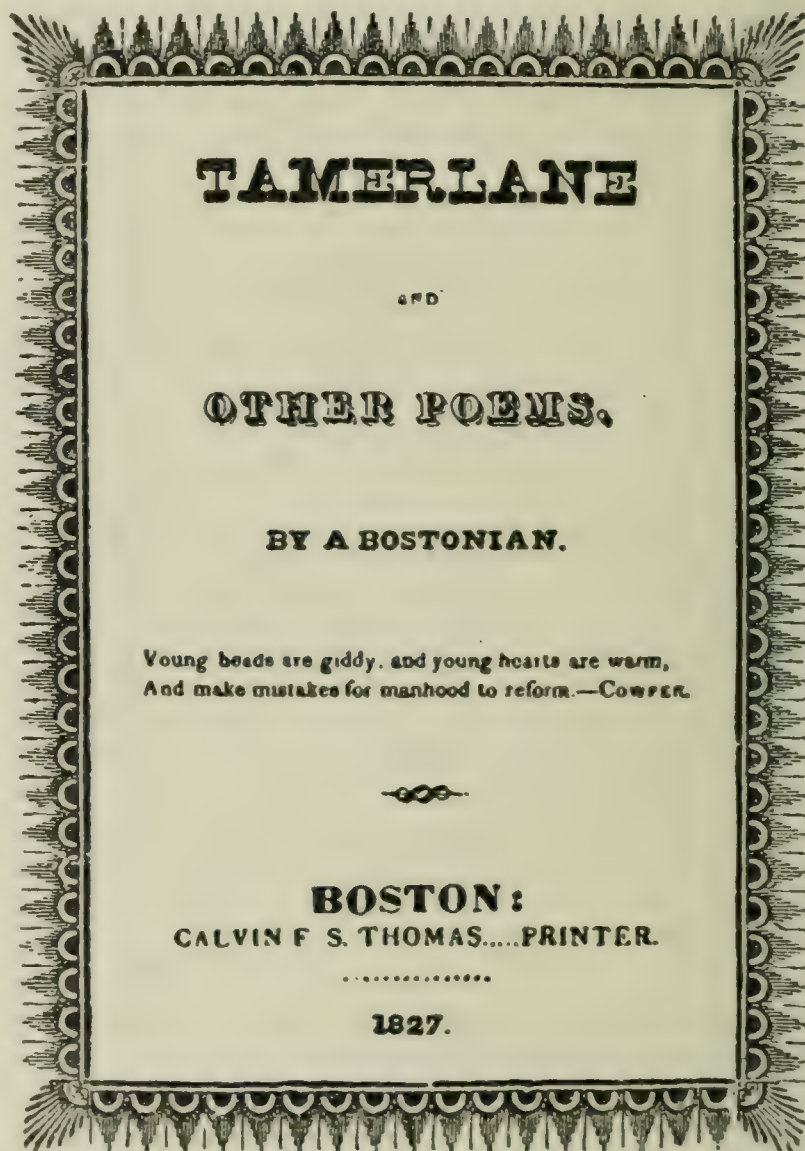
which acquired it from the late Mr. Henry Stevens for one shilling. A second was found on a stall in America for the equivalent of something less, and it is this latter copy which furnishes the evidence referred to. The fortunate finder sent it to Messrs. C. F. Libbie & Co., the auctioneers of Boston, who sold it by auction in 1893 for the equivalent of £370 to the agents of Mr. George F. Maxwell, of New York, who had the pamphlet rebound in magnificent style by Lortic Fils, at a cost of several hundred dollars. Moreover, the covers were bound in, and the edges left untrimmed. No expense was spared; everything was done in proper order according to the rule of thumb. Yet in April, 1895, when Mr. Maxwell's valuable library was sold by the same auctioneers, this copy of "Tamerlane," vastly improved as one might think, dropped to £290, showing a clear loss of £80, irrespective altogether of the amount paid for binding, auctioneers' commission, and so on. (The same copy was again sold, McKee sale, at Anderson's, Nov. 21, 1900, for \$2,050.00.—ED. B. L.)

It may, of course, be said that it is a common thing for the same book to bring different amounts at different times, even when the sales take place within a few months of each other. A bookseller, dissatisfied with the amount bid for some scarce work he has put on the market, will frequently buy it in and offer it again later on with satisfactory results.

But "Tamerlane" is an altogether exceptional piece; and, moreover, where were the gentlemen who respectively bid £360 and £365 on the occasion when Mr. Maxwell secured it for a slightly larger sum? Wherever they were, they seem to have been fully alive to the fact that "Tamerlane" was not as it was when Poe sent it out for review ever so many years ago. "Ah, broken is the golden bowl," and it is to be feared by that talented binder, Lortic Fils. If ever I find "Tamerlane," I shall keep every binder at arm's length, and not be tempted to paint the lily—no, not even though Derome himself should rise from the dead and offer to array it gratuitously in morocco, tooled to a heavenly pattern, and powdered all over with the fleurs-de-lys of imperial France. In this spirit let us reproduce the title-page of "Tamerlane," so that we shall know it on the instant if the gods should only guide our feet to where a fourth copy lies hidden away. Then let us remember the rule to let well alone, and be thankful, for it is a rule of gold, the first and foremost of them all.

Never to outrage sentiment, always to identify one's self with the author as far as possible,

is to respect both the living and the dead, and to make life comparatively easy, even though its path be strewn with flints and cobblestones. May the person who has the maximum of respect for the private life and character of one of the greatest of modern poets eventually acquire the shabby copy of "The Eve of St. Agnes" which the luckless half-immortal thrust into his pocket as the *Don Juan* was sent to the bottom of the Gulf of Genoa. It will come with a train of associations that will on the instant forbid the elimina-



tion of a single stain, or the slightest repair of its sea-swept cover.

The book-hunter who has the feelings and aspirations of an ancient race properly diffused through his system would almost give his head for a relic such as this, for his passion is not to be stifled. He likes to think that the books he reads and handles have a pedigree, that they come to him laden with the fears and aspirations of the past, that they are ghost-haunted, and that they who wrote them, though dead, yet speak, not as man to man, but as soul to soul

THE GREAT BOOK-COLLECTORS.

By Charles and Mary Elton.

ITALY—THE RENAISSANCE.

The study of the classics had languished for a time after the deaths of Petrarch and Boccaccio. It revived again upon the coming of Chrysoloras, who is said to have lighted in Italy "a new and perpetual flame." Poggio Bracciolini was one of his first pupils; and he became so distinguished in literature that the earlier part of the fifteenth century is known as the age of Poggio. Leonardo Aretino describes the enthusiasm with which the Italians made acquaintance with the ancient learning. "I gave myself up to Chrysoloras," he writes, "and my passion for knowledge was so strong that the daily tasks became the material of my nightly dreams." He told Cosmo de' Medici, when translating Plato's Dialogues, that they alone seemed to be infused with real life, while all other books passed by like fleeting and shadowy things.

We are chiefly concerned with Poggio as the discoverer of long-lost treasures. He saved Quintilian and many other classics from complete extinction. "Some of them," said his friend Barbaro, "were already dead to the world, and some after a long exile you have restored to their rights as citizens." As a famous stock of pears had been named after an Appius or Claudius, so it was said that these new fruits of literature ought certainly to be named after Poggio.

The sole remaining copy of an ancient work upon aqueducts was discovered by him in the old library at Monte Cassino, which had survived the assaults of Lombards and Saracens, but in that later age seemed likely to perish by neglect. We have the record of an earlier visit by Boccaccio, in which the carelessness of its guardians was revealed. The visitor, we are told, asked very deferentially if he might see the library. "It is open, and you can go up," said a monk, pointing to the ladder that led to an open loft. The traveller describes the filthy and doorless chamber, the grass growing on the window-sills, and the books and benches white with dust. He took down book after book, and they all seemed to be ancient and valuable; but from some of them whole sheets had been taken out, and in others the margins of the vellum had been cut off. All in tears at this miserable sight, Boccaccio went down the ladder, and asked a monk in the cloister how those precious volumes had come to such a pass; and the monk told him that the brothers who wanted a few pence would take

out a quire of leaves to make a little psalter for sale, and used to cut off the margins to make "briefs," which they sold to the women.

Poggio himself has described his discovery at the Abbey of St. Gall. "By good fortune," he says, "we were at Constance without anything to do, and it occurred to us to go to the monastery about twenty miles off to see the place where the Quintilian was shut up." The Abbey had been founded by the Irish missionaries who destroyed the idols of Suabia, when, according to the ancient legend, the mountain-demon vainly called on the spirit of the lake to join in resisting the foe. Its library had been celebrated in the ninth century, when the Hungarian terror fell upon Europe, and the barbarian armies in one and the same day "laid in ashes the monastery of St. Gall and the city of Bremen on the shores of the Northern Ocean"; but the books had been fortunately removed to the Abbey of Reichenau on an island in the Rhine. "We went to the place," said Poggio, "to amuse ourselves and to look at the books. Among them we found the Quintilian safe and sound, but all coated with dust. The books were by no means housed as they deserved, but were all in a dark and noisome place at the foot of a tower, into which one would not cast a criminal condemned to death." He describes the finding of several other rare MSS., and says: "I have copied them all out in great haste, and have sent them to Florence."

In 1418 he visited England in the train of Cardinal Beaufort. He said that he was unable to procure any transcripts, though he visited some of the principal libraries, and must have seen that the collection at the Grey Friars at least was "well stocked with books." He was more successful on the Continent, where he brought the *History* of Ammianus out of a German prison into the free air of the republic of letters. He gave the original to Cardinal Colonna, and wrote to Aretino about transcripts: "Niccolo has copied it on paper for Cosmo de' Medici: you must write to Carlo Aretino for another copy, or he might lend you the original, because if the scribe should be an ignoramus you might get a fable instead of a history."

Among the pupils of Chrysoloras, Guarini of Verona was esteemed the keenest philologist, and John Aurispa as having the most extended knowledge of the classics. Aurispa, says Hallam, came rather late from Sicily, but his

labors were not less profitable than those of his predecessors; in the year 1423 he brought back from Greece considerably more than two hundred MSS. of authors hardly known in Italy; and the list includes books of Plato, of Pindar, and of Strabo, of which all knowledge had been lost in the West. Aurispa lectured for many years at Bologna and Florence, and ended his days at the literary Court of Ferrara.

Philelpho was one of the most famous of the scholars who returned "laden with manuscripts" from Greece. To recover a lost poem or oration was to go far on the road to fortune, and a very moderate acquaintance with the text was expected from the hero of the fortunate adventure. When he lectured on his new discoveries at Florence, where he had established himself in spite of the Medici, Philelpho, according to his own account, was treated with such deference on all sides that he was overwhelmed with bashfulness: "All the citizens are turning towards me, and all the ladies and the nobles exalt my name to the skies." He was the bitter enemy of Poggio, and of all who supported the reigning family of Florence. Poggio had the art of making enemies, though he was a courtier by profession and had been secretary to eight Popes. He raged against Philelpho in a flood of scurrilous pamphlets; Valla, the great Latin scholar, was violently attacked for a mere word of criticism, and Niccolo Perotti, the grammarian, paid severely for supporting his friend. Poggio was always in extremes. His eulogies in praise of Lorenzo de' Medici, and Niccolo Niccoli of Florence are perfect in grace and dignity; his invectives were as scurrilous as anything recorded in the annals of literature.

Two generous benefactors preceded "the father of his country" in providing libraries for Florence. Niccolo Niccoli by common consent was the great Mæcenæ of his age; his passion for books was boundless, and he had gathered the best collection that had been seen in Italy for many generations. The public was free to inspect his treasures, and any citizen might either read or transcribe as he pleased; "In one word," wrote Poggio, "I say that he was the wisest and the most benevolent of mankind." By his will he appointed sixteen trustees, among whom was Cosmo de' Medici, to take charge of his books for the State. Some legal difficulty arose after his death, but Cosmo undertook to pay all liabilities if the management of the library were left to his sole discretion; and the gift of the "Florentine Socrates" was eventually added to the books

which Cosmo had purchased in Italy or had acquired in his Levantine commerce.

Another citizen of Florence had rivalled the generosity of Niccoli. The Chancellor Coluccio Salutati was revered by his countrymen for the majestic flow of his prose and verse. It is true that Tiraboschi considered him to be "as much like Virgil or Cicero as a monkey resembles a man." Salutati showed his gratitude to Florence by endowing the city with his splendid library. But in this case also there were difficulties, and again the way was made smooth by the prompt munificence of the Medici. Cosmo himself bought up Greek books in the Levant, and was fortunate in securing some of the best specimens of Byzantine art. His brother Lorenzo, his son Pietro, and Lorenzo the Magnificent in the next generation, all labored in their turn to adorn the Medicean collection. Politian the poet, and Mirandula, the Phoenix of his age, were the messengers whom the great Lorenzo sent out to gather the spoil; and he only prayed, he said, that they might find such a store of good books that he would be obliged to pawn his furniture to pay for them.

On the flight of the reigning family the "Medici books" were bought by the Dominicans at St. Mark's; and they rested for some years in Savonarola's home, stored in the gallery which holds the great choir-books illuminated by Frà Angelico and his companions. In the year 1508 the monks were in pecuniary distress, and were forced to sell the books to Leo X., then Cardinal de' Medici. He took them to Rome to ensure their safety, but was always careful to keep them apart from the official assemblage in the Vatican; it is certain that he would have restored them to Florence, if he had lived a short time longer. The patriotic design was carried out by Clement VII., another member of the book-loving family, and their hereditary treasures at last found a permanent home in the gallery designed by Michelangelo.

The "Medici books" were catalogued by a humble bell-ringer, who lived to be a chief figure in the literary world. Thomas of Sarzana performed the task so well that his system became a model for librarians. While traveling in attendance on a Legate, the future Pope could never refrain from expensive purchases; to own books, we are told, was his ambition, "his pride, his pleasure, passion, and avarice"; and he was only saved from ruin by the constant help of his friends. When he succeeded to the tiara as Pope Nicholas V., his influence was felt through Christendom as a new literary

force. He encouraged research at home, and gathered the records of antiquity from the ruined cities of the East, and "the darkest monasteries of Germany and Britain." His labors resulted in the restoration of the Vatican Library with an endowment of five thousand volumes; and he found time to complete the galleries for their reception, though he could never hope to finish the rest of the palace. A great part of his work was destroyed in 1527 by the rabble that "followed the Bourbon" to the sack of Rome; but his institution survived the temporary disaster, and its losses were repaired by the energy of Sixtus V.

Pope Nicholas had no sympathy with the niggardly spirit that would have kept the "barbarians" in darkness. He opened his Greek treasure-house to the inspection of the whole Western world. Looking back to the crowd round his chair at the Lateran or in his house near Sta. Maria Maggiore, we recognize a number of familiar figures. Perotti is translating Polybius, and Aurispa explaining the Golden Verses; Guarini enlarges the world's boundaries by publishing the geography of Strabo. An old tract upon the Pope's munificence shows how the Eastern Fathers were restored to a place of honor. Basil and Cyril were translated, and the Pope obtained the *Commentary upon St. Matthew*, of which Erasmus made excellent use in his Paraphrase: it was the book of which Aquinas wrote that he would rather have a copy than be master of the city of Paris. The Pope desired very strongly to read Homer in Latin verse, and had procured a translation of the first book of the Iliad. Hearing that Philelpho had arrived in Rome, he hoped that the work might be finished by a master-hand, and to get a version of the whole Iliad and Odyssey he gave a large retaining fee, a palazzo, and a farm in the Campagna, and made a deposit of ten thousand pieces of gold to be paid on the completion of the contract.

Joseph Scaliger, the supreme judge in his day of all that related to books, said that of all these men of the Italian renaissance he envied only three. One of course was Pico of Mirandola, a man of marvelous powers, who rose as a mere youth to the highest place as a philosopher and linguist. The next was Politian, equally renowned for hard scholarship and for the sweetness and charm of his voluminous poems. The third was the Greek refugee, Theodore of Gaza, so warmly praised by Erasmus for his versatile talent; no man, it was said, was so skilled in the double task of turning

Greek books into Latin, and rendering Latin into Greek.

We should feel inclined to bracket another name with those of the famous trio. George of Trebizond was a faithful expounder of the classics, the discoverer of many a lost treasure, and the author of a whole library of criticism. His life and labors were denounced in the once celebrated *Book of the Georges*. He was more than a lover of Aristotle, said his enemies: he was the enemy of the divine Plato, an apostate among Greeks, who had even dared to oppose their patron Bessarion. The Cardinal Bessarion was complimented as "the most Latin of the Greeks"; he might have ruled as Pope in Rome, some said, if it had not been for Perotti refusing to disturb him in the library. But George of Trebizond was vilified after Poggio's fashion, and called "brute" and "heretic," and "more Turkish than the filthiest Turk," with a hailstorm of still harder epithets. Yet he was certainly a very accurate scholar; and he showed a proper manly spirit when he boxed Poggio's ears in the Theatre of Pompey for reminding him of the cleverness expected from "a starving Greek." His life, one is glad to think, had a very peaceful end. The old man had a house at Rome in the Piazza Minerva: his tombstone, much defaced, is before the curtain as one enters the Church of Sta. Maria. His son Andrea used to help him in his work, and launched a pamphlet now and again at Theodore of Gaza. The brilliant scholar fell into a second childhood, and might be seen muttering to himself as he rambled with cloak and long staff through the streets of Rome. The grand-daughter who took charge of him married Madalena, a fashionable poet; and Pope Leo X. delighted in hearing their anecdotes about old times, when George and Theodore fought their paper wars, and wielded their pens in the battle of the books.

Before leaving the subject of the librerias in the two great capitals, we ought to bestow a word or two upon those splendidly endowed institutions by which a few Florentine book-collectors have kept up the literary fame of their city, without pretending to emulate the splendor of the Medici, of the wealth or the Vatican, or the curious antiquities of St. Mark. We desire especially to say something in remembrance of the "Riccardiana" which, from its foundation in the sixteenth century, has been famous for the value of its historical manuscripts. Among these are the journals of Frà Oderigo, an early traveler in the East, a treatise in Galileo's own writing, and a defence of Savonarola's policy in the handwriting of

Pico of Mirandula. We may see a copy of Marshal Strozzi's will, discussing his plans of suicide, a history of the city composed and written out by Machiavelli, and a large and interesting series of Poggio's literary correspondence. The most celebrated of the librarians was Giovanni Lami, who in the last century kept up with such spirit a somewhat dangerous controversy with the Jesuits; but his monument at Santa Croce may have been owed less to his triumphs in argument than to his passionate devotion to books. His life was spent among them, and he died with a manuscript in his arms; and his memory is still preserved in Florence by the Greek collection with which he endowed the University.

The Abbé Marucelli left his name to another Florentine library. He was a philanthropist as well as a bibliophile; and he gave the huge assemblage of books which he had gathered at Rome to the use of the students in the home of his boyhood. He wrote much, but was almost too modest to publish or preserve his works. Perhaps the most interesting portion of his gift consisted of a series of about a hundred large folios in which, like the Patriarch Photius, he had written in the form of notes the results of the reading of a lifetime.

The Magliabecchian Library maintains the remembrance of a portent in literature. Antonio Magliabecchi, the jeweller's shop-boy, became renowned throughout the world for his abnormal knowledge of books. He never at any time left Florence; but he read every catalogue that was issued, and was in correspondence with all the collectors and librarians of Europe. He was blessed with a prodigious memory, and knew all the contents of a book by "hunting it with his finger," or once turning over the pages. He was believed, moreover, to know the habitat of all the rare books in the world; and according to the well-known anecdote he replied to the Grand Duke, who asked for a particular volume: "The only copy of this work is at Constantinople, in the Sultan's library, the seventh volume in the second book-case, on the right as you go in." He has been despised as "a man who lived on titles and indexes, and whose very pillow was a folio." Dibdin declared that Magliabecchi's existence was confined to "the parade and pacing of a library"; but, as a matter of fact, the old bibliomaniac lived in a kind of a cave made of piles and masses of books, with hardly any room for his cooking or for the wooden cradle lined with pamphlets which he slung between his shelves for a bed. He died in 1714, in his eighty-second year, dirty, ragged, and as

happy as a king; and certainly not less than eight thick volumes of sonnets and epigrams appeared at once in his praise. He left about 30,000 volumes of his own collecting, which he gave to the city upon condition that they should be always free to the public. The library that bears his name contains more than ten times that number. It includes about 60,000 printed books and 2,000 MSS. that once belonged to the Grand Dukes, and were kept in their Palatine Galleries. There have been many later additions; but the whole mass is now dedicated to the worthiest of its former possessors, and remains as a perpetual monument of the most learned and most eccentric of bookmen.

An Anecdote of Whitman.

One day I was stopped on Washington street, says J. T. Trowbridge in the *Atlantic*, by a friend who made this startling announcement: "Walt Whitman is in town: I have just seen him!" When I asked where, he replied, "At the stereotype foundry, just around the corner. Come along! I'll take you to him." The author of "Leaves of Grass" had loomed so large in my imagination as to seem almost superhuman; and I was filled with some such feeling of wonder and astonishment as if I had been invited to meet Socrates or King Solomon.

We found a large, gray-haired and gray-bearded, plainly-dressed man, reading proof sheets at a desk in a little dingy office, with a lank, unwholesome-looking lad at his elbow, listlessly watching him. The man was Whitman, and the proofs were those of his new edition. There was a scarcity of chairs, and Whitman, rising to receive us, offered me his; but we all remained standing except the sickly looking lad, who kept his seat until Whitman turned to him and said, "You'd better go now; I'll see you this evening." After he had gone out, Whitman explained: "He is a friendless boy I found at my boarding place. I am trying to cheer him up and strengthen him with my magnetism." A practical but curiously prosaic illustration of these powerful lines in the early poems:

"To any one dying, thither I speed and twist the knob of the door.

I seize the descending man, I raise him with resistless will.

Every room of the house do I fill with an armed force, lovers of one, bafflers of graves."

THE NEW WEST AND THE OLD FICTION.

By Arthur Chapman.

Lead a Western man up to a book-stall and show him a novel that is warranted to contain a superfine quality of prairie or mountain "atmosphere," and ten chances to one he will shy violently. If you let him take his pick he will select a New England story or a Southern dialect sketch, or perhaps the latest tale of rufflers and brocaded dames. If you inquire why he avoids the Western fiction he will simply shrug his shoulders and ask you for a match, leaving you to think that possibly there is something wrong with that "atmosphere," of which you have been boasting with such unseasoned assurance.

Yet the books of the West and for the West are there—hundreds of them. They deal with all those dear old lay figures with which we have been familiar since infancy almost—the loose-jointed cowboys, full of strange drinks and bearded like the pard; the "bad man" of baleful eyes and quiet speech, and known as the Cemeteries' Friend; the miner's daughter, a mountain wild flower who says "Dad" and who has never been to a matinee; and then the old miner himself (bless him!) with his impossible dialect, his red flannel shirt open at the neck, his "pants" tucked in his boots, and with a claim which you feel certain is going to yield twenty-dollar gold pieces in the last chapter. But why name the rest—you know them all. They have been doing service in Western fiction ever since Bret Harte found them and put them there, years and years ago. And why, in the name of common sense, should a Western man of to-day reject such hoary and time-honored characters when everybody knows they are standard!

But, after you have rubbed the cinders out of your eyes and the dust of travel off your clothes, you begin to find that the Western man may have some excuse for refusing to drink when led to the fiction spring at the book-stall. You realize that the writers of to-day are laying on false colors and make no allowance for the changes that have taken place in the actual conditions of the West. You see that Bret Harte's old story mold is being used to turn out counterfeits, despite the fact that new stage-settings of necessity demand new puppets. And such unreal fiction is supposed to typify real conditions among the people who sit at the right hand of the Father of Waters!

Any weekly report of Bradstreet or Dun shows that a revolution has taken place in the

vast country that begins with the first upgrade after you leave Omaha. It shows that the West has grown out of its dialects, its red shirts, and its mountain primroses, and that its "pants" are no longer tucked in its boots. It is a busy manufacturing, producing West. It even has its social circles, one of which is always designated Swellest. It also has its golf-links, its craze for grand opera, and its men who would rather be hailed as chauffeurs than as princes of the blood royal. Strange, isn't it, that these things never figure between book-covers, in spite of the fact that they are in the West, on both slopes of the Divide from Canada to the Rio Grande?

Recently a prominent firm published a "Western" book by a writer whose name is a household word. It is a story about a miner who goes from Colorado to London to sell a mine. The hero, presumably representing the Western miner as a class, asks an English hotel proprietor: "How much do I bleed?" This, the writer delicately conveys, is the Western miner's playful way of asking how much he is to pay. As a matter of fact such a slang phrase could come only from the Bowery. Certainly it never came from a Colorado mining camp, nor did the rest of the talk with which the alleged miner regales open-mouthed Londoners. Slang is hurled right and left, but it is the Faddenesque slang that lost its freshness years ago, and never once is it the real argot of the camp or trail.

But no man who knows the West of to-day is to be deceived by such character-drawing. The average miner who is at work in Colorado, either prospecting in the wilds of Routt County or behind the air-drill at Cripple Creek or Leadville, is a keen-eyed, alert young fellow who knows which foot to put first in jumping from an electric car and whose talk does not grate on one like that of the individual who affects "clark" and "lydy" and other Briticisms. Only the other day a miner called on the writer of this article. He had made his mark in newspaper work and wore the pin of a college fraternity. He was well bronzed and his hands showed the effects of a rough kind of work that is religiously avoided by many young men midway in their twenties.

"I'm tramming ore at the Isabella," he said. "It's good hard work, but it's giving me practical experience. When I get through at the mine there'll be a special course at Colum-

bia, and then a good thing down in Mexico as M. E."

And he is not the only college man in Cripple Creek by any means. There are men who work their eight-hour shift, blow out their candles, shed their dripping clothes, and go home to wrestle with the classics or to spend several hours in a neighboring assay office, oblivious to everything but the fascinations of chemistry and the latest plans for reducing refractory ores. Most of the great mines have club-houses in which the miners have every luxury, from hot and cold shower-baths to a well-stocked and admirably kept-up library. Mr. Thomas F. Walsh's Camp Bird Mine in the San Juan is a model in this respect. It is absolutely impossible to make a Bret Harte miner fit the Camp Bird club, but the Camp Bird miner fits the accepted standard of social conditions because there is no longer any Eastern or Western dividing line in such matters.

As it is with the miner, so with the cowboy. The modern youth who figures in the ranch life of the West would hardly know how to go about roping a gate-post. He simply stands guard over cattle whose character has changed with all things else in the West. The broad-horned, wild-eyed Texas steer of romance is no more. The West is stall-feeding a lot of gentle, short-horned bovines, whose tremendous breadth of shoulder tells of the Hereford strain. The Texas steer, being all horns and hoofs, and having a vexatious habit of never fattening, has simply been survived by the fittest breed. It means wealth to the Western cattle-raiser, but death to romance, for there's small glory in throwing and branding an enormous beef steer that cannot run faster than a steam roller and that has no imagination.

Just why the real West is not exploited in fiction is one of those literary mysteries that may never be solved. But the actual conditions cannot remain "undiscovered." Some keen-eyed genius, who recognizes the theatrical untruth of the accepted school, will catch the interesting phases of actuality. Then we shall get some capital stories of the big mines with their complicated machinery, and of the ranch, minus the cowboy and the round-up. There will be stories of real mining towns, without the stereotyped "bad men," and stories of the mining stock exchanges at Colorado Springs and Denver—places that do not lack the excitements of the New York Stock Exchange or the Chicago Board of Trade, even if they lack the noise of the better-known institutions.

These stories will not be the result of car-

window observations or impressions gathered before the expiration of a Colorado summer excursion ticket. The Indian will not figure in them any more than he figures in the streets of Denver—which is about once a year, when he comes to the Festival of Mountain and Plain, and when he is regarded with greater curiosity than if he strolled down Broadway. The actual people of the West will be introduced in fiction, and the change from artificiality to reality will be welcome, especially on the sundown side of the Missouri River.

—*The Independent.*

Star and Diamond Dust.

TIME.

Time is a rose:
Its days are leaves:
As each day goes,
Time's old heart grieves.

BYRON.

A fine decanter, filled with bubbled wine:
Then decanted: then refilled—with brine.

SHAKESPEARE.

Thy sonnets! all devoid of empty art:
They show us God's great shadow on thy heart.

COLERIDGE.

An idiot from Dame Nature's womb was torn,
And hurled at Genius, when this man was born.

CHATTERTON.

You wished for fame, and yet dropped from the race?
You dared not pay the price to reach the place?

EDMUND KEAN.

Sired by the sun, and cradled in a star—
I wonder on what planet now you are?

INGERSOLL.

Beyond the stars his soul could never soar:
He believed in what his eyes touched—nothing more.

EMERSON.

Each line of his a flash: each thought a star:
Flaming, divine, as Jove and Venus are!

L. U. R.

As pure your soul and song as flying snow,
You—What? You this: you singing cameo!

BALZAC.

He roamed at will among the souls of men,
And into women's hearts he dipped his pen.

BROWNING.

A star fell to the earth one golden morn,
And glorious Browning, poet-king, was born!

JEAN INGELow AND JOHN PAYNE.

O, stars of the East! I wonder whether
You are not the pure two that sang together?

—John Ernest McCann.

PERFECTING THE PRESS.

By Theodore L. DeVinne.

Books printed in 1801 cannot be commended as better than those printed in 1501, for there had been no improvement in master printers and few changes in the old methods. The hand press, said to have been improved by Blaeu of Amsterdam in 1601, was left by him about as slow as it was in the days of Aldus and Stephens. Its frame and platen were of wood, and its bed-rest for type was of stone. One pressman inked the type with a pair of leather balls, and was followed by another, who pulled the bar four times to print on both sides a sheet seldom larger than 19x24 inches. By hard labor the press could be made to produce seven hundred small sheets (requiring 2,800 pulls of the bar) in ten hours, but the average performance was less. . . .

The first noticeable improvement was made by Earl Stanhope, who in 1798 invented a hand press entirely of iron which could properly print one side of a large sheet at one impression. The mechanism was entirely his own, but the practicability of a large platen for the printing of one side of a sheet had been demonstrated by M. Pierres of Paris as early as 1786. The iron press lightened labor, but it did not increase production. In 1804 König of Saxony went to London with the model of an improved platen press intended to be self-inking, and to more than double the performance of the old hand press. After many years of experiment he had to abandon all efforts to improve the old method of printing from two flat surfaces, but he was entirely successful in his method of printing upon a flat surface from a rotating cylinder. The machine so constructed was fairly tested on a book form in 1811, and was put in regular use on the *London Times* in 1814. This machine was a turning point in printing, for it demonstrated the greater speed and merit of the cylinder movement. König had been materially helped in his experiments by many English inventors who developed his imperfect plans—of whom Bensley and Napier most deserve notice. The König and Bensley machine, which printed one side only of the sheet, was followed after a while by the double cylinder, which printed on the forward and the return movement of the form at the rate of 1,500 or 1,800 perfect copies in an hour, as well as on either side of the sheet, and with this performance newspapers had to be content for many years.

Improvements in printing machinery would have been relatively ineffective if paper had not

been provided in larger sheets, of uniform thickness, and at lower price. In 1799 Louis Robert of France, aided by Leger St. Didot, invented a machine for making paper in a continuous web. After the expenditure of much money in correcting its imperfections, the brothers H. and S. Fourdrinier of London made the machine practicable in 1805, and it has ever since been used and known as the Fourdrinier machine. The high speed maintained on machines by all newspapers of large circulation depends quite as much on cheap paper and a continuous web as it does on the improved machinery for presswork.

Fast printing machinery would have been impracticable without cylindrical inking rollers made of glue and molasses, a material which had been used in the Staffordshire potteries for many years. Its adaptability for receiving and imparting ink or color was perceived by some unknown English printer, who induced the makers of cylinder presses to try the novel compound, as rollers of leather and india-rubber had been found ineffective. Without the swift-moving composition roller there could be no inking of type on fast machines. It was the slow, dabbing movement of the old inking ball that made König fail in all attempts to quicken the hand press and his first cylinder machine.

Another contribution to the development of book-printing was the art of stereotype, made practicable by Earl Stanhope about 1804. Under the old conditions a publisher did not dare to print a large number of copies of any book unless he believed he would have quick sale. Books were bulky, and took up too much space. Consequently, the types for a first edition were distributed when they left the press; they had to be reset with renewed chances of error in the second edition. Resetting for two or more editions added largely to the cost of the book and limited its supply. The process first used, known as the plaster process, served book-printers fairly for types for about fifty years, but it failed for engravings, and was too slow and troublesome for daily newspapers. The practice of the art was brought to New York by David Bruce in 1813, but the first book stereotyped in America was the *Westminster Catechism*, made by J. Watts & Co., of New York, in June of the same year. The clay process of stereotyping, ruder but quicker and cheaper, met with small favor. The papier mache process, invented by Genoux of France

in 1829, by which a mould of the type can be taken on prepared paper, is the process now preferred by all newspapers, but they refused it for many years. For the printing of books all methods of stereotyping have been superseded by the more recent art of electrotyping, which was experimentally tried in New York as early as 1841 by Professor Mapes, and was in general use in this city before 1855.

After König's failure to make a quicker platen press, foreign inventors gave up the platen movement as impracticable, but Isaac Adams of Boston took it up from a new point of departure and made it successful. In 1827 he constructed the machine now known as the Adams power press. As first made it was a rude affair with frame of wood, and fitted for sheets of small size, but it was afterward made of iron entirely, and enlarged and improved so that it could print a sheet, on one side only, of 30x40 inches, at the rate of 800 sheets an hour. Considering the larger surface printed, as well as its greater speed, the improved Adams press did in one day the work of ten hand presses quite as well as it had been done before, for its provision for inking and exact register were of the best. For more than fifty years it was the machine preferred for book printing. Nor is it yet out of fashion. The Riverside Press has a large number in daily use.

In 1835 Harper and Brothers printed all their books on hand presses, for they had no machines of any kind. The New York *Sun* was first printed on the hand press. Two or three men, working strenuously in reliefs of fifteen minutes, were able to print about 400 or 500 sheets in an hour on one side only. Greater production was impossible. As late as 1849 the firm of Banks and Gould printed all its law books on the hand press, but this was the last attempt in New York City to make it available for commercial book work. All New York daily newspapers before 1850, of the class of the *Evening Post* or the *Courier and Enquirer*, were large sheets of four pages only, for it was then better to have four large than eight smaller pages. Although the double-cylinder perfecting press, which printed on two sides at one operation, was then known and used, two cylinder presses were sometimes required—one to print one side and another to print the reverse side of the sheet. When each machine had quick feeders it was possible for the two to produce thirty-five hundred impressions in an hour, but the average performance was not so large. This product was too small for any paper with increasing circulation. Forms had

to go to press early, to the shutting out of news, and finish late, to the annoyance of subscribers. The old morning paper pressroom was a Babel of confusion, for the work of printing was seriously impeded by feeders and paper-folders, who were often in the way of the pressman.

A successful attempt to increase production was that of R. Hoe and Co., who, in 1847, invented a rotary press with four impression cylinders, which turned out four papers, printed on one side, at every revolution of the central cylinder that contained the form of type. The secure fastening of movable type on the curved surface of the central cylinder was accomplished by a simple and effective method. Machines with six, eight, and ten impression cylinders were afterwards made, which produced from five to twelve thousand impressions in an hour. Each cylinder required a separate feeder. For many years this press had its popularity. First used on the Philadelphia *Ledger* in 1847, it soon found its way to New York, London, and Paris. Although it increased performance largely, it did not overcome all the difficulties. A second rotary machine was needed to print the paper on the second side, and the folding of the papers had to be done by the old method.

In the first World's Fair, held at London in 1850, Thomas Nelson of Edinburgh exhibited as a mechanical toy (for he and the public regarded it as nothing better) a little cylinder printing machine, which printed at one operation, from an endless roll of paper, a small handbill on both sides. The feasibility of a larger machine was not appreciated by European press-builders, but the principle was successfully utilized by William Bullock, who, in 1865, was the first to make a machine which printed a large newspaper successfully on both sides of a continuous web of paper. This machine, which enabled the newspaper publisher to print ten thousand copies within an hour without the assistance of feeders, was regarded as a great improvement. Yet it had two serious defects, for it did not neatly deliver and could not fold the printed sheets.

The defects noticeable in the Bullock press and in rival rotary machines, then made by Walter of the London *Times* and by Marinoni of Paris, were fairly overcome in a new form of rotary machine first known as the web press, made by R. Hoe and Co., and first used by the *Tribune* in 1871, which printed from plates stereotyped in the curve at the rate of ten or twelve thousand copies in an hour, and piled the printed copies, counted and folded, ready for instant delivery. Its high speed was not

its only merit. Feed-boys and fly-boys, counters and folders, were needed no more, and their withdrawal was a relief to the overcrowded pressroom.

For the different requirements of an eight-page or a forty-page paper, the web press had to be reconstructed again on new lines. Two or more machines feeding separate rolls of paper were geared together (sometimes at right angles to save room) as one machine, but they kept time and pace exactly, and did perfect as well as rapid work. The last improvement in newspaper printing favors a greater compactness and directness, as is shown in the Goss (straight-line) machine, which prints from four distinct rolls of paper that send out separate sheets on parallel lines, and unites them, after cutting, in folded copies.

In 1870 a great change took place in the method of book-printing. To receive a good impression from types it always had been thought necessary that paper must be dampened and made pliable before printing. As an aid to this good impression an elastic woolen or india-rubber blanket was used for the impressing surface. When types only were printed, the dampened paper and elastic impression made strong and easily readable print, but this method that was good for types was bad for wood-cuts, in which shallow engraving was unavoidable. Elastic impression pressed surplus ink in the counters or depressions of the engravings, and seriously damaged the contrasts of light and shade made by the engraver. Printers of cards and circulars on dry and smooth paper already had proved that it was possible to print sharp lines clearly without dampening the paper, and the printers of books, following this lead, began to use calendered paper and to print it dry, with better effect on wood-cuts. The new method of printing compelled much greater care in the adjustment of impression on the type and wood-cuts, but it saved the expense of wetting the paper and of smoothing the sheets in the hydraulic press after impression.

In 1880 the recently discovered art of photo-engraving had been developed to such an extent that it was supplanting wood-cuts as illustrations in pictorial magazines and books. The counters or depressed surfaces made by this process were so shallow that they could not be properly printed even on ordinary calendered paper. Paper makers removed this objection by covering a thin fabric of paper with a thick coating of whiting, which, after repeated calendering, left it with a surface as smooth as polished glass. On this coated paper it was

possible for an expert pressman to bring out a delicacy from a relief plate almost equal to that made by photography or simple engraving, and consequently coated paper has been the fabric most approved for the printing of fine illustrations. It was soon found that delicate lines and receding perspective were had at the expense of strength, for photo-engravings as first made were weak and monotonous. The engraver on wood, whose art was threatened with extinction, had to be recalled to burnish and touch up the weak spots of feeble half-tone plates.—From *The Nineteenth Century*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Doyle Anachronisms.

There is one little inconsistency in the portraiture of Holmes which we are surprised that no one yet has mentioned. In "A Study in Scarlet" Watson catalogues Holmes's limitations, and among other things says that his knowledge of literature was nil. "Of contemporary literature, philosophy, and politics he appeared to know next to nothing. Upon my quoting Thomas Carlyle, he inquired in the naivest way who he might be and what he had done." This is pretty specific as a statement, and therefore one is naturally surprised to find in the very next book, "The Sign of the Four," Sherlock Holmes recommending Watson to study Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man" (page —), citing French aphorisms, quoting Goethe in the original German, referring to Jean Paul in relation to Carlyle! reverting once more to Winwood Reade, and winding up at last with another bit of Goethe. Elsewhere he shows a familiarity with George Sand, and in "A Case of Identity" gets in both Horace and Hafiz in a single sentence.

—*The Bookman*.

These Books of Mine.

Ah! well I love these books of mine
That stand so trimly on their shelves,
With here and there a broken line
(Fat "quartos" jostling modest "twelves").
A curious company I own,
The poorest ranking with their betters;
In brief—a thing almost unknown—
A pure Democracy of Letters.

If I have favorites here and there,
And, like a monarch, pick and choose,
I never meet an angry stare
That this I take and that refuse;
No discords rise my soul to vex
Among these peaceful book relations,
No envious strife of age or sex
To mar my quiet lucubrations.
—The Unappreciated John G. Saxe.

THE TYPE AND THE MARGINS.

By William Morris.

For clearness of reading the things necessary to be heeded are, first, that the letters should be properly put on their bodies, and, I think, especially that there should be small whites between them. It is curious, but to me certain, that the irregularity of some early type, notably the roman letter of the early printers of Rome, which is, of all roman type, the rudest, does not tend toward illegibility: what does so is the lateral compression of the letter, which necessarily involves the over thinning out of its shape. Of course I do not mean to say that the above mentioned irregularity is other than a fault to be corrected. One thing should never be done in ideal printing, the spacing out of letters—that is, putting an extra white between them; except in such hurried and unimportant work as newspaper printing, it is inexcusable.

This leads to the second matter on this head, the lateral spacing of words (the whites between them); to make a beautiful page great attention should be paid to this, which I fear, is not often done. No more white should be used between the words than just clearly cuts them off from one another; if the whites are bigger than this it both tends to illegibility and makes the page ugly. You may depend upon it that a gray page is very trying to the eyes.

As above said, legibility depends also much on the design of the letter: and again I take up the cudgels against compressed type, and that especially in roman letter: the full-sized lower-case letters "a," "b," "d," and "c" should be designed on something like a square to get good results: otherwise one may fairly say that there is no room for the design; furthermore, each letter should have its due characteristic drawing, the thickening out for a "b" or an "e," should not be of the same kind as that for a "d"; a "u" should not merely be an "n" turned upside down; the dot of the "i" should not be a circle drawn with compasses; but a delicately drawn diamond, and so on. To be short, the letters should be designed by an artist, and not by an engineer. As to the forms of letters in England (I mean Great Britain), there has been much progress within the last forty years. The sweltering hideousness of the Bodoni letter, the most illegible type that was ever cut, with its preposterous thicks and thins, has been mostly relegated to the works that do not profess anything but the baldest utilitarianism (though why even

utilitarianism should use illegible types, I fail to see); and Caslon's letter and the somewhat wiry, but in its way, elegant old-faced type cut in our own days, have largely taken its place. It is rather unlucky, however, that a somewhat low standard of excellence has been accepted for the design of modern roman type at its best, the comparatively poor and wiry letter of Plantin and the Elzevirs having served for the model, rather than the gorgeous and logical designs of the fifteen-century Venetian printers, at the head of whom stands Nicholas Jensen; when it is so obvious that this is the best and clearest roman type yet struck, it seems a pity that we should make our starting-point for a possible new departure at any period worse than the best. If any of you doubt the superiority of this type over that of the seventeenth century, the study of a specimen enlarged about five times will convince him, I should think. I must admit, however, that a commercial consideration comes in here, to wit, that the Jensen letters take up more room than the imitations of the seventeenth century; and that touches on another commercial difficulty, to wit, that you cannot have a book either handsome or clear to read which is printed in small characters. For my part, except where books smaller than an ordinary octavo are wanted, I would fight against anything smaller than pica; but at any rate small pica seems to me the smallest type that should be used in the body of any book. I might suggest to printers that if they want to get more in they can reduce the size of the leads, or leave them out altogether. Of course this is more desirable in some types than in others; Caslon's letter, e. g., which has long ascenders and descenders, never needs leading, except for special purposes.

I have hitherto had a fine and generous roman type in my mind, but after all a certain amount of variety is desirable, and when you have gotten your roman letter as good as the best that has been, I do not think you will find much scope for development of it; I would therefore put in a word for some form of gothic letter for use in our improved printed book. This may startle some of you, but you must remember that except for a very remarkable type used very seldom by Berthelette (I have only seen two books in this type, Bartholomew, the Englishman, and the Gower, of 1532), English black-letter, since the days of Wynkin de Worde, has been always the letter, which

was introduced from Holland about that time (I except again, of course, the modern imitations of Caxton). Now this, though a handsome and stately letter, is not very easy reading; it is too much compressed, too spiky, and so to say, too prepossessingly gothic. But there are many types which are of a transitional character and of all degrees of transition, from those which do little more than take in just a little of the crisp floweriness of the gothic, like some of the Mentelin or quasi-Mentelin ones (which indeed, are models of beautiful simplicity), or say like the letter of the Ulm Ptolemy, of which it is difficult to say whether it is gothic or roman, to the splendid Mainz type, of which, I suppose, the finest specimen is the Schœffer Bible of 1462, which is almost wholly gothic. This gives us a wide field for variety, I think, so I make the suggestion to you, and leave this part of the subject with two remarks: first, that a good deal of the difficulty of reading gothic books is caused by the numerous contractions in them, which were a survival of the practice of the scribes; and in a lesser degree by the over-abundance of tied letters, both of which drawbacks, I take it for granted, would be absent in modern types founded on these semi-gothic letters. And secondly, that in my opinion the capitals are the strong side of roman and the lower-case of gothic letter, which is but natural, since the roman was originally an alphabet of capitals, and the lower case a gradual deduction from them.

We now come to the position of the page of print on the paper, which is a most important point, and one that till quite lately has been wholly misunderstood by modern and seldom done wrong by ancient printers, or indeed producers of books of any kind. On this head I must begin by reminding you that we only occasionally see one page of the book at a time; the two pages making an opening are really the unit of the book, and this was thoroughly understood by the old book producers. I think you will seldom find a book produced before the eighteenth century, and which has not been cut down by that enemy of books (and of the human race) the binder, in which this rule is not adhered to: that the binder edge (that which is bound in) must be the smallest member of the margins, the head margin must be larger than this, the fore larger still, and the tail largest of all. I assert that, to the eye of any man who knows what proportion is, this looks satisfactory, and that no other does so look. But the modern printer, as a rule, dumps down the page in what he calls

the middle of the paper, which is often not even really the middle, as he measures his page from the head line, if he has one, though it is not really a part of the page, but a spray of type only faintly staining the head of the paper. Now I go so far as to say that any book in which the page is properly put on the paper is tolerable to look at, however poor the type may be (always so long as there is no "ornament" which may spoil the whole thing), whereas any book in which the page is wrongly set on the paper is intolerable to look at, however good the type and ornaments may be. I have got on my shelves now a Jensen's Latin Pliny, which, in spite of its beautiful type and handsome painted ornaments, I dare scarcely look at, because the binder (adjectives fail me here) has chopped off two-thirds of the tail margin: such stupidities are like a man with his coat buttoned up behind, or a lady with her bonnet on hind-side foremost.

To a Venerable Lexicon.

(Among the "Cuneiform Texts from Babylonian Tablets," by Mr. Campbell Thompson, just issued by the British Museum trustees, is a "clay" dictionary of B. C. 455-4.)

Hail, hail! clay wonder, venerable lexicon,
For lucky Nabu-kusur-zu compiled!
As with much-needed penetrating "specs" I con
Your text, to life I feel quite reconciled.
Quite recent seems to me the Onomasticon,
And Varro's works comparatively new,
But who could fail to grow enthusiastic on
Acquiring such a lexicon as you?

You came! No doubt from each Assyrian lip arose
"Where's China's Sammy Johnson now? Quite
dead?"

While the exulting youth of great Porsippa rose
To maffick and to paint the whole town red.
We cannot prove—philologists defy us to—
But guess you soon so made your value felt
That Artaxerxes would instruct Darius to
"Just go and see how Nineveh is spelt."

The journalist—how hard it must have been on him!
For ages sought the wished-for word in vain,
Till you supplied him with the frequent synonym,
And eased him of his labor and his pain.
The Babylonian bards whose hymns so capture us,
Who understood them (that I don't is true)
Must have devoured you and departed, rapturous
To sing some fair Atossa's praise anew.

How oft the lover cursed the rhyme's elusiveness,
For lovers simply must have rhymed—they must—
Till you arrived to show them with conclusiveness
That rhymes are many as the grains of dust.
Well, well! yet all my singing, I assert, is meant
To let Great Russell street obtain its due—
For fifteen shillings—notice the advertisement!
I can become, nay, am possessed of you!

THE ROMANCE OF A CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

By Miss D. Wyllarde.

"A lady to see you, sir—about an advertisement."

There was a frown on the editor's face as he raised his head quickly, and the office-boy looked deprecating and kept the door-knob in his hand to beat a hasty retreat as soon as possible. Not for nothing had the editor of the *Fleet Street Magazine* had his real name of Hawarden Arnold altered to "Hard'un Arnold" by those who had had rueful experience of him. He was known as the most obdurate man on the press—a quality which had relieved him of many tales of distress and appeals from would-be contributors. The editor's room at the *Fleet Street* offices was regarded as hopeless, and he was invaded less often than any of his brethren.

"What 'ad' is that, Lackly?" he said quietly.

"About the photo, for the Christmas Number, Mr. Johnston says, sir." Johnston was the sub-editor. "Here's her slip."

He laid the usual printed form at Mr. Arnold's elbow, stating the lady's name and business.

"Gwenydd Lewellyn—h'm, Welsh!" said the editor, with a wry face. "Show her in, Lackly."

By the time the door opened again he was signing a letter, and looked up with a brief "Good afternoon. Will you take a seat for a minute?" to the girl who entered. That brief glance, however, told him two things. The girl was very shabby, and either very ill or very—hungry! She sat down at the table, and the pitiless August sunshine streamed through the window at her thin face and anxious eyes.

"You have come about the photo. advertisement?" said Arnold, with customary incisiveness. "Have you one with which you could supply us?"

"Yes." She spoke in a low voice that had a strained sound about it. "It is only an amateur snap-shot enlarged, but it is, or was a good likeness."

"You know that Mr. Hardinge has always refused to have his likeness taken?" he said, with a keen look at her.

"I suppose so, as you had such a difficulty in obtaining it and offered five pounds for the use of one."

"We want it for the illustration of an article on him in our Christmas Number. Mr. Hardinge had no objection to the article, and

supplied most of the copy. Since his sudden popularity he has, I should think, been oftener interviewed than any man in London. But his refusal to be photographed has been an even more successful advertisement for him!" There was a dry sound in Hard'un Arnold's voice that suggested that he was not among the celebrated author's admirers. "He gave me his personal permission to publish a likeness of him—if we could get one! And I am going to take him at his word. He is abroad at present—in the Rockies, I believe—and we advertised because we could not afford to wait."

"Yes, of course. The Christmas Number is generally settled in August," said Miss Lewellyn, absently. She took a photo. from an envelope she carried and laid it on the editor's desk. It represented a young man, with curling hair and a slightly affected air, leaning against the trunk of a big tree, with a vague background of foliage. It was unusually successful for an amateur photograph, and the man, for all his somewhat theatrical pose, looked a handsome fellow. Mr. Arnold's eyes brightened as they fell on it.

"Yes, it is a capital likeness!" he said. "The man's very atmosphere." Again there was that note of contempt in his voice. "Is it recent?"

"No; it was taken five years ago, before Mr. Hardinge was much known to the public."

"He has not altered then. I saw him before he left London this year, and he looked exactly like this. Well, Miss Lewellyn, this will suit us perfectly. I suppose you are not infringing copyright?" he added sharply.

"No!" A painful flush rose over the girl's thin face. "The snap-shot was taken by me with Mr. Hardinge's consent, but I fancy I am the only person to possess it."

The editor looked at her shrewdly. It had been some dire necessity that had forced her to sell even the right to reproduce this photograph, and the pain of it was visible in her eyes. He turned over his letters thoughtfully for a minute, and then he did a thing that would have struck his "sub" dumb with astonishment and made Lackly, the office-boy, decline to believe his senses.

"I will write you a cheque now," he said, quietly, as if it were the custom of the *Fleet Street Magazine* to pay for copy before the end of the month in which it had been used. But Miss Lewellyn did not know that an un-

heard-of thing was taking place in her favor and one of Mr. Arnold's most stringent rules calmly set aside; and in her relief at getting the money at once she did not notice the extraordinary fact that the editor should sign the cheque instead of the manager.

"Do you——" Mr. Arnold looked up casually as he folded the cheque and placed it in an envelope. "Do you write yourself?"

"Yes; a little. Only for very small magazines or papers."

"Ah! I thought I had seen your name somewhere. Have you ever worked for us?"

"Oh, no!" She lifted her eyes to him in wonder. The idea of her wasting time in submitting work to one of the best English magazines struck her as absurd. "I do not think that I could reach your standard," she said simply.

"One can never tell" he remarked, coolly, as he opened the door to bow her out. "I am always pleased to consider conscientious work."

She paused in the doorway. "But my work, however conscientious, would hardly find a market except amongst small papers," she said, with a sigh. "And then it is a hard struggle!"

"It is the bottom of the ladder which is the most crowded!" he said. "There is always plenty of room at the top. Remember that!"

Miss Lewellyn walked down the long, dark stairs and out into Fleet Street, thoughtfully while Hard'un Arnold went back to his desk and made a memorandum that he had drawn five pounds from his own private banking account.

* * * * *

Rather to Mr. Arnold's relief Miss Lewellyn did not overwhelm him with MSS. during the next few days. Perhaps she was diffident, or—which he preferred to think—he had been correct in his judgment with regard to her character. He did not think she was like unto the usual run of literary young ladies to whom it is hardly safe to offer a word of encouragement without making them regard themselves as hitherto undiscovered Bret Hartes and Kiplings. As a matter of fact, Miss Lewellyn only offered the *Fleet Street* one story, and that about a week after her interview with the editor. It was not a work of positive genius, but it was sufficiently good to be accepted, as Mr. Arnold recognized with secret satisfaction. He wondered if his cheque had not been one factor in the production of what was probably better work than Miss Lewellyn's average tales. Girls who are delicate cannot work well on insufficient food, and physical reasons have more to do with the

quality of literary work than most people imagine.

Miss Lewellyn's story was accepted for the December number of the *Fleet Street Magazine*, the Christmas Number being an "extra" justified by the demand for which Mr. Arnold had catered year by year. There were certain alterations that Mr. Arnold thought it advisable to make in the story, and he wrote to ask Miss Lewellyn to come up to the office and talk them over. It happened that in one way and another she came into personal contact with Hawarden Arnold some three or four times, and then for weeks he saw no more of her. He guessed the cause of this also: Miss Lewellyn lived in a cheap neighborhood far away from Fleet Street, and the fare, even though she walked part of the way, was a serious item to her. She had had five pounds to live on from the middle of August, as well as what she might manage to eke out with her work for the little papers of which she had spoken, but she would get nothing more from the *Fleet Street Magazine* until the end of December. Sometimes Hawarden Arnold found himself making calculations as to the possibility of spreading, say, seven or eight pounds over eighteen weeks. This usually beset him when he had sat down to a perfect little dinner in an ideal dining-room after the dreary round in Fleet Street was over, and he found it disturbing. He lived with a silver-haired old lady whom he called "Mother" in a tone which no one else ever heard. But she was so beautiful in her gracious old age that it was hardly to be wondered at that he had never married.

Probably Mr. Arnold was the only man of any literary standing in the magazine world who spent Christmas Eve in his office; his assistant editors had gone joyfully away, and left what work must be done to their "subs"; but there were alterations pending in the *Fleet Street* during the New Year, and Arnold came down to the office through the Christmas week and gave things his personal supervision. It was growing dusk on the afternoon of Christmas Eve when Lackly knocked at the door and laid a card silently on the editor's desk.

"Mr. Harold Hardinge. Important."

"Show him in!"

A minute later he appeared—a tall man in an overcoat heavily trimmed with Astrachan. The photograph had represented him very correctly: his hair was still over-long and curly, his fine eyes had a languid, appealing expression, and he shook hands warmly with Arnold and dropped into an armchair with just the

impulsive movement compatible with his atmosphere.

"Well, so you are back from the Rockies for Christmas?" said Arnold, smoothly. It was his business to keep friendly with this literary lion, but his manner had an iron courtesy simply cultivated for such cases. "What brings you up here? I hope you have seen our article on yourself!"

"My dear fellow, it is just your article which brings me here!" He opened the Christmas Number which he held in his hand, and pointed to the photograph. "I want to know where you got this!"

"It was offered us for sale and we bought the right to reproduce. Of course I understood that you would have no objection!"

"Oh, that is not the point! You know I can't be bored with photographers and never sit"—the editor's lips closed a little tighter at the veiled conceit of the tone—"but I told you you were welcome to a likeness if you could get one. Only—I believed—er—in fact, I thought that only one person had this photograph."

"Indeed!"

"It was taken five years ago when I was staying with some people in Wales," said Hardinge, with a suddenly confidential manner to a comparative stranger which made Arnold look at him with cold curiosity. For a minute he seemed as if he were going to advise Mr. Hardinge not to confide in him; then he deliberately leaned his elbow on the desk and listened with his hand over his eyes, while his visitor rambled on vaguely.

"The snap-shot was taken by an old friend—a very old friend. She was—well, we were almost brought up together, and you know how one drifts into these things before one has reached mature judgment!" (Mr. Arnold did not look as if he knew; but he did not speak.) "There was some sort of engagement between us, and then I published 'My Lady's Folly,' and you know how the public went mad about it! It was quite absurd the way I became famous all in a breath, I always say." He laughed his easy affected laugh. "Curious how some men seem bound to come to the top, isn't it? Well, Gwendydd and I found that we had made a mistake—at least, to be honest with you, I found that I had made a mistake! Gwendydd released me at once."

"I do not quite see how this bears on the present case!"

"Wait a minute; I am coming to that. She had, poor girl, quite a number of misfortunes that year. Her father died insolvent, and Gwendydd had to make her own living. Then

I lost sight of her, but when I saw this photograph I was quite shocked—quite shocked, I assure you! I was sure she would not part with it unless in sore straits, and our old friendship made me feel quite miserable. The long and the short of it is, Arnold, I want her address."

"Am I to understand that it is a case of—charity?"

"Well, between man and man, of course, it is. I want to help her—a little anonymous gift."

"Excuse me; we do not give our contributors' addresses to anyone who asks for them. A letter addressed to her here will be forwarded, of course."

Hardinge's face fell, but the inflexible voice gave no hope of relenting.

"The fact is," he said, with his air of winning candor, "I am reluctant to open communication between us again. Correspondence is my bane, and besides, one is never free from begging letters once he begins that sort of thing! I might mislead her as to the reason of my interest, too, and if it is forwarded through you she is sure to guess my identity. It would be quite an uncomfortable situation!"

The editor rose and opened the door, standing with the handle in his hand.

"Pardon me, Mr. Hardinge," he said, nonchalantly, "but though you do not happen to be a gentleman, I am. I will not give you any assistance in insulting Miss Lewellyn, whom it may relieve you to hear is in no want, and has numerous friends to help her in a rather more delicate manner. Good afternoon!"

Harold Hardinge took up his hat and walked out of the room, Arnold closing the door behind him. When the editor spoke in that tone people were not disposed to linger.

He went back to his desk and rang the bell for Lackly, sending the boy for Mr. Johnston; and when that gentleman appeared he found no traces of disturbance or any lack of attention in his chief, who went straight ahead with the business in hand, as though his late interviewer had never been. Yet Hawarden Arnold was turning over a grave project in his mind—so grave that it lasted him all that evening, and was not finally settled till Christmas morning.

He did not go to church with his mother, though he generally subscribed to that custom for her sake. He took a hansom and drove to the address which Gwendydd Lewellyn had given him. It was not a customary resort for hansoms, and Arnold himself looked decidedly out of place in the dingy lodging-house

to which he was admitted. There was something unusually festive and well-groomed about his tall figure that made it a cruel contrast to the narrow staircase up which he toiled to a numbered door.

The woman who admitted him left him to find his way alone, merely telling him the number of Miss Lewellyn's rooms and that she was at home. In answer to his knock he heard her say "Come in!" in a dispirited tone that amply matched the scene when he entered. The room was furnished as only a lodging-house sitting-room in a poor part of London can be. There was no fire in the grate, though the day was wretchedly cold, and on the table was half a loaf of stale bread and a glass of milk. There was no other accessory of a dinner-table—not even any butter—and yet he realized in that first glance that this was the Christmas dinner which the girl opposite him had just sat down to eat.

It did not seem probable that she had had another meal that day, for she rose unsteadily at sight of him, with an agonizing flush of humiliation at being found out in such a way.

"Mr. Arnold!" she said, slowly, in bewildered surprise, "I——"

"I have come with an invitation from my mother," he said, holding out his hand. "We want you to come and have dinner with us, if you will forgive the brief notice." Then he broke off abruptly, his tone changing from its ordinary cold courtesy and his face working: "I have come with another invitation too—from myself this time. I want you to give me a Christmas gift."

"I!"

She gave one glance round the dreadful room, and he drew her towards him and away from that pitifully-spread table.

"It is just you that I want," he said, gently; certainly neither Lackly nor his "sub" would have known the voice, but his mother would. "I am inviting you to come home with me for good. Is it too sudden for you, Gwenydd? Do you—" an ugly memory of yesterday's interview rose up before him—"do you care for anyone else?"

"No!" she said, with an inflection of shame in her voice. "But I thought I did once, and I was horribly disillusioned. It was—that photograph——"

"Yes; never mind!" He smiled as though very well satisfied. "We have plenty of time to confess all that. You have not accepted my mother's invitation yet. She sent it to you herself."

"I will accept it, if I may. But I can never thank her!"

"And mine as well?"

She looked up at him for a moment, and then she smiled a little humorous smile that he had hardly seen before.

"Don't you think we have plenty of time to discuss that?" she said.

"I would rather have it settled. I am a business man, you know."

"Oh, it is a business matter, is it?" said Miss Lewellyn, drily; but she held out her hand to him with mute comprehension. "Thank you very much, Mr. Arnold. Yes, I think the situation might suit me!"

She wondered, just ten seconds later, what she would have said six months ago if anyone had told her that she would kiss the editor of the *Fleet Street Magazine* on Christmas Day!

—*Tit Bits*.

Culled from One Catalogue.

Is there anything more interesting to a lover of books than a list of curious and scarce literature? There is probably material for a dozen historical novels (only the general reader is getting a bit tired of them) in this list, which we found in the attractive catalogue of Mr. Richard Cameron, of 11 St. David Street, Edinburgh.

Curious and Scarce Pamphlets (as under) sm. 4to. paper covers:—

Account of the Horrid Conspiracy to depose their Majesties King William and Queen Mary, with Reflections on the Trials of Lord Preston, Major Ashton, and Mr. Elliot, 1691, 2s.

Representation of the Threatening Dangers impending over Protestants before the coming of the Prince of Orange, 1689, 2s.

Justification of the Prince of Orange's Descent into England and of the Kingdom's late Recourse to Arms, 1689, 2s.

Jesuite's Ghostly Wages to draw other Persons over to their Damnable Principle of the Meritoriousness of Destroying Princes, and the Attempts of William Parry and Edward Squire on our late Gracious Sovereign Elizabeth, 1679, 2s. 6d.

More News from Rome, or Magna Charta Discoursed of between a Poor Man and his Wife, as also a New Font erected in the Cathedral Church at Gloucester, Oct., 1663, according to the Account of that infamously famous man, Dr. Lee, &c., 1666, 3s. 6d.

The Narrow Way, or Political Maxims and Considerations respecting the Present State of Affairs tending to dissipate Humorous Fears and Jealousies, 1685, 2s.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY NEWS-MAGAZINE.

By John MacTaggart.

In turning over some boxes of old books and papers which had accumulated for years and years past at the house of a friend, the writer recently came across a volume containing parts of the *Dumfries Weekly Magazine* for 1775. It is most interesting to compare the contents of this old sheet with those of the present-day newspapers, and to note the changes that have taken place in the past 125 years.

The magazine was of the size known as post octavo, and each number consisted of 32 pages of matter. The paper was coarse, but the printing was very fair, the type being somewhat large, and the spacing between both words and lines being sufficient to allow of easy reading. The magazine contained not only news, but also in each number a special discourse of a religious or moral character, and selections from the verse of its own day or from that of past masters. It had also its review column which dealt with some particular book each week, embracing both British and foreign contributions to literature. The news of the day was chiefly comprehended under the heading of "History of the Times," and comprised letters from Russia, Turkey, Poland (which had shortly before [in 1773] been, for the most part, divided between Russia, Prussia, and Austria), Germany, Holland (under which a Hamburg letter appeared), Italy, France, America and England. As the war with America was then proceeding, the chief portion of the "History" was occupied with communications from that country, and they include some curious extracts. Witness the following:

"It was given out as an article of authentic intelligence in an evening paper of Saturday, 'That the ministry had been disappointed in a treaty they were about to conclude with the court of Petersburg, for the hire of 20,000 Russians to assist in subduing America.' There are other advices received from very respectable personages, now at the court of Russia, wherein the Czarina is represented as having made an offer, not only to lend her troops, but also to continue them in her pay, though in the actual service of England, provided the court of London will defray the expenses attending their embarkation for America. Which of these accounts carry the marks of truth, those who are in the secret only can determine."

But we must note also that much moral and religious teaching entered into the scheme of the magazine. Here are some titles of articles, chosen at random:

In history, ancient and modern, we have

"A short account of the State of Algiers, and the different attacks that have been made upon it by the Christian powers;" "Character of Mary I., Queen of England;" "An Account of the Body of King Edward I. as it appeared on opening his Tomb in the year 1774; by Sir Joseph Ayloffe, Bart, V. P. S. A. and F. R. S.;" "An Ancient Manuscript" containing sundry rules to be observed by the household of Henry VIII. (chiefly relating to their food, and the vessels containing it); and "Dr. Chandler's description of the city of Sigeum."

In the biographical and literary department there is "A short Account of the Life and Writings of the late Mr. Robert Dodsley" (1703-1764. He was a poet and dramatist, who started life as a footman, but afterwards became a bookseller, and rose to eminence in that calling. His biographer speaks of him in the somewhat inflated language of that period as "the ornament of his profession and the friend of mankind"). There are also a "Life of the Admiral de Coligny," and some "Letters of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne to his friend——." Natural history and anthropology are represented by the following among others: "Of Animals of the Dog Kind," and "The Natural History of the Lion,"—both these from "The Modern System of Natural History; by Rev. Mr. Ward, Vicar of Cotterstock, Northamptonshire;" "Philosophical Inquiries concerning the Americans (natives); or interesting Memoirs towards a History of the Human Species. By Mons. de P.;" "Ceremonies of the Antient Mexicans at the birth of their children, and the education they gave them" (which latter seems to have been similar to that of the Ancient Greeks). There also appears a scene from the comedy, "The Man's the Master," by Sir William Davenant. Some columns are devoted to a biography of Ben Jonson (here spelt Johnson), and travel literature has its due share in several extracts from an account of a journey through Palestine. A Mons. Bourrit tells of "A journey to the Glaciers in the Duchy of Saxony." From "An Account of the New Northern Archipelago lately discovered by the Russians in the Sea of Kamptchatska and Anadir," a description, by the author (Mr. J. Vin Straehlin), of the inhabitants' way of living is quoted, and we learn that those of them who live

"on the lowlands have green huts, which they call *jurts*, where they constantly live. They care little for warmth, so never kindle fires in their *jurts* all winter. . . . For their common food

they are content with raw fish. . . . If they are hindered from fishing by contrary winds, they live upon sea-kail and sea-oysters. They take no manner of thought about their soul, much less about their condition after death, for they have not the least notion of a future state."

Considerations of dress and fashion seem to have exercised the minds of some readers, for we find one of them constrained to "write to the paper" as follows (observe that the letter is addressed "To the Printer," and not as is usual now "To the Editor"):

"Fashions and ceremonies have long been circumstances that I have had an eye upon, and indeed the absurdity of them deserves a severer reprimand than I am capable of inflicting. The modes for men and women originate at the palace, and the Queen for ever gives a *ton* to the ladies; though the men are more inclined to follow the manners and dresses of the King's guards, than of the King himself: for we have seen his majesty labour for three years at personal ornament, and domestic example, in vain; for none of his subjects have adopted his wig and large hat, or followed his constancy and paternal attention; and therefore the virtues of a prince have nothing to do with the mode of his dissolute subjects.

"*Feathers* last winter were the taste of the juvenile belles: the Queen disliked the nodding of the funeral plume, and they moulted immediately. *Waistcoats* which laced before were long worn, till the ladies cut them so low, and displayed so many charms, that her majesty was under the necessity of wearing high stiff stays to make the court more modest.

"The *saque* I have always looked upon with much attention and respect, as it gave dignity to grace itself, and hid the deformity of a crooked side; but then this very *saque* I have seen on the back of a landlady, with a tail that dishonoured the very tail it followed. *Brunswicks* were useful dresses, and well suited for travel and convenience. To this close vest the *polonese* succeeded; and I have seen it do equal honour to the wearer as the wearer did to it, for it is janty beyond expression, and graces the person of a tall genteel woman.

" 'Twas the dress the Trojan fop
Prais'd so much on Ida's top;
For when Venus left the seas,
She put on her *polonese*."

And so on, and so on. Fashions we have always with us, and no doubt there are to-day strong sympathizers with the harassed soul who here signed himself "N. O."

The foregoing will show that the editor of the news-sheet under notice endeavored to make his paper instructive and interesting, while he was not averse from a spice of humorous comment. But we have evidence of his

care for the moral and religious needs of his clientèle in essays on such subjects as "Pride," "Courage," "Ingratitude," "Dependence and Independence," "The happiness of being a Christian," "Elegy on Life," &c., &c.; while "A sermon on the Present Situation of American Affairs" is manifestly an instance of politics from the pulpit. It was preached in Christ Church, Philadelphia, by William Smith, D.D., and was afterwards published as an octavo at sixpence.

A curious paper is that entitled "Shooting Spiritualised," by Rusticula, whose argument is, "Recreation is most certainly necessary for the body as contemplation is for the soul; and unless we keep our clay cottage in order, its glorious inhabitant will never exert its faculties as it ought. Let us then spiritualise our recreations, that whatever we do, whatever amusements we are in pursuit of, it may tend to the glory of God." He then proceeds to illustrate his meaning:

"On charging the fowling-piece we may look on the shot as a lively representation of mankind, who are sluggish and unable of themselves to do anything, till actuated and enlivened by spiritual fire, they are enabled to press forward to the mark of the high calling of God; they have then power to pursue the way of his commandments, when he has set their hearts at liberty. When the piece is discharged, some of the shot fly wide of the object aimed at, occasioned by cavities and flaws in them; so many a Christian has in him a deceitful heart of unbelief, which makes him depart from the living God."

One of the reviews quotes a few paragraphs from "a book just published, intituled, Walking Amusements for Cheerful Christians. To which are added various Pieces in Prose and Verse: with a map of the Roads to Happiness and Misery." The first of the paragraphs will give an idea of the quality and method, which the reviewer calls the "Raving or Fanatical way of writing":

"As you pass by a baker's shop, let your thoughts be directed to Jesus Christ, who is the bread of life; is bread baked in the oven? He was bruised for our sins, in the wine-press of his father's wrath; is bread the staff of the natural life? So is Christ, or faith in him, the support and comfort of the Christian life; is bread sold? So was Christ by the traitor Judas, for thirty pieces of silver; is bread the food of children as well as grown men? So is Christ of the youngest as well as oldest believer in his Church; is bread obtained by money? So is Salvation through faith in him, the only current coin of true grace:—"

Further parallels are drawn from the illustration afforded by the banker's and book-

seller's businesses. In passing, the peculiar punctuation will be remarked.

For the philosophical taste are the articles "On the Inequality of Punishments," "Analysis of Man," "General Observations on the Mental System," and there is an account of a "Curious quarrel between a Philosopher and a Wit,"—M. Voltaire and M. Maupertuis, expressed in three letters, which include the usual challenge to a duel.

Disagreement in political views is even now not unknown as a cause of vituperation, and we have here a specimen a century and a quarter old. "Alcides" addresses the then Duke of Grafton (who was a Crown minister, 1768–1770):

"My Lord,

Though the celebrated writer, who, some time ago, addressed your grace under the signature of JUNIUS, thought it utterly impossible that your character could acquire any additional turpitude in the line of political depravity, you have now satisfied the world that he did not give you sufficient credit for guilt, and have proved that you can be base, even beyond the utmost expectation of your enemies.

As I must suppose that your grace would not descend to a life of the most despicable duplicity, unless it furnished you with some peculiar gratification, it may perhaps please you, my lord duke, to know, that, far as you are from being advanced into the vale of years, you have been long proverbial for your perfidy. No man has taken more pains to deserve the contempt of a whole people than your grace; nor has any man ever laboured with a greater degree of success. You have been connected with every party in this kingdom, and can now boast of being equally faithless to all. Machiavel is somewhere of opinion, that it is necessary for an able statesman to be destitute of shame; I congratulate your grace, therefore, very cordially on your new political creed, and acknowledge that you have one essential ingredient for the composition of a consummate minister.

* * * * *

Your grace's *conscience*, therefore, must be a very fluctuating kind of a *conscience*, when it glories in performing at one time the very action which shocks it at another. I would advise your grace not to talk much about *conscience* in future; it is a thing with which you are utterly unacquainted, and it will always make a ridiculous figure in your grace's company, though you should be attended by that right reverend apostle (I was going to write apostate) the bishop of Peterborough.

You shall hear from me again, my lord duke, and speedily; for the present I am your grace's candid adviser,

Alcides."

That seems to be pretty "faithful dealing."

It is said that many people on receiving a paper turn first to the columns containing the

notices of "Births, Marriages, and Deaths." Their attention would be attracted by such curious forms of intimation—containing biographical scraps—as the following:

Marriage.—Aug. 27. Mr. John Scott, of Dent's-hole in Northumberland, aged 60 years (four times married, and father to 19 children), to Mrs. Eleanor Hood, about 50 years of age, thrice married, and mother to 14 children.

Death.—At a little farm house in Berkshire, in the 115th year of his age, Mr. Clayton, formerly a wealthy farmer; before he left off that business, he rented one farm 90 years. He has had two wives, and has left children, and grand-children 28; the eldest, which is a woman, that he had by his first wife, is 82 years old. He retained his senses to the last.

And thus one might rove through the whole volume, quoting on and on, for there is plenty worthy of note in this reminder of public life and needs in the latter part of the eighteenth century. One more quotation, however, we shall make, and it is of "A Curious Challenge from Solyman, Emperor of the Turks, to Maximilian II. [reigned 1564–1576], Emperor of the Germans."

"By the connivance of the great God in heaven, we Solyman, god on earth, great and sublime emperor of all the world, lord, master, and disposer of all the followers of Christ; we send and declare unto thee, Maximilian, indignation, misfortune, and infidelity to thee and thy princes, subjects and adherents. We, moreover give thee to know, that we, by the sufferance of the great God, styled on earth the perpetual and universal god, most mighty emperor, soldan of Babylon, lord of Armenia, the mightiest in Persepolis and Numidia, the great auxiliary of God, prince in Barbary, even unto the mountains of Achaia; King of Kings from the meridian to the poles, from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, the first and chief placed in the paradise of Mahomet, the scourge of Christendom and Christians, keeper and defender of the Sepulchre of thy God crucified, the only victorious and triumphant lord of all the world, and of all circuits and provinces thereof; thou, Maximilian, who stylest thyself King of our Kingdom of Hungary, we will visit thee for that cause and make thee acquainted with our strength of thirteen Kingdoms, collected in one hundred thousand horse and foot, prepared for war, with all the power of Turkish munition, such as thou, nor none of thy servants have seen, heard, or had knowledge of; and this even before thy chief city Vienna. We, Solyman, god on earth, in defiance of thee, thy adherents and abettors, do, with our warlike strength, pronounce and intend thine and their utter destruction and depopulation, by every possible means we can devise; and this we signify unto thee, to the end that thou and thy miserable people may prepare yourselves for

death or ruin. With us it is determined, by the hands of our Janisaries, to ravage and spoil thee, and all thy German Kingdoms and provinces. This misery we have denounced against thee and thy princes; have thou no doubt but we will come.

"Dated in the year of our reign forty-seven, in the city of Constantinople, from which we did expell thy predecessors, their wives, children, and friends, and made them miserable slaves and captives."

For whole-hearted denunciation it would, we think, be difficult to equal the above. It is only necessary to add that the much-reviled Maximilian did *not* suffer as Solyman proposed, for the attack on the German kingdom was a miserable failure. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." "A man's pride shall bring him low."

Sad, Low Plaint of "The White Owl."

A month or so ago a score of disappointed authors met in the front parlor of 303 North Fifty-fourth street. At the meeting it was resolved, that, whereas, all editors seemed in league against them, they would thwart their common enemy, the editor, by publishing a magazine of their own. It was to be called the *White Owl*, and for the modest sum of one dollar each author should see himself in print.

The *White Owl* has appeared. November marked a new epoch in the history of literature.

The *White Owl* is neat, but not gaudy. It is long and slim, and bears the unmistakable earmarks of strict economy.

In the first issue seven authors have given their virgin efforts to the world.

Mr. Edwin Kamerly leads off with an essay entitled "Success." We have never heard of Edwin, but he writes in an authoritative way that is impressive.

"When a grand poem or picture is finished the author does not sit down in worrying uncertainty, nor deprecate criticism. He knows that his work is great, and is content to let the world find it out. We sympathize with the feeling," says Edwin, modestly.

Among the unique features of the various stories is an ingenious villain who performs an operation for appendicitis upon his hated rival, and before sewing him up puts a bottle of vitriol in his little insides. The hated rival does not notice the bottle rattling around in his interior. But one day the vitriol eats through the cork and through the hated rival, burning him quite in two. The "police are puzzled," and the mystery is never solved till the villain, in a letter, announces that he is about to "cease to exist," and confesses.

An authoress who heretofore has been bogged down in the mire of obscurity is "Mae." Mae introduces herself to the public with a story entitled "People Change."

"It was the night of the wedding of Maud Caruthers and Tom Burton," says the opening paragraph of the story. Maud's discarded sweetheart comes to the church with a "smile playing upon his lips." Once or twice his breast bounds like a shot doe, but the smile still plays upon his lips. Although it is night, Mae says "the birds are chirping in the neighboring trees, singing a merry song as if to comfort him."

The reader naturally wonders how it happens that the birds are singing so gayly at a time when all self-respecting birds are presumed to be asleep.

"A lonely tear coursed its way over his cheek," says Mae. While this lonely tear is coursing its way over his cheek the wedding procession files out and the story ends with the former sweetheart "going out into the night." Which, under the circumstances, seemed the only thing for him to do to keep from being locked in by the janitor.

The heroine of a second story wails in a hammock because she thinks her sweetheart has invited another girl to the Harvard football game.

This is enough to make any girl wail, but the date of the Harvard game comes a little late to make wailing in a hammock comfortable, unless, of course, Miss Graydon, the heroine, was wearing her winter flannels. The author does not make this explanation, however, and we are more interested to learn whether she caught cold than whether the misunderstanding was straightened out.

"Put Asunder" is the title of a story in which the heroine and the hero meet in a storm on the boardwalk. Every time one or the other speaks the "storm rages higher." But the heroine does not mind it in the least. She draws her furs closer and turns her face to the sea. When he speaks it is "bitterly." She replies "coldly," and finally learning she is married he "staggers blindly away." Nothing seems left for him to do but to drown himself, which he does, and the story ends when they bring his "drenched face and form" up the beach.

The contributors to the *White Owl* seem to be a morbid lot. Possibly their melancholy may be attributed to the frequent rejection of their manuscripts, which I may say from personal experience has a depressing effect upon the spirits.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Portions of the original autograph manuscript of Scott's "Ivanhoe" came under the hammer at Sotheby's last summer. They consisted of fifty-one quarto sheets, and belonged to the third and fourth volumes of the work as issued in 1819. They were the property of Constable, the publisher, to whom Scott presented them, with twelve other volumes of his original manuscripts, in the spring of 1823. Another portion of the manuscript was in the hands of Cadell. He had purchased it from Mrs. Terry, to whose husband, the well-known comedian, Scott had sent it with the idea of having the story dramatized. Somewhere about the year 1835 this portion was seen and described by a contributor to *Chambers's Journal*, and the other, which has now been sold, may be regarded as, in all essentials, like unto it. The old writer was struck by "the neatness and uniformity of the handwriting, and the absence of blotting and interlineation." There was "as much manuscript as would fill five printed pages, without a single correction, or even the appearance of a slip of the pen." The songs introduced seemed also "to have been struck off with the same easy grace as the connecting narrative." What has become of this portion of the manuscript is not quite clear, although, as it was bought by Mr. Hope Scott at the sale of Cadell's effects in 1867, it is probably at Abbotsford.

When Constable failed, the question of the ownership of the thirteen volumes of manuscript which Scott had presented to him came up for consideration. Lord Newton decided that they belonged to the bankrupt estate, and they were accordingly sold by Evans in 1831, the total sum realized for the thirteen lots being £317. Here is the list of prices:—

(1) "The Monastery," £18; (2) "Guy Mannering," £27 10s.; (3) "Old Mortality," £33; (4) "Antiquary," £42; (5) "Rob Roy," £50; (6) "Peveril of the Peak," £42; (7) "The Abbot," £14; (8) "Ivanhoe," £12; (9) "The Pirate," £12; (10) "Fortunes of Nigel," £16 16s.; (11) "Kenilworth," £17; (12) "Bride of Lammermoor," £14 14s.; (13) "Waverley," £18.

As prices go now these sums are absurdly low, but only the first six of the manuscripts were in a complete state; the rest were more or less imperfect, and some portions of them, as in the case of "Ivanhoe," had been dictated.

Of course the prices soon rose. Both "The Monastery" and "Guy Mannering," had been bought for Bishop Heber, the ardent biblio-

maniac, who wrote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and both were resold by him in 1836, the first for £45 3s., the second for £63. Other manuscripts increased in value in like proportion, though one or two of them went early out of competition by finding a permanent home. This was the case with "Waverley." The manuscript of that romance is apparently unique in so far as a considerable part of it is written on sheets of folio size, whereas the rest of Scott's manuscripts are in quarto. In 1831 the manuscript was bought by Mr. Wilks, M.P., as the above list shows, for £18. It was resold to Mr. Hall, who, in 1850, presented it to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, where it now is. Of course it is not perfect. Cadell had a portion of the manuscript, and at his sale in 1867 it was bought by Mr. Hope Scott, along with the aforementioned fragment of "Ivanhoe," for 130 guineas. It is said that some years ago the Advocates' Library was offered about six leaves of the missing part of the manuscript for £60, but declined to purchase. It seems exceedingly doubtful if the manuscript can ever be completed at any price now. The "Guy Mannering," sold in 1831 for £27 10s., brought £390 in 1880, when it was described as "forming a select portion of Lord Clare's books." It is now, we believe, in America, where so many of our literary treasures have gone. Curiously enough, it is the first published editions of "Guy Mannering" and of "Waverley"—the rarest of all the premier editions of Scott—that seem most likely to run each other close as to auction prices. "Waverley," of course, comes first, the record price so far being £150; while £70 was paid for "Guy Mannering" at Sotheby's some little time back. Not so many years ago it used to be a common remark among bibliophiles that first editions of Scott's novels were seldom made the subject of competition, and were consequently of no particular value. The fashion, however, seems to be changing—a fact which should give pause to those who declare that Scott is losing ground.

The highest prices so far realized for the manuscripts sold in 1831 have been those of "Rob Roy" and "The Monastery," both of which realized £600 when they last changed hands. The first was bought in 1847 by Cadell. He subsequently presented it to Lockhart, and it passed into the hands of Mr. William Law some six years ago. "Old Mortality" was sold at Sotheby's in 1897. "The Pirate" was bought in 1831 for Cadell, and it

is now in the possession of one of his descendants. The manuscript has a note on the fly-leaf in Cadell's handwriting, which says that he had received from Scott himself, in April, 1831, the part missing from the manuscript as held by Constable. But eight pages are still wanting to render the manuscript complete. "The Abbot" was another of the manuscripts held by Cadell; it was sold to Mr. John Murray in 1868 for £50—£36 more than it brought in 1831. "Kenilworth" was one of the incomplete manuscripts of 1831. It was bought for Mr. Wilks for £17, and, strangely enough, brought only £16 when his collection was sold in 1847. The manuscript was bought for the British Museum in 1855. The late Dr. David Laing, the Scottish antiquary, had a portion of the original, and bequeathed it, along with a fragment of "The Legend of Montrose," to Edinburgh University.

A second collection of Scott's manuscripts was privately purchased by Cadell from David Constable, a son of the publisher, in 1833. This collection consisted of manuscripts of the poems only, the list including "Marmion," "Lord of the Isles," "Rokeby," "Don Roderick," and "Field of Waterloo." The manuscript of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had not been preserved, "such things," to quote from a note of Constable's "not having been thought important till the publication of 'Marmion.'" For the five poems Cadell paid the ridiculously low sum of £60; and at the same time he gave £105 for five quarto volumes of Scott's Letters, written between 1796 and 1832. Cadell, it will be remembered, was Constable's successor as Scott's publisher, and he thus acquired several other manuscripts of the novelist for which he apparently paid nothing. The list of these was given by a writer in *Chambers's Journal* some three years ago. The most notable was, perhaps, "The Lady of the Lake," which when sold at Sotheby's in June, 1897, produced the extraordinary sum of £1,290. Cadell died in 1849, at which time his Scott manuscripts appear to have been housed in his mansion at Ratho, near Edinburgh. It is said that the entire collection was offered privately for £2,000 but it produced a good deal more than that when it was sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods in 1867 and 1868. The following are the prices and purchasers of the first lot, sold in the former year:—

"Marmion"	191gs. Mr. Harvey.
"Lady of the Lake"	264gs. Mr. F. Richardson.
"Vision of Don Roderick"	37gs. Mr. F. Richardson.

"Rokeby"	130gs. Mr. Hope Scott.
"Lord of the Isles"	101gs. Mr. Hope Scott.
Introductory Essay on Popular Poetry	54gs. Mr. F. Richardson.
"Auchindrane"	27gs. Messrs. Nixon and Rhodes.
"Anne of Geierstein"	121gs. Mr. Hope Scott.
"Waverley and Ivanhoe"	130gs. Mr. Hope Scott.
"Tales of a Grandfather"	145gs. Mr. F. Richardson.
"Castle Dangerous"	32gs. Mr. F. Richardson.
"Count Robert of Paris"	23gs. Mr. Massey.

This made a total of 1,255 guineas. In the next lot, sold in 1868, the manuscripts of six novels were included. The longest price was for "Quentin Durward," which produced £142. "Woodstock" and "St. Ronan's Well" each sold for £120; "The Betrothed" brought £77; "The Talisman," £70; and the "Abbot," £50. Several of these manuscripts have changed hands since then. The "Tales of a Grandfather" was sold at Sotheby's in 1897 for £106, and the Introductory Essay on Popular Poetry for £62. "St. Ronan's Well" was in the hands of Mr. A. Skene in 1871, but was disposed of not long ago by an Edinburgh bookseller for £640. After "The Lady of the Lake," this is so far the highest price realized for a Scott manuscript. —*Literature.*

The Children's Page.

Those philanthropists who are engaged in charitable work rightly consider that, to accomplish the best results, the generation not yet risen must be the object of the greatest solicitude. Psychology shows that the habits of maturity are not easily brushed aside, and that infancy offers the true field for the propagation of the benefits to come. This is the scientific method; and if we find that those purveyors of mental condiments—such as they are—the newspapers, are using it, we must merely accept this as being in full accord with the spirit of the age.

The idea of the children's page is to fit the mind of the young, as early as possible, into the habit of reading the papers, and for this purpose it is an admirable institution.

The newspaper-reading habit is one that cannot be inculcated too early. Being such an eminently useful thing and having such a vast

effect upon the morals and the intellect, every father should see to it that the children's page is placed in the hands of his youngest child as soon as he or she can sit up and take notice.

The children's page begins on Saturday afternoon and lasts through until Monday morning. Whatever form of idiocy is neglected by the Saturday supplement is fully supplied by the Sunday morning paper, so that between the two the child is not likely to be neglected.

One of the beauties about the children's page is that it keeps its readers from standard literature. And it gives them that agility of mind which later on will be of such service to them in taking in, with the least number of glances, all the details of a murder or a divorce. As for standard literature, that ought to be neglected. What each child should be taught is to be thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the age, and how can this be any better accomplished than by reading everything in sight, redhot from the press?

Besides the children's page is useful in another way. It gives occupation to retired hymn writers and broken-down newspaper men, and is a help as a stepping stone to those amateurs who, in the full maturity of their powers, later on blossom out in the woman's column.

—*Life*.

English and American Novels in Germany.

Herr Lutz, the Stuttgart publisher, writes to *Literature*:

"People are great readers in Germany and a great deal of matter is printed; nevertheless the output of books, especially of novels, is comparatively astonishingly small. We hear of enormous editions of novels in England, France, and in the United States of America—of editions which often, in a very few years after their publication, run to hundreds of thousands. There is nothing like this in Germany. Our most celebrated novelists seldom attain in the course of several decades to anything above a sale varying from 10,000 to 50,000. The largest sale attained by a novel—Scheffel's 'Ekkehard'—in the course of the last fifty years reached 180,000 copies. Among new novels of the best authors an edition rarely reaches 10,000 in the course of the first and second years.

"But it is not about German publications that I wish to write, but of the sale in Germany of celebrated English and American works in German translations. Their fortune corresponds to the very small sale of our own authors. As a friend and admirer of English literature, I have made

an attempt to introduce into Germany by means of the best translations, several of the best novels which may rightly claim to be prized and admired in all cultured lands, and I should like to impart the result to your readers. I published in 1899 the translation of Barrie's 'Window in Thrums,' and have reached in two years a sale of 202 copies. Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone' appeared in 1894—sale 825 copies. Miss Corelli's 'Romance of Two Worlds' also appeared in 1894—sale 688. Crawford's 'A Cigarette Maker's Romance' appeared in 1893—sale 513 copies. In 1893 I published an excellent selection of Mary Wilkins' 'Short Stories'—sale 417 copies. Miss Howard's 'Guenn' appeared in 1889—sale 967. Finally, Hawthorne's famous novel 'The Scarlet Letter,' which appeared in 1897, up to now has reached 507. From the financial point of view the result is that I have just covered costs with two of the above works; that is to say, I have got back the capital spent on them. On most of them there has been a loss so far, and at the best I can only hope to get back my money in the course of a few years. I shall consider myself lucky if I make any money on any one of them. Every reader will agree that the choice I have made of books for translation leaves nothing to be wished for; they are works which in the aggregate are sold in England and America in millions and which are dear to all friends of literature. We have not been wanting in recognition in Germany; several notices have appeared which gave them the highest praise. This was specially the case with 'Lorna Doone.' The fine translation of Miss Howard's 'Guenn' was praised by Paul Heyse and Felix Dahn as a masterpiece of womanly production. And as the authoress lived in Germany, one might have expected a good sale. The price of the above books, well bound, averages from two to three marks. I chose such books as possess a lasting literary worth and are suitable for reading in the best of circles. It is quite true that English is much read in Germany; but that is not an adequate explanation for the very slight sale of good translations. For instance, while the greater number of the above works are to be had in Tauchnitz, we miss, strangely enough, 'Lorna Doone.' Yet the sale of the German translation of this book is no greater than that of those which have appeared in the Tauchnitz edition.

"It is sad that in Germany the finest novels, as well of our own literature as those of foreigners, should be in such a bad way. Good taste, or in other words, literary culture in the land of poets and thinkers is not widely spread. Otherwise it would not be possible for second-rate books to have so much larger a sale than good literature."

When I would know thee . . . my thought looks
Upon thy well-made choice of friends and books;
Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends.

—Ben Jonson.

FAVORITE BOOKS OF FAMOUS AUTHORS.

Hazlitt thought his "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" better deserved consideration from the reading public than any of his other writings.

Felicia D. Hemans said that when she had finished "Bernardo del Carpio" she was better satisfied with herself than at the conclusion of any other work.

George Eliot is said by an interviewer to have best enjoyed the writing of "Romola." "I wrote it under the inspiration of the scenes themselves."

Holland found in "Kathrina" his choicest thoughts. There is reason to believe that this poem contained much of his own biography and experience.

Campbell liked his first work, "The Pleasures of Hope," better than any other, and of his shorter poems he thought the "Soldier's Dream" was the best.

Goldsmith rested his reputation on the "Deserted Village." He said that the subject interested him more nearly than any other that ever engaged his pen.

Defoe expected his fame to rest on his political writings, which form the bulk of his works, and did not appear to attach much importance to "Robinson Crusoe."

Adam Smith, the author of the "Wealth of Nations," regarded his book with the genuine love of an author. He was often seen reading it with apparent satisfaction.

Butler was never satisfied with his "Hudibras." He once said that, were he more happily situated in life, he could write much better than he had done in this poem.

Shelley, in a letter to a friend, intimates that "Queen Mab" was his best, but hints also that he expects to do much better in the future, as he has a better subject.

Isaac Watts prided himself on a very dull treatise, "The Improvement of the Mind," and seems to have thought little of the hymns that are now sung in every English-speaking land.

Byron is said to have preferred "Childe Harold" to all his other works. He said it contained more of his heart-history than all the others combined. He seems to have regarded it, as Dickens did "David Copperfield," as his own biography.

Thackeray always alluded to his books in a half comic, half satiric vein, and would rarely express any preference, speaking in a contemp-

tuous strain of them all. His friends believed however, that he regarded "Vanity Fair" as his best; one says, because it paid him best.

Pope deemed the "Essay on Man" his most polished production, but was so fond of revising his poetry that the printed copy contained almost one marginal note for every line. If his wishes had been fully carried out, the second edition would have had so many changes as to be practically a new work.

Burns liked "Tam o' Shanter" as well as anything he ever wrote, and yet this inimitable poem was composed in order that Alloway Kirk might not be left out of a collection of Scottish ruins that an antiquarian was making. In general the poet spoke rather contemptuously of his own writings.

Steele said that "The Lying Lover" was the best piece of writing he ever did. He did not seem to think much of his essay work on the *Spectator*. Most of it was done very hastily and went to the printer without revision of any kind. He regarded it as too ephemeral to be worthy of correction.

A Ballade of New Themes.

I must find fault with you, my muse—
Too long the olden notes you ring;
I ask not fame—I yearn for shoes
And garb small currency may bring.
You bid me chant of love and Spring.
Of dark despair and human woe.
Restraining the lyre, and let me sing
The locomotive and the hoe.

Of old it was the gay scribe's use
To soar on high poetic wing;
Jove's lightning could our fancy loose
With much celestial thundering.
Now one must harp upon the string
That treats of rivets, screws, and so,
And one must sing a pastoral thing—
The locomotive and the hoe.

Could I but rhyme a tailor's goose
Or give a cable car full swing
Of speech that would enchant, amuse,
Lo, gold were for my handling,
And fame should crown me as a king.
Ah, luckless wight! I did not know
What fortune to them both did cling—
The locomotive and the hoe!

L'ENVOI.

Kipling and Markham, I, who fling
To air the songs of long ago,
Tune to my lyre's loud tinkling
The locomotive and the hoe!

—The Munsey.

"AMURRICANISMS" FOR THE GERMANS.

For an end not immediately apparent, there lies under our hand a little German-English English-German dictionary, selling for a florin or so, and prepared by a Mr. Frank Williams. After the way of almost all dictionaries, it contains a fund of unintended yet distinct diversion. Its source is the author's abundant recognition of the trouble in store for the German-speaking races when they cross the Atlantic. They find themselves amongst English-speaking people; but they find the English these speak differing so curiously from the English they have been diligently learning beforehand that they are scared. Whether in New York, Boston, Washington, or the "Far West," everywhere they encounter patches of talk which throw all their book-lessons to the winds. They will hear much talk of sherry-vallies, frough, vendue, bom; of a cow-lease, a cahoot, a polliwog, a hoss, a scalawag. What are they, these? They were not in the "Englisch per Dampf" which the intending emigrant studied so hopefully; not in "Englische Konversation zu Dreien"; not in "Der perfekte Engländer."

The friendly Dictionary-maker solves each difficulty in due order. Frough, they are told, is spongy, crumbling; a vendue is an auction; sherry-vallies are leathern over-breeches; a bom is a huge serpent; a hoss is a strong man; a cow-lease is a right of pasture; a polliwog is a tadpole; a cahoot is a gang; a scalawag is a vulgar fellow. Germans, also, may hear in the States that they themselves must absquatulate, must vamos, must tuck on, must shut their clam-shells, must bluff, scrouge, teeter-tawter, give so-and-so the mitten, give him Jessy, give him a su-marquee, they giving it full-chisel; they may be told that they have seen the elephant, have barked up the wrong tree, are catawampiously chawed up. It is all explained by the pitiful lexicographer. Some of his interpretations may be familiar; but we may remark that to give a man the mitten is to reject him; to give him Jessy is to scold; a su-marquee is a corruption of the French "sou-marqué"; and to give either of these full-chisel is to give it immediately. To see the elephant (a phrase which has an alternate in to shoot one's grandmother) is to be cheated; bark up the wrong tree is to miss what one tried for; and the chawing up of a person catawampiously is another mode of expressing the meaning given for the German verb "ruiniren"—namely, as the author says in an overflow

of explanation, to dish him, swamp him, knock him into a cocked hat.

The German buyers of the Dictionary need be in no doubt as to the kind of information here supplied. On the second page, at the foot of the "Abkürzungen" (Abbreviations) we are told "Amerikanismen sind mit schrägen Lettern gedruckt"—Americanisms are written in slanting letters. That is so. Freely sown in the columns of upright type appear the "oblique letters," otherwise italics. Guided by them the traveller need not be in despair if asked to take succotash, apple-butter, Albany-beef, burgoo, bockey; or, if offered a draught of switchel, sling, black-strap, calibogus, horn, mobee, pupelo. Does he not learn that "succotash" is a dish of beans and maize, apple-butter is cider-sauce, Albany-beef is sturgeon, burgoo is a preparation of oatmeal, bockey is a pumpkin? And of the drinks he is told that switchel is water and sugar; that sling has rum added to the switchel; that black-strap is brandy, sugared; pupelo, apple-brandy; calibogus, rum and beer; mobee, a drink consumed by the West Indian negroes; horn, a glass of brandy, pure. This, of course, does not exhaust the food and drinks honored with italics. There is no need to go on to exhaustion, yet a few more may be culled. There is, for instance, noodle-soup—that is vermicelli. There is chowder. It is pork and fish, with onions. Cork-juice is another synonym for brandy. Flap-jack is a pancake—an interesting survival from the English of the Primitive Fathers. Shakespeare used the word, and Taylor, the Water-Poet, wrote of it largely.

Should unintelligible epithets of abuse be unfortunately showered upon a German, he will no doubt take pleasure in carefully consulting his Dictionary as to their meaning. He may be called a scrouger—a coarse, ill-behaved fellow. Or a rowdy, a high-binder, a huffer; still he is much the same, with a spice of scamp added. If he incurs the name of a Miss Nancy, he is an affected fellow; if of a goney, a gawky, a foggy (a word he would hear pronounced, he is told, as if written in German method—"fohd'schi"), he is a simpleton. For nationalities, should he be told he is a Greek it means he is an Irishman; and he will find that a buck-eye means a man born in Ohio, a dough-face a man belonging to the Northern States, a hoosier (this, however, is more familiar since the publication of a well-known book on "The Hoosiers") a man born in Indiana. Per-

haps our Teutonic friend will be filled with wonder at being invited to a canticoy. It is only a kind of dance, and he may find callithumpians—unskilled noise like marrow-bones and cleavers—to dance to. If in his surprise he uses the exclamation Gummy! he is directed to pronounce it "gömmi." Should he be turned out from the canticoy (or from everywhere), then "It's a gone goose with him," *i.e.*, he can never go there any more. Should he, on the other hand, wish to stay a long while, he is to call the long while a greatle; but he may be hurried off, *malgré lui*, because a fellow-countryman may assure him, in his own tongue, "Nun ist der Tanz aus," stated to mean, The jig is up. But the period will inevitably come when he and all the rest of the company must make themselves scuss (in "oblique lettering"), otherwise scarce, and go away—or absquatulate.

The kindly aim of the Dictionary-maker is to teach the Germans how to turn their own language into these curious Transatlantic phrases. Thus, their word "Landstreicher," besides the gloss sufficient for ordinary requirements, of a vagabond or vagrant, gets the "Amurricanism," in its proper italics, of a shack. So "Lärm," after the gloss of bustle, noise, gets touse, hellabaloo.

But this useful little work is no common Dictionary of Slang; it has a legitimate end. There is "coster" talk heard in these British Isles as well as in the United States; and there are other varieties of distorted and repellent English—it is enough to call one variety Kipl-Inglish—to be heard in these British Isles. But it has no recognition by dictionary-users; and to consider it necessary to teach it to foreigners landing on these shores, and about to mix with cultivated people, would be absurd. Why, therefore, is it less absurd to make a lesson of it for foreigners settling in the United States, where just as certainly, it would not be heard amongst the refined and highly-trained? Perhaps it is because the very way of the birth of a language may here be traced, or rather that the evolution out of an old language of an almost unrecognizable new language is seen in its actual period of gestation. Chaucer once wrote of a blissful marriage—

O flesh they ben, and o flesh, as I gesse,
Hath but on herte in wele and in distresse.

Now, to evoke response from most Englishmen, this must be translated—

One flesh they be, and one flesh, as I guess,
Has but one heart, in welfare and distress.

The lines are identical, yet each is disguised to the other. Philologists know how recurrent tides of new speech sweep over existent speech—

know how they cannot keep the language-wheel from its perpetual turning. Perhaps these "Amurricanisms" are slowly advancing with an overwhelming gradual flood. Give them two centuries, and one shudders to think of the result.

But we have dealt here only with stray words out of stray columns. Scrumptious, blusteration, dunderhead, slick, mizzle, slommack, haint, wamble-cropped, loafer, diggings, chore—are these Americanisms; are they to be the common property of the States and of ourselves? The language-caldron is on the fire; as ingredient after ingredient is added, each, now or later, appears heterogeneous. Pick sweet-smelling herbs, then, for contribution. Fling in berries ruddier than the cherry, and do not give passage to offal.

—Literature.

A Farewell to My Oldest Pipe.

Good bye, old Pipe!
Source of good cheer,
Stout foe to wasting grief and fear,
Sweet harbinger of fairy dreams,
Suggester of thought's rarest themes,
Love crossed our paths; love bids us part;
'Tis hard to tear thee from my heart.
Good bye, old Pipe!

Good bye, old Pipe!
Through dreary days
Of care and toil and tangled ways,
When heart was heavy, mind perplexed,
When failed advice and Bible text,
I've heard you, "Take a puff at me,"
And then the way would clearer be.
Good bye, old Pipe.

Good bye, old Pipe!
Those days are best
Wherein the heart beats merriest,
When life seems one grand holiday
Of mirth and cheer and roundelay;
But no joy lives that thy warm kiss
Will not add something to its bliss—
Good bye, old Pipe!

Good bye, old Pipe!
Each treasured book,
Within whose leaves we used to look,
Sits silent, weeping on the shelf,
And vainly strives to soothe itself;
Each beloved picture hangs its head—
We scarce could feel worse were you dead.

Good bye, old Pipe!
Go comfort Haynes
Through summer's suns and winter's rains:
It's just because we love you so,
But love him too, that you must go.
If he ill-treats you,—come and tell
Your loving bard, and he'll catch—well!
Good bye, old Pipe!

—George Judson King.

CHARLES DICKENS'S FIRST PUBLIC READING.

As Told by Joseph Pyke to Clement Scott.

Do you know Yoxford? It is a little village in the heart of the garden of Suffolk. Yoxford suns itself contentedly in a nest of old English parks, each with its ancestral mansion, and here you can find peace profound and absolute.

Where and what is Yoxford? you will ask. Well, it is a couple of miles or so out of the little sleepy market town Saxmundham; it is on the high road to Framlingham, that once boasted a castle and a monastery; it is within an easy drive of Dunwich and Aldeburgh. The antiquarian and the archæologist would love to rest at Yoxford, for the churches around it are innumerable, and the landscape lovely.

Yoxford boasts an old coaching inn, the celebrated Tuns, with its ideal bowling-green, and the welcome at that inn would not have been disdained by Shenstone.

I love to take my friends down to the garden of Suffolk, for I am certain they will be happy there, since my friend, David Beatton, his wife, and his son have between them three hosteleries—one at Saxmundham, one at Yoxford, one at Aldeburgh—so there is no chance of a tired traveller sleeping under the stars.

We were all at Yoxford last summer, a merry and delightful party. We had tempted down from London a confirmed lover of cities and commerce—Mr. Joseph Pyke, as fond of the City and of theatres as Charles Lamb himself—and, as we drove along the country lanes, and saw the old mansions and coaching inns, our talk fell naturally on Charles Dickens, his love of the country, his power of walking, and so on.

"Do you know," chuckled the veteran, stroking his patriarchal white beard, "I heard the first reading that Charles Dickens ever gave, and the fact of it has never yet been recorded."

I opened my eyes wide with astonishment, for I knew my Forster pretty well.

"Never mind now," observed our friend; "I will tell you all about it to-night over a pipe in the bar smoking-room."

So far as I can recollect, the facts of the case were pretty much as follows, as recorded by Joseph Pyke, of London town, sitting on the old-world settle in the smoking-room at the Tuns at Yoxford:—

"Yes, I think it was in the early fifties. I was residing in the neighborhood of Rochester and Chatham, where I had built a house by the side of one of the Kentish hills bordering on the village of Luton, where I became known from my taking a very active part in the Par-

liamentary politics of the place. One morning some respectable men called on me, and asked could I help them with what they called their Philosophical Institution, in obtaining books, which they circulated among themselves—for public education and free libraries did not exist then as now. They told me that they occupied, for their social meetings, certain rooms adjacent to Rochester, which had been seized for rent overdue, amounting to some £80 or £90.

"I told them I did not think I could do anything for them, as philosophical institutions of this class had died out, and education had commenced spreading, and my idea was that if they could raise money to pay off the pressing indebtedness, they might start a Mechanics' Institution, which was all the rage.

"They all appeared to be delighted with the suggestion, and, after much talking, I said I would see what could be done. I at once made it my business to call on some of the leading men of the town, among whom were Messrs. Day & Nicholson, bankers. The result was highly satisfactory, for I managed to obtain, in this way, more than sufficient money to pay off the debts and troubles of the Philosophical Institution in question. I then endeavored to find a site in Chatham suitable for this new scheme, which I soon did—namely, the old market-place, not far from her Majesty's dockyard, long since disused, excepting by an occasional hawker or itinerant stroller.

"Not a single place of amusement for the people existed at these towns, numbering over 40,000, where an average of 2,000 workmen, or more, was to be found in this locality, the towns of Chatham and Strood being in one direct line, and almost one street. It has been said that no man ever lived who knew exactly where Rochester began or ended, as it stands sandwiched between Chatham and Strood. Of course, this is only a local joke.

"The market thus offered a very advantageous site for the prospective Mechanics' Institution. It had, however, so I learned, been purchased on a lease granted to two dissenting inhabitants, Messrs. Vennell & Whitehead, strict Calvinists.

"I called upon them, and explained that if they built an institution such as was required I was sure it would be patronized by sufficient members to make it a paying concern. After many preliminaries, they suggested that the amusements of the members should be a dull

series of prayer meetings, to which I most energetically protested; but, after many interviews, I succeeded in obtaining a lease, and also the building as required. The building rapidly progressed, and it now became a question of an opening day. Among the friends I had made in this matter was one W. G. Adams, a most charming man, the author of 'Kentish Birds,' or 'Birds of England'—I am not sure as to the correct title. He, of course, was known to Charles Dickens, and I, therefore, asked him whether he thought Charles Dickens would assist in this business by becoming president of the Institution.

"I at length obtained an appointment, and called at Gadshill, which is in the neighborhood, and there interviewed the 'Master.' He was seated in what I should call his morning room. At that time he was considered to be in good health, but I could not help noticing the peculiar manner in which he nursed his leg—i.e., the one leg resting across the other thigh. This, I believe, ended in the serious disease that caused his death.

"After much conversation regarding what had been done for the workmen, in which he was so much interested, I proposed to him he should become president of the Rochester and Chatham Mechanics' Institution; and, after much persuasion, he said, 'Well, Mr. Pyke, I become president on one understanding, and that is that you be my vice-president, and do all the work.'

"To this I willingly acceded. Then, with characteristic courage, I asked him if he could do anything for us on the opening day, and he said 'No, I do not think I can.' I said, 'Cannot you give us a reading from one of your famous books?' and, to the best of my recollection, he said, 'I do not think I am capable of doing what you ask.' After much pressing, and my telling him he could be sure of having a sympathetic audience, he said, 'Very well; I will try.' This he did gratuitously, which brought in a very large sum of money on the opening night. Being Christmas time, he read his 'Christmas Carol.' It was a huge success, scarcely a dry eye in the house when he pictured Tiny Tim on his father's shoulder.

"Once on the high road I met him; I was not far from home, in a very heavy storm. I begged of him to take my umbrella, but he positively refused, and said, 'I am used to getting wet.'

"As you may be aware, some time after his death Mr. Forster wrote his life, and, speaking from memory, I do not think he mentioned the Chatham reading at all. I wrote to him, saying

I believed that Chatham was the scene of his first reading. Mr. Forster sent me word by messenger that he would take care to make every inquiry for his next edition.

—*The Free Lance.*

A Volume de Luxe.

"America and Queen Victoria"—one of the most interesting books issued in 1901—was published by Mr. Edwin S. Gorham. It was printed for private circulation by the churchwardens and vestrymen of Trinity Church. It commemorates the services held at the

SERVICES

held in the Parish of Trinity Church in the City of New York on the Second of February Nineteen Hundred and One

In Memory of

QUEEN VICTORIA

With the Sermon preached in Trinity Church by the Rector on Sunday Twenty-seventh January



New York: Published as ordered by
The Churchwardens and Vestrymen
by Edwin S. Gorham at the
Church Missions House
in Fourth Avenue
MDMI

church in memory of the late Queen Victoria on February 2, 1901, and as an artistic and literary memorial is one of the finest examples of art publishing that have been seen.

The volume, which contains a recital of the services used at Trinity Church as well as a list of the distinguished people invited to attend the memorial service, is bound in crushed royal levant purple morocco, and the covers

are what is technically called "pinched" at the end. There is no lettering on them, and the royal coat of arms in gilt forms the only ornamentation on the volume. Inside, the covers have a delicate design of the shamrock, rose, and thistle trailing like a conventional garland about the inner edge of the cover. The binders' tools to impress this border were made specially for it. The book is in a leather case tied simply with a royal purple ribbon. Only one copy with a binding of this description has been made, and this, of course, is intended for the King.

Two Booksellers' Bills of the Seventeenth Century.

A contributor to the London *Publishers' Circular* sends these two old bills:

"Sr Barnobe Skidmore
(1) Bought of Thomas Lasley, Booke Selor in Hereford

May ye 13, 1687

By ye order of Mr. Talhert

Boyer(?) book Rm. 6 qrs. . . .	00	06	06
I. for a Standish.	00	00	06
I. for Inke and Bottle.	00	00	06
I. for writing pens.	00	00	06

00 08 00

(2) Sr I make bould to send ye note Having great occation being to Returne severall sums on Saturday next in sending it you will very much oblige

Yr servt to comand,

THOS. LASLEY.

Hereford Dec. ye last

1687.

A parcell of Bookes sent p. this

Berer which came to. 00 07 06

Ffor Binding of an Extrordinary thick booke in quarto

Calfe 00 03 06

00 11 00

2 paper bookes. 00 01 00

00 12 00

endorsed thus by the customer: "The two bookes above mentioned I had of your Wife to returne them if I did not like them and had sent them ere now if the bearer's misfortune had not hindred it. the booke I agreed for two shillings a volumn and have sent the mony."

"I had but one writing booke & have sent you a shilling for it."

The following form of receipt is also in customer's writing, excepting the portion in italics, which has been amended or inserted by the bookseller:

"Received in Part of
this note the Summe
of three Shillings I
say received by me
Thos: Lasley."

*Resting due
of this note 00 01 06*

The latter bill is addressed:

"Ffor ye Minister
att Sr Barnobey
Scudimores
house,"

and endorsed by Sir Barnaby Scudamore himself:

"Decemb. 679,
Note sent from
Hereford to Mr
Kingston for
Bookes."

Sir Barnaby Scudamore was the third and last Baronet of the Ballingham family, a younger branch of the Scudamores of Horn Lacy.

The Country Paper.

Amid the pile of papers

That swamp my desk each day

And drive me weak with clipping

And filing stuff away,

Comes once a week—on Thursday—

The quaint old four-page sheet,

That's printed up in Pelham,

A drowsy county seat.

You see, 'twas up in Pelham

That first I saw the light,

And—well, my heart grows softer

And I feel my eyes shine bright;

Right reverent my touch is,

It spreads the columns wide,

The local's what I'm seeking—

No patented inside.

Ah, here it is: "The County,"

And "Jottings," "Local News"—

You learn who's traded horses

And who have rented pews;

It tells about the schoolhouse

Where we used to sit and dream

A-watching dust specks dancing

In the sunlight's shifty beam.

The sturdy names of boyhood

Come tumbling through our thought,

Of Tom and Brick and Patsey—

How we loved and how we fought.

The friends when years grew graver,

Called now beyond our ken,

In the type-lines of the paper

They live and speak again.

Oh, toilers in life's workshops

Are not those dream-mists sweet

Which memory casts about us

When past and present meet?

And so, I love that paper

From the village in the hills

For the old life that it wakens,

For the weariness it stills.

—Nathaniel S. Olds, in *Rochester Post Express*.

HOW BOOKS SOLD.

"Trilby," "Ben-Hur," and Others That Were Printed a Few Years Ago. Authentic Facts.

By John R. Spears.

In 1896, while working in the city department of a New York paper, the writer hereof was detailed to collect the facts and write an article on the book market, keeping in view especially the sales of the popular books of the previous year or two—such as "Trilby" and "Ben-Hur." It seemed a very pleasing assignment and, entirely confident of success, I visited the publishing houses of the city. That I was received politely, and even in a friendly manner, scarcely need be said. With but one exception (and that was a pirate exclusively) the publishers were pleased to talk about the market and its general features. But when I came to the point of asking how many copies of this or that popular book had been sold they all wished to be excused. Not one would tell.

That was in 1896. The readers of the *New York Times* Saturday Review of Books have observed from week to week that the secretive policy has been abandoned for some time. We learn promptly, now, when the third, the thirteenth, and the three hundredth thousand has been called for, and the news thus conveyed in black-faced type is of real interest in a variety of ways. The publishers tell how their books of solid worth as well as their timely novels sell; and we have the same pleasure in noting that some of John Fisk's histories have reached a sale above 25,000 each, that we had in learning that John Cotton Dana had reduced the proportion of fiction taken from the Springfield Library by 24 per cent.

In the meantime, however, the public has never received the definite facts about the sales of some of the books that were popular before the present fashion in advertising arrived. When at the end of April, 1896, I asked the publisher how many "Trilbys" had been sold, and he declined to tell, I felt obliged to pursue the question, and I am now able to give the public the facts which I then sought in vain, together with a good many others of interest.

The first printing of "Trilby" numbered 10,000 copies, and the pressroom received the order on April 24, 1894. The original order was for 6,500 copies, but before the first sets of plates had been run through the press the order was raised. The sale of this edition immediately created a demand for DuMaurier's "Peter Ibbetson." An edition of 1,000

had been printed on April 2, 1892, and now the publishers ordered 500 on May 25, and 750 on July 31—which suggests that one hand may wash the other.

By this time "Trilby" had begun to arrive in the altogether satisfactory manner long since noted by the public. A second printing of 15,000 was ordered on August 9, and another of 10,000 on August 23, while "Peter Ibbetson" came out 1,000 strong beginning August 21. In September, 25,000 "Trilbys" were printed. In October the orders were—on the 5th, 15,000; on the 17th, 10,000; and on the 31st, 10,000, or 35,000 in a month, and 95,000 all told.

On November 27 an order for 5,000 was raised to 10,000 while the plates were on the press, and on December 20, another 10,000 were started. "Trilby" well passed the 100,000 mark.

Considering the season—midwinter—the orders of January, 1895, were extraordinary, for 30,000 copies were printed in the usual lots of 10,000, and it is not uninteresting to note that the order for 10,000 booked on January 26, was delivered on February 16.

The February issues numbered 25,000, and March demanded 20,000 more, with 2,500 of "Ibbetson." It was presumably some time during this spring that the publishers of "Trilby" sent DuMaurier a check for \$40,000. They had purchased the work outright for \$10,000, and they were in no way bound to send him a check. But it was the habit of the firm that published "Trilby" to do generous things.

The "Trilby" run was now nearly ended but not quite, although 190,000 copies had been sold in a year. The last printing of which I have the record was on August 10, 1895, when 10,000 copies were run through the press. Probably only a few have been printed since then.

More notable for its sale was "Ben-Hur." On July 23, 1886, "Ben-Hur" went to press with an edition of 5,000 copies. It is not uninteresting to note that at that time Eliot's works were printed in editions of 500; Muloch's in 250; Eggleston's "Strange Stories," 250; Coffin's "Old Times in the Colonies," 1,000; "Lorna Doone," 1,500; and Carleton's "City Ballads," 3,000; while an edition of Nordhoff's "Politics"

—an excellent book, for Nordhoff was a "Mugwump"—numbered about 250, though 2,000 more were printed soon after—in September.

Having started "Ben-Hur" with 5,000, the publishers thought to add 5,000 on August 9, but changed it to 10,000 immediately. That lasted the trade until November 4, when 10,000 more were sent to press, and by that time the interest in the chariot race and other exciting passages had become permanent. The printings thereafter run as follows: December, 10,000; January, 1887, 10,000; February, 20,000; May, 10,000; July, 10,000; August, 20,000. This brought the sales 5,000 above the 100,000 mark. The demand for the remainder of the year amounted to 40,000, and when on August 28, 1888, an edition of 15,000 went to press the total printings reached 210,000.

Two printings of 15,000 each filled out the demands for the remainder of the year, but January, 1889, called for 15,000, and March, 15,000, after which presses worked on other books until August 1, when 15,000 was again the number printed, while the order of November 19 finished out a total of 300,000.

And yet the public did not hear a word about it, and the only intimation of good sales noted anywhere, so far as I can learn, was in Indianapolis, where Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben-Hur," was said to be building a row of high-class tenements.

In the next year three editions of 15,000 each were sold; and then in June, 1891, a two-volume edition of 10,000 was printed, and 5,000 more of the two-volume edition were called for before the end of the year, while 1,000 "Tableaux from 'Ben-Hur'" were offered the market, apparently with no great success.

In November, 1892, the 400,000 mark was reached. And thereafter editions of 10,000 were printed at lengthening intervals until June, 1895, when an edition of 5,000 was printed in German, and subsequent editions in English numbered no more than 5,000. To the end of my records, April 30, 1896, 487,750 copies of "Ben-Hur" had been printed. It is, therefore, certain that the 500,000 mark was long since passed, for the book is still in demand.

The facts about "Trilby" and "Ben-Hur" have been given in considerable detail because they were the two novels that attracted most attention in the decade before publishers began advertising the extent of their sales, and, because, too, if one considers the facts well, he will find in the flash sale of "Trilby" and the prolonged sale of "Ben-Hur" indications of the character of American story-readers.

As the sophisticated reader has already sur-

mised, my authority for these statements is the order book of the pressroom of a firm of printers who were doing a large business between the years of 1886 and 1896. To open this book at random as I did when I first saw it, is not unlikely to give a book-lover something of a shock. Glancing down the page I saw that an edition of Alden's "Jimmy Brown," numbering but 250 copies, had been printed, and Kirk Munroe's "Flamingo Feather" appeared in the same number on the same page. Nothing in juvenile literature had stirred the love of adventure in my boys more than Kirk Munroe's stories, and nothing had made them laugh and chuckle so steadily as Mr. Alden's recollections of his youth; that is, if Mr. Alden was that kind of a boy. And yet here were editions of 250 only! However, on looking further I found that these printings were to supply the dull season demands after the books had had their initial runs of 2,000 and upward, and that the common edition of each author—presumably the steady annual sale of the books of each author—after the first run, was 500. Reade, Trollope, Wilkie Collins, Mulock, Black, "Vicar of Wakefield," and Eliot were all issued in editions of 250, while "The Golden Butterfly" was printed in one edition of 150. Mr. Howells, too, and Mr. Warner have had but 250 copies printed in some editions.

One notes with a great deal of pleasure that "Lorna Doone" was an exception to the above rule. The smallest printing of this was 750, and there were enough 1,000 and 2,000 during the ten-year period to show that many a woman loved big John Ridd, and not a few men admired him.

It is with equal pleasure that one sees how 1,000 copies of Curtis's "Easy Chair" were printed on July 6, 1892, 2,000 more on September 28, and 2,000 more on December 17 of the same year. George William Curtis left many friends.

If a search be made for a remarkable contrast with the present period, one has only to turn to the editions of nature books. It is a contrast that gives one who loves wild life the heartache. For in that decade William Hamilton Gibson was writing and drawing. His work was exquisitely beautiful—it was unsurpassed in interest and always strictly accurate. But Gibson had to blaze the trail. A first edition of 1,000 was followed at wide intervals by others of 500. Ten thousand readers quivered at the thought of barefooted Trilby in the power of the hypnotizing villain where 500 saw the curious resemblance between

a tiny insect and the roaring-winged partridge, as portrayed by Gibson. More than 100,000 people have purchased Seton-Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," and one may hope that 200,000 more will do so. And every one of these ought also to buy every one of Gibson's works.

A contrast of a different kind is found in the sale of Mr. Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal." Nowadays a novel by Mr. Allen reaches the 100,000 mark immediately, but the "Kentucky Cardinal" started with 2,000, and was printed thereafter in editions varying from 10,000 to 12,000 during the days of my record.

Mr. Kendrick Bangs reached the ticklish spots on the ribs of his readers with a delicacy of touch that made thousands laugh. In the year 1895, for instance, his "Coffee and Repartee" was started on January 31, with an edition of 2,000, and the pressroom foreman marked "hurry" opposite the order. On March 19 there was an order for 2,500 more, and another of 1,000 of "Three Weeks in Politics" meantime, and still another for 2,500 of the "Idiot" on March 21. In July came an order for 2,000 more of the "Idiot," 2,000 of "Coffee and Repartee," with 1,000 of "Three Weeks in Politics." "Mr. Buonaparte of Corsica" appeared in an edition of 2,000 on August 15, and on August 29, 3,000 more of "Coffee and Repartee" were wanted. On October 9, 4,000 copies of the "House Boat on the Styx" were ordered, with 500 of "Mr. Buonaparte" five days later. And before the end of the year 3,000 more of "Coffee and Repartee," 3,500 of the "House Boat," and 500 of the "Water Ghost" were started through the presses. When his judgment day comes, Mr. Bangs will find that he has done many things for which he will have to give an account, and those who are watching the proceedings will wish he had done a lot more of the same kind.

In books of travel no one seems to have equaled the popularity of Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Davis arrived with an edition of 4,000 of "Van Bibber" on February 1, 1892, and he remained with other editions varying from 1,000 to 5,000 of the same work. His first edition of the "Princess Aline" was 10,000 and 2,000 more were soon ordered. Then he started traveling, and such works as "The West from a Car Window" were printed in editions of from 2,000 to 4,000. Even Mr. Warner with his journey in the South, did not reach the sales of Mr. Davis. Mr. Julian Ralph's journeys created also a very good demand.

In history Lossing was a most popular writer.

His "Cyclopedia of United States History," a two-volume work, selling at a high price (as all histories do, unfortunately), was sold in many editions of 1,000, 1,500, and 2,000. Such a work as that was a good stone in the foundation of any publishing business, and a good beginning for a founder of a library, also. Coffin and Abbott were also popular. Motley's "Dutch Republic" was printed twice in 1892—once in an edition of 750 and the other of 500. It is fair to presume that such works as that sell at the rate of from 500 to 1,000 copies each year for long periods. Hurst's "History of the American Church" had one edition of 20,000 and many smaller ones. The editions of Hume, Macaulay and Carlyle were usually 250, and they were printed not more than twice a year. Mr. Morley's "English Men of Letters" started (in my record) with 1,000 copies of each volume, and the editions were 250 each thereafter, with an occasional one of 500. Still in March, 1894, there was a call for an edition of 1,000 of each, while a month later "Defoe," "Byron," "Burke," "Hume," "Lamb," "Burns," "Wordsworth," "Thackeray," "Keats," and "Carlyle" were printed in a further edition of 250.

In standard literature nothing has surpassed in popularity, I should say, Rolfe's editions of Shakespeare's plays. Editions varying from 500 to 4,500 were issued every few months, and it is worth noting that the following figures taken from one order seem to indicate the demand: "King Lear," 2,500; "As You Like It," 2,000; "Hamlet," 4,000; "Henry V.," 1,000; "Macbeth," 3,500; "Merchant of Venice," 4,500; "King John," 750.

Speaking of poetry turns the thought to Mr. Carleton's "Ballads." Without stopping to count the actual number of copies these fortunate printers turned out in ten years, I note on casually turning the leaves, so many editions varying from 1,000 to 5,000, that I am confident many more than 100,000 copies of his works were sold in that time.

Very likely it is worth telling that 20,000 copies of the "Red Cockade" were printed, and 3,000 of "His Father's Son" as a first edition.

Mrs. Sherwood's "Manners," a book of society etiquette, must be remembered. In it she told her readers that the society young men who were in the habit of passing from stables to parlors carrying a strong "horsy" odor with them, ought not to do it. Plainly, Mrs. Sherwood was approved outside of society, if not in it, for half a dozen or more editions numbering from 1,000 to 2,000 were printed,

but when we see how the lack of other means of killing time have intensified society's love for the horse, we may doubt if the real 400 bought many of her volumes of good advice.

On January 28, 1888, 250 copies of Mr. Dodworth's "Dancing" were ordered. This naturally suggests other educational works. Mr. Munson's "Phonographer" was good for a steady sale of from 2,000 to 2,500 a year. Mr. W. J. Henderson's work on navigation sold fewer copies, but only because there are more typewriter young ladies than American seamen. Tacitus, Horace, Homer, Sallust, Xenophon, and so on, were printed in editions of from 250 to 500, say, twice a year, while school

books like Swinton's "Language Lessons" and Harrington's "Speller" were run off in lots of from 25,000 to 75,000. Some schoolbooks must have sales amounting to millions.

One more statement of fact must suffice. It appears that when novels were issued in paper covers as well as in cloth, the paper editions were usually ten times as large as the others. It would be interesting to know whether books of solid worth could be issued with a profit in low-priced editions, but that is something this pressroom book does not tell, and the great publishers are not likely to try it for many years to come, if at all.

—N. Y. Times.

THOREAU.

His Personality as Mr. Sanborn Remembers It.*

One's first feeling upon taking up the book must be that of pleasure in its typographical excellence. It is limited in its issue to 500 numbered copies on handmade paper and 15 on Japanese vellum. The type selected is an imported Scotch modern face in use about sixty years ago, and set with just sufficient leading and with such due regard to margins as to make an unusually attractive page. The presswork is remarkably good, and the paper selected for the ordinary issue made in France especially for the book. It is the same as that used by the Imprimerie Nationale, Paris, in the preparation of some of the volumes issued by the French Government at the time of the recent exposition. It bears a watermark new to most of us, and is soft and effective in both tone and texture. The volume contains several full-page reproductions of Thoreau manuscripts, as well as a full-page etching by Sidney Smith. The book also contains a most unusual title-page, showing beautiful lettering and a small central vignette from a copper plate engraved by Sidney Smith. The binding in gray boards, with canvas back, is plain and dignified; its only ornaments being a paper label with unusually effective lettering.

Mr. Sanborn is probably the only living writer whose recollections of Thoreau the man are based upon personal intimacy. From March, 1855, until Thoreau's death in May, 1862, hardly a day passed—unless one or the other happened to be absent from Concord—that much time was not passed together, either

in long walks, or in talks upon books, men, or nature. Much regret has been expressed that a written record was not made of these walks and talks, but it had not occurred to Thoreau's friends that he might so soon pass away, and Mr. Sanborn very honestly admits that at that time few, if any, appreciated to their full extent either Thoreau's genius or his rare and original qualities. People generally came to know Thoreau through Emerson's praises of his young friend, and many fell under the delusion, which was encouraged at Cambridge, that Thoreau simply echoed Emerson's more original powers.

Mr. Sanborn had heard Emerson lecture and had visited him at Concord several times before he met Thoreau. He first saw the latter in the college yard at Cambridge, where he had been to leave a copy of "Walden" for Sanborn, who as one of the editors of *The Harvard Magazine* had printed a long review of Thoreau's then published work—two volumes only—written by Edward Morton of Plymouth.

Mr. Sanborn went to live in Concord in March, 1855. Ellery Channing, who had lived in the former's house for the last ten years, and who died there recently, was then living in his own house opposite the Thoreaus, and, save for an old housekeeper, quite alone. Emerson took Sanborn there to see if he could obtain three rooms, which were all he needed for himself and the sister who then lived with him. They became Mr. Channing's tenants, the old housekeeper looking after their rooms, but not feeling herself equal to the preparation of dinners, arrangements were made to dine with the Thoreaus, who were then living oppo-

* The Personality of Thoreau. By F. B. Sanborn. Illustrations and facsimiles. Pp. 71. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed. 1901. \$3 net. Japan vellum copies, \$12.50 net.

site. The family consisted of Henry Thoreau, his father and mother, and his sister Sophia; their home being the house afterward bought by Louisa Alcott for her father and sister, and now the property of the latter's son, Frederick Pratt, who still resides there.

Mr. Sanborn's book is particularly valuable for the lifelike pictures it gives of the Thoreaus; not only of its famous son, but of the house itself, the family life, and the characteristics of its less famous members:

Henry Thoreau's room, when I knew him, was rather small, with sloping ceilings, in the attic, looking toward the southwest, which was his favorite view. In this were his bookshelves, made by himself out of river driftwood, toilsomely gathered in his large green boat, which he kept moored, when not in use, at the foot of Ellery Channing's garden, that ran to the river and had a great shelter of willows for shade and fastenings. His small library was on these and his earlier made shelves; his Indian arrowheads and natural history collections were in this room, and the lengthening series of his journals. His furniture was plain and not extensive—a bed, bureau, and two chairs—all carefully kept in order by himself or his sister Sophia, who often accompanied him in his boat, but was not robust enough for long walks. These walks and sails were mostly in the afternoon, for, like Emerson, he devoted the mornings to his books and papers; his evenings were much at the service of his friends, unless some task of writing, lecturing, or mapping his extensive land surveys kept him busy by lamplight. We dined at 1 or thereabout; his father, a silent, courteous, and slightly deaf old man, sitting at the head of the table in the cheerful dining-room, where Sophia had a small conservatory for her plants; his mother at the foot, and Henry at his father's left hand facing me on the other side. There we carried on long conversations upon every conceivable topic—generally directed by Henry toward the subjects about which he was then reading or exploring; but often interrupted by the lively gossip of Mrs. Thoreau—the most “sociable” and neighborly of dames, in her lace cap with long strings—or by the dramatic narratives of Sophia, who had all the liveliness of her mother, with a more modern culture, and without the occasional tartness that flavored her mother's remarks on persons and things. John Thoreau, the father, who died four years later, in 1859, was a cheerful but unobtrusive person, who was often said to have assumed deafness a little more than needful in order not to hear too much of his wife's rambles and resources of indignation against this or that townsman who had transgressed her strict rules of honesty and decorum.

Mr. Sanborn describes characteristically the odd boarders and visitors who at one time or another formed a portion of the household, as well as the old aunts on both sides of the family

who either lived in the house or were frequent visitors. Henry Thoreau's “domestic manners” are said to have been perfect, and “it is hardly too much to say that his whole family adored him.” Mr. Sanborn touches upon Thoreau's changing religious beliefs; his membership in the Walden Pond Association, and his refusal to pay taxes because he would thus be supporting American slavery. The entire family became abolitionists, aiding fugitive slaves whenever they came their way, but showing no sympathy with other vagaries of the day—non-resistance, total abstinence, and vegetarianism.

The book is full of descriptions of Thoreau's personal appearance or characteristics, which should give present-day readers an unusually vivid impression of the man, who for some reason we seem to know so much less intimately than we do Thoreau the writer.

He is a little under size, with a huge Emersonian nose, bluish gray eyes, and a ruddy, weather-beaten face. He dresses very plainly, wears his collar turned over like Mr. Emerson's and often an old dress coat, very broad in the skirts, and by no means a fit. He walks about with a brisk rustic air and never seems tired. * * * In our victimizing climate he was fitted for storms or bad walking; his coat must contain special conveniences for a walker with a notebook and a spyglass. The former was a cover for some folded papers, on which he took his outdoor notes; and this was never omitted in rain or shine. He acquired great skill in conveying by a few lines or strokes a long story for his written journal—it might be pages. All measurements with the footrule that he carried, or the surveyor's tape, went down in this notebook. To his memory he never trusted for a fact, but to the page and the pencil. He wished to have his suits cut after his fashion, because it was he who was to wear them, not the tailor.

Mr. Sanborn dwells upon the fact that Thoreau possessed very early in life the grace of style many writers toil for in vain; the easy mastery of which Sanborn imputes to the admixture of French and Scotch blood in Thoreau's veins. Original though he was, Thoreau had read widely before he began to write, a manuscript list of books read before he was thirty being given. At thirty-eight he read Latin and French as easily as English, Greek without difficulty, German, Italian, and Spanish a little, besides having some knowledge of the languages of the various Indian tribes.

He was a much better scholar, in the classical sense, than Emerson, Channing, or Hawthorne, and could have competed with Lowell at the same age. He wrote Latin prose easily, almost with

eloquence, but Latin verse he never attempted—that criterion of English scholarship.

The importance of this new estimate of Thoreau is best measured by a remembrance of the constantly growing knowledge of and interest in the man's work. His last days are fittingly touched upon, while the volume also includes a well-written account of Thoreau's "Walks"

by one "who walked more miles with Thoreau than any other," which illustrates his character and aims unusually well, but is far too long for quotation. The volume also gives extracts from estimates of Thoreau by Emerson, Alcott, Ellery Channing, and others, and will be found an entirely worthy addition to Thoreau literature.
—*N. Y. Times.*

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

The Charm and Worth of a Book Still Read Where Johnson's Writings Are Unknown.*

By Harold Van Santvoord.

Boswell's "Life of Johnson" incloses a wealth of treasure, a literary El Dorado. Everybody is supposed to have read this greatest of English biographies. Few biographies have been so eagerly read, and there are few, if any, of the voluminous records of human life and achievement so worthy of reperusal. Boswell, in his punctilious methods of narration, diligent research, and vigorous grasp of detail, is a Plutarch of the English race. The painstaking nature of the author's task may be judged from the fact, as he himself confessed, that he was "sometimes obliged to run all over London in order to fix a date," or add a stone to his monument. Confessedly, it is a monument of heroic proportions, a pyramid of laborious and patient construction built out of materials quarried and hewn by his own hand. Vain as he was, Boswell's vanity was tempered by good nature and warm sympathy, infused with such fervor of soul and devout homage to his hero that, in his own extravagant phrase, he "Johnsonized the land." The value of his work is evident not alone from its extraordinary sale, it having reached a sixth edition in 1811, but rather from its copious record and vitalizing spirit, such as led Malone, in his advertisement to the fourth edition in 1804, viewing with a prophetic glance the widening horizon of Johnson's fame and influence, to write: "I cannot refrain from adding that, highly as it was estimated, it will, I am confident, be still more valued by posterity a century hence, when all the actors in the scene shall be numbered with the dead."

Johnson's grandiose style and pompous diction were greatly admired in Boswell's time, but his books are no longer read. As Macaulay trenchantly observes, their chief interest to the

world of letters rests on their distinct and subordinate character as illustrations of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Indeed, what library, however small and carefully selected, would be complete without this extraordinary and unique work? Where will we find a biography richer in the records of human experience, of the molding influences and moving events of the intellectual life? It brings an interesting epoch of past history vividly before us with an exhaustless charm. In reading it we are convinced of the sincerity of the author, and that, so far as it relates to the manners and customs of the period, it is like Evelyn's record and Pepys's diary, a faithful transcript of the times. But Boswell had peculiar gifts as a raconteur, a logical faculty as well as a power of concise statement, a sense of proportion and picturesque effect, that both Pepys and Evelyn might well have envied had they been his contemporaries. Boswell's "Johnson" contains a fullness of material, a wealth of detail, a masterful grouping of facts and events, and a continuous flow of narrative that none but a genius with an unfailing selective instinct and prodigious powers of memory could have so fused into a harmonious whole.

I am persuaded that Boswell was not the snob and sycophant as pictured by Macaulay. Though an excessively vain man, he was a gentleman by instinct, a man of quality, a scholar of refined tastes. Macaulay contemptuously calls him "one of the smallest men that ever lived." On the contrary, James Boswell was a sagacious, high-minded, well-bred man of the world, with no trace of meanness and no taint of priggishness in his nature. Of an engaging personality, and possessing no mean conversational gift, he naturally sought the best company, and became persona grata to the most exclusive circles in literary

* Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D. By James Boswell, Esq. In 6 vols. 18mo. London: J. H. Dent & Co., Aldine House.

bohemia and in fashionable London life. "If general approbation will add anything to your enjoyment," wrote Johnson to Boswell, "I can tell you that I have heard you mentioned as a man whom everybody likes. I think life has little more to give." Like the average man, Boswell had his foibles, and in his "Life of Johnson," with no effort at concealment, he unconsciously etches his own portrait, warts and all. His fame has survived Macaulay's brutal attack. As much as I admire Macaulay—and, with high regard for Matthew Arnold's critical acumen, dissenting from his well-known opinion that Macaulay was merely a brilliant rhetorician, who "seldom penetrated beneath the rhetorical truth of things"—I rather incline to the view of Prof. George Birckbeck Hill of Pembroke College, Oxford, who holds that Boswell was merely a stumbling block to Macaulay, a character he would not study and could not comprehend. Says Hill: "I can never read Macaulay's famous article in *The Edinburgh Review* on Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' without a feeling of amazement that, with all its brilliancy, it could have been written by a man who was thirty years of age. In its gross ignorance of human nature it was scarcely worthy of a hopeful lad, a scholar of Balliol, or of Trinity College, Cambridge, in his freshman's year." With due consideration to the criticism it invites, and the personal sacrifice it involves, Boswellism is not an enviable faculty of mind. But would that more Boswells had enriched our biographical annals!

Emerson says that "the best of life is conversation." The charm of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" lies in the conversations which this extraordinary biography embalms for all time. Such was Johnson's fame as an oracle, so remarkable were his conversational powers, that his sayings were regarded as Orphic utterances. His was the final word that clinched the argument. His mind was alert; his memory was a storehouse where each article that he sought was duly ticketed and catalogued and had its separate peg. He bristled with facts whence, with a trained logical faculty and rare argumentative skill, he drew practical deductions. At times his wit was ebullient; he sparkled with epigram; he dealt knockdown blows; his faculties were always at command. He loved controversy, and with the persuasive powers of a rhetor and the physical prowess of Vulcan swung the entire resources of his being with concentrated force and sledge-hammer blows upon the nail of the argument and drove it home. His wit, like the sword of Siegfried,

thirsted for dragon's blood. Boswell observes that his forensic turn often led him into espousing the weaker side of an argument, worsting his adversary by the force of his logic, no less than by his adroitness in fencing and nimble wit. As his clerical friend, Dr. Taylor, expressed it: "There is no disputing with Johnson. He will not hear you; and, having a louder voice than you, must roar you down."

Dr. Johnson had attained the mature age of fifty-three when Boswell sought his acquaintance. By diligent inquiry he learned some of the facts of his early life. "From his earliest years," he writes, "Johnson's superiority was perceived and acknowledged. He was from the beginning Anax andron, a king of men." With no taste for athletic sports, he maintained a marked supremacy over his schoolfellows. In fact, three of his classmates, observing his indolence, used to carry him to school, with as much pride as the ancient Greeks bore on their shoulders a victor in the Olympic games. "His only amusement," Boswell writes, "was in winter, when he took pleasure in being drawn upon the ice by a boy, barefooted, who pulled him around by a garter fixed around him; no very easy operation, as his size was remarkably large." After his matriculation, his struggles with poverty were severe. One night he and Savage, the poet, paced the streets together until dawn, not having the wherewithal to pay for a bed. By various makeshifts, however, he succeeded in keeping the pot boiling until a Government pension placed him above want. A strong element of his nature was an unconquerable will power that created circumstances in the face of obstacles and smoothed his path of fate. Though his learning was profound, his Dictionary was a notable achievement. It was an incredible feat. Dr. Adams found him one day busy in its compilation, when, as Boswell reports, the following dialogue ensued: "Adams—This is a great work, Sir. How are you to get all the etymologies? Johnson—Why, Sir, here is a shelf with Junius and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welsh gentleman who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh. Adams—But, Sir, how can you do this in three years? Johnson—I have no doubt I can do it in three years. Adams—But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their dictionary. Johnson—Sir, thus it is. This is the proportion. Let us see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

Johnson was a violent hater. He disliked Scotchmen and Americans. He reviled the Whigs. Whiggism, he hotly contended, was "a negation of all principle." He had no toleration for infidels like Hume and Foote. The players' art he regarded as a coarse buffoonery or an apelike gift of imitation. Indeed, he would allow no other merit in a great actor, like Garrick or Colley Cibber, than a cheap talent for mimicry. "Merit, Sir?" he observed arrogantly to Boswell, "What merit? Do you respect a rope-dancer or a ballad-singer?" "No, Sir," replied Boswell, "but we respect a great player, or a man who can conceive lofty sentiments and can express them gracefully." "What, Sir," retorted Johnson, sharply, "a fellow who claps a hump on his back and a lump on his leg and cries, 'I am Richard the King'? No, Sir, a ballad-singer is a higher man, for he does two things—he repeats and he sings; there are both recitation and music in his performance. But the player only recites." "My dear Sir," said Boswell, "you may turn anything into ridicule."

While Johnson, in a riposte style, with unflinching powers of mind and memory, could take down an antagonist and score his point, he had a rigid regard for the truth. Exaggerated statement provoked him to severe rebuke. Broken faith was an unpardonable sin, meriting swift retribution. He honored the Duke of Devonshire, who was not a man of superior abilities, though strictly faithful to his word. "If, for instance," said Johnson, "he had promised you an acorn, and none had grown that year in his woods, he would not have contented you with that excuse; he would have sent to Denmark for it."

The doctor's speech was seldom wanting in force and emphasis, though he punctiliously excluded profane words and coarse epithets. Before setting out for Scotland in May, 1778, Boswell says that Johnson "gave him some salutary counsel, and recommended vigorous resolution against any deviation from moral duty." "You would not have me bind myself by a solemn obligation?" queried Boswell. "What! a vow?" said Johnson, much agitated. "Oh, no, Sir; a vow is a horrible thing; it is a snare for sin. The man who cannot go to heaven without a vow—may go—" Here, standing erect in the middle of his library, and "rolling grand," as Boswell says, "his pause was truly a curious compound of the solemn and the ludicrous; he half whistled in his usual way, when pleasant, and he paused, as if checked by religious awe—me-thought he would have added—'to hell', but

was restrained. I humored his dilemma. 'What, Sir,' said I, 'In coe'um jussuris ibit?' alluding to his imitation of it—

"And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes."

Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, said: "The conversation of Johnson is strong and clear, and may be compared to an antique statue, where every vein and muscle is distinct and bold." What pungent and pithy sentences, what unexpected sallies, what flashes of wit and raillery as he bowled down his antagonists! At a dinner party he once observed: "Yes, Sir, I knocked Fox on the head without ceremony. Reynolds is too much under Fox and Burke at present. He is under the Fox star and the Irish constellation. He is always under some planet." "There is no Fox star," interposed Boswell. "But there is a dog star," replied the imperturbable Johnson. On another occasion a gentleman whom Boswell does not mention by name sought to argue Johnson out of his total abstinence principles by urging as a reason for tipping that drinking drives away care and makes us forget the disagreeable. "Would you allow a man to drink for that reason, Dr. Johnson?" "Yes, Sir," Johnson replied, "if he sat next to you." After one of his 1,001 nights of talk and tea-drinking, this time at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Boswell called on him in the Strand in the morning. He found him "highly satisfied with his colloquial prowess the preceding evening." "Well," said Johnson, "we had a good talk." "Yes," retorted Boswell, "you tossed and gored several persons." He also reports that on another occasion a certain gentleman had remained silent the whole evening in the midst of a very brilliant and learned society. "Sir," said Johnson, "the conversation overflowed and drowned him." Goldsmith was often the butt of his caustic wit, but when the epithet "bear" was applied to Johnson, the poet whom he had giped thus defended his friend: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner, but no man alive has a more tender heart. He has nothing of the bear but his skin."

One Mr. Dunning observed, with much emphasis: "One is always willing to listen to Johnson." Mr. Orme, whom Boswell describes as "the able and eloquent historian of Hindustan," expressing great admiration for his talents said: "I do not care on what subject Johnson talks; I love better to hear him talk than anybody." Then there is the German who, with an impatient gesture, silenced Goldsmith when he sought to be heard, showing Johnson meditating some pregnant saying, and blurting out:

"Be sdill; Dr. Shonsing is going to say some-dings."

With our knowledge of Johnson's implacable Toryism and violent hatred and scorn of the Whigs, why should we feel resentful after this lapse of years because of his savage animadversions on the American colonists? "I am willing to love all mankind except an American," he burst forth once, with extreme violence. "They are rascals, robbers, pirates," adding that he would like to burn and destroy them. Miss Seward, "looking at him with mild but steady astonishment," observed: "Sir, this is an instance when we are always most violent against those whom we have injured." He was irritated still more by this delicate and keen reproach, and "roared out another volley, which one might fancy could be heard across the Atlantic."

We read that "everything about his character and manners was forcible and violent." He could not practice moderation. He fasted for days at a time, to eat voraciously at the end of his penance. Once he confessed he was so melancholy that "he would consent to have a limb amputated to recover his spirits." In his sombre moods he would retire from the company to a corner of the room and compose a prayer. He boasted that he had drunk three bottles of port at a sitting without being any the worse for it, but later in life abjured wine and became a teetotaler, abandoning himself to copious inundations of tea. He was superstitious and believed in omens. While fond of conviviality, he abstained from the Mitre and its glistening decanters, practicing austere self-denial and flagellating the flesh.

"His figure," says Boswell, "was large but well formed. His countenance was of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress." He was blind in one eye, but his visual perceptions were quickened by the defect in the diseased organ which the oculists could not restore. "So morbid was his temperament," writes Boswell, "that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs. When he walked it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent vivida vis is a powerful preservative of the human frame."

As a writer, Johnson is a magnum nomen, and little more. "A wondrous buckram style," says Carlyle, "a measured grandiloquence, but pompous, inflated, and bombastic—the most difficult, dreary reading." His letters are stilted and uniformly dull. We read a few and skim the rest. All lack the sinewy quality which distinguished his colloquial style. His sentences are awkward, his phrases formal; his mind became self-concentrated as he abandoned himself to the prose and commonplaces of everyday life. But Boswell treasured every scrap of his writings, the chips from his workbench, the waste from his loom, odd shreds and fag-ends of correspondence; in fact, everything that bore his autograph. How unjust seems Carlyle's characterization of "Poor Bozzy" — "a mean, inflated, gluttonous creature." Partly atoning for this, however, he adds, later: "Boswell's admiration, on the whole, was well bestowed, inasmuch as he could have found no soul in England so worthy of bowing down before."

Posterity owes Boswell a great debt for having immortalized Johnson. Unlike earlier and later English writers, who have made our literature, Samuel Johnson could not have secured immortality with his own pen. As a writer he will be forgotten, but as a conversationalist he will ever remain in the firmament of time a fixed star.
—*N. Y. Times.*

A new story is being told of the days when Mark Twain was a struggling journalist in San Francisco on a small weekly salary, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller serving on the same staff with like pay. A woman of means who patronized Bohemia, and gave the impecunious strugglers many a good dinner, saw Mark Twain, thinly clad and imperfectly shod, standing with a cigar-box under his arm and looking hungrily in at a confectioner's window. The patroness of letters asked what was in the box. "Oh," drawled the humorist, "I'm moving again."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich once received a pathetic letter in a feminine hand announcing the death of a little daughter, and asking if he would not send in his own handwriting a verse or two from "Babie Bell" to assuage the grief of the household. Aldrich sent the whole poem, and not long after saw it displayed in the shop of an autograph dealer, with a good round price attached thereto.

"REMAINDERS."

There is something pathetic about a "remainder" catalogue. It is the last refuge of the failures; the grave of the books that have had their days of success and died; the home for works of reference that are growing out of date. Perhaps it is cruel to speak of the bogey of the book trade when the hopes of author and publisher alike should be at their highest, though we have a shrewd suspicion that more than one publisher had the remainder man in his mind as well as the ordinary public when he sent some of his new books to press. Suppose he calculated to sell 4,000 copies of a work; an extra thousand copies, costing not a great deal more to produce, would make what he would call a "good remainder." Of course there is always the possibility that the whole edition might be taken up in the first place, but the feeling is spreading among booksellers that the remainder market is developing far too rapidly for the good of the trade as a whole. "Half the business seems to be in remainders nowadays," grumbled one old bookseller to us not long ago; and he clung to the opinion that remainders were not only a stain on the character of the publishing trade, but a fraud on the public. No reasonable man will agree with him, however. The remainder market is indispensable, but there is a danger that its growth may mean a proportionately larger output of rubbish, especially in fiction. There was a time when all publishers looked askance at the remainder man, and made bonfires of unsalable books rather than let them go his way. Now every publisher bows to the custom so systematically that in most cases he sells the remainders through his own travelers.

We believe it was James Lackington who first realized the possibilities of a remainder trade, and he retired with a large fortune from his "Temple of the Muses"—as he called his bookshop at the corner of Finsbury-square—over a hundred years ago. But he had a hard fight to live down the trade prejudices of his time. "I was very much surprised," he wrote in his curious "Memoirs and Confessions," "to learn that it was common for such as purchased remainders to destroy or burn one-half or three-fourths of such books, and to charge the full price, or nearly that, for such as they kept in hand." Lackington changed all this, but it was some time before he forced the trade to yield. And he made many enemies in this way, "some of whom . . . by a variety of pitiful insinuations and dark innuendos strained every nerve to injure the reputation

I had already acquired with the public, determined to effect my ruin, which indeed they daily prognosticated, with a demon-like spirit, must inevitably very speedily follow." Perhaps it was the recollection of this opposition which made poor Lackington so boastful in his hour of triumph. He built a chariot, on the doors of which he had a motto inscribed: "Small profits do great things," and in this chariot, attended by his servants, he drove round the kingdom in state.

The romantic side of the remainder trade would make an interesting chapter in literary history. Some of the most famous bargains were made by Thomas Tegg, the bookseller and publisher of cheap reprints, who was named by Carlyle in his historic petition to the Commons on the Copyright Bill:—"May it please your Honorable House," the petition concluded on the author's behalf, "to forbid all Thomas Teggs, and other extraneous persons . . . to steal from him his small winnings, for a space of sixty years at shortest. After sixty years, unless your Honorable House provide otherwise, they may begin to steal." Tegg made some of his best bargains during the 1826 panic, when books were flung away at almost any price. The pick of Scott's novels, for instance, he bought at fourpence apiece, afterwards reselling at a very handsome profit. Another successful deal was the purchase of the remainder and copyright of "Murray's Family Library" in 1834—100,000 volumes at a shilling each, which he cleared out at a profit of more than a hundred per cent. But his most famous haul was in connection with "Valpy's Delphin Classics" in 162 large octavo volumes, the whole stock of which, amounting to nearly 50,000 copies he sold off in about two years.

Similar things happen nowadays, though generally on a smaller scale. Lord Avebury's "Seedlings," if we remember aright, was at one time sold as a remainder at six shillings for the set, but you cannot buy it in the auction room in the same form now under fifteen shillings. Even "Omar" has been among the remainders, the first edition of FitzGerald's translation being sold off at any figure. The illustrated edition of Challoner Smith's invaluable work on "British Mezzotinto Portraits Described" was originally published at eight guineas a copy, but ten years ago the remainder was offered at £5 each. Last year one of these examples realized twenty-three guineas. Remainders, indeed, have

proved to be the making of many a good book. Only the other day we heard of such a work which, after being abandoned by its publisher as a failure a few years ago, was sold under the hammer to the trade, and becoming known simply through being distributed broadcast among publishers, has had a steady sale ever since. As it turned out, the remainder market was the cheapest form of advertisement the book could have had. Another case was that of an excellent volume of Greek history, sold off after a time as a comparative failure; yet a few weeks later it was adopted as a textbook at Cambridge and the publisher had to re-set it. There must be hundreds of similar instances. Sometimes the author himself is responsible for a remainder—especially with a book that has a regular sale. Something has happened to put his work a little out of date; he insists on a new edition; and the old stock has to go by the boards: It is usually worth while making inquiries before buying a remainder of this description; the new edition may make it dear at almost any price.

We have just been looking through a new list issued by the well-known Holborn firm which makes a specialty of this class of books—130 closely printed pages. One of the surprises is to find Madame Sarah Grand's "Beth Book" among the six-shilling remainder novels—offered at 2s. 6d.—while a little lower down in the list is Miss Corelli's "Cameos," offered at the same price. "The Daughters of Babylon," by Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens has dropped to eighteenpence, while the price of Miss Dickens' "Cross Currents" has fallen as low as a shilling. Even Bret Harte does not escape, "In a Hollow of the Hills," originally published at 3s. 6d., being offered at 9d. The books that have the strangest vicissitudes, however, are found in the general list, a selection from which we give below:—

TITLES AND AUTHORS.	ORIGINAL PRICE			OFFERED AT		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
"Cruise of H. M. S. Bacchante, 1879-1882." From the Diaries of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales. With additions by Canon Dalton. Two vols.....	2	12	6	0	6	6
"The Study of English Literature." By J. Churton Collins..	0	4	6	0	1	9
"The Pamirs." By the Earl of Dunmore. Two vols.....	1	4	0	0	10	0
"Words of Truth and Wisdom." By Dean Farrar.....	0	5	0	0	1	6
"Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster." By Sir T. Wemyss Reid.	0	10	6	0	2	6
"Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, with Letters and Leaves from their Journals." Translated by M. A. Belloc and M. Shedlock. 2 vols.....	1	12	0	0	3	9

TITLES AND AUTHORS.	ORIGINAL PRICE			OFFERED AT		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
"Life of General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley." By Alexander Innes Shand. Two vols.....	1	1	0	0	3	0
"Gaiety Chronicles." By John Hollingshead.....	1	1	0	0	5	0
"The Early Diary of Frances Burney (Madame d'Arblay)." Edited by Annie Raine Ellis. Two vols.....	1	12	0	0	6	0
"Life of Sir Robert Christison." Edited by his Sons. Two vols..	1	12	0	0	4	0
"The Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson." By John Cordy Jeaffreson. Two vols.....	1	1	0	0	2	0
"History of the County Palatine of Cheshire." By G. Ormerod. Large paper edition, three vols.	30	0	0	4	4	0
"Memoirs of the Empress Marie Louise." By Imbert de Saint-Amand.....	0	16	0	0	1	6
"Alphonse Daudet." By R. H. Sherard.....	0	15	0	0	2	6
"Emile Zola." By R. H. Sherard	0	12	0	0	2	6
"Life and Letters of the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Visct. Sherbrooke. By A. Patchett Martin. Two vols.....	1	16	0	0	3	0
"Life and Times of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith." By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Two vols...	1	5	0	0	3	6
"In Darkest Africa." By H. M. Stanley. Two vols.....	6	2	2	0	0	12
"Life of Sir Richard Steele." By G. A. Aitken. Two vols.....	1	12	0	0	6	0
"The Story of My Life." By Sir Richard Temple. Two vols....	1	1	0	0	3	0
"The Life of Sir Evelyn Wood." By Charles Williams.....	0	14	0	0	2	6
"Poetical Works and Life of William Wordsworth." Edited by William Knight, LL.D. Eleven vols.....	8	5	0	2	5	0

Books of travel seem to find their way to the remainder market as soon as anything—largely because they are more subject than most books to the external influences of the trade. Public interest shifts rapidly from one quarter of the globe to another, and a book of travel, brought out perhaps to meet a sudden emergency, soon finds itself stranded—another unfortunate candidate for the remainder man's catalogue.

—Literature.

In America, we may add, "remainders" almost always go to the "department" store where they are, with great flourish of trumpet (and yellow journal space) sold at a liberal advance on cost price.

Particular care is taken to advertise in connection with these books "Publishers' Price" (example) \$10.00—"Our Price" 98c., this being done to foster a belief in the average cranium that the bookseller, the bookseller we say, is a man of greed, who, had he the selling of the tome, would exact just \$9.02 more than the department Samaritan.

BEATRICE, LAURA, AND DULCINEA.

By Minnie D. Kellogg.

"Didn't know there was such a woman as Laura!" exclaimed the animated landlady of the pretty inn at Vacluse. "Why, she lived here. Petrarch loved her; he was a priest. But she was a true wife; she never encouraged him; and she was so homely and she had eleven children and an embonpoint *immense*, IMMENSE! And after she had smallpox, and still the good Petrarch loved her and mourned her death—ten years he walked up and down, right over there, mourning for her. Thirty years in all he loved her, and she was so homely!" mused the pretty landlady, turning to relieve the material wants of her instructed guests. Nothing exasperates a pretty woman more than attentions addressed to a homely one, but it takes the enthusiasm of Southern France to become excited over an affair so remote. Really, I had read "*Memoires pour la Vie de Petrarch*," by Monsieur de Sade, a soi-disant descendant of Laura—but I never do believe much that people say about their ancestors. De Sade makes Petrarch out a dense, intrusive individual possessed of but one idea; which is as likely as the said De Sade's descriptions of his much-lauded progenitress. Petrarch's friend, Boccaccio, suspected that Laura never was born of the flesh. However that may be, Laura, the love of the poet's brain, has lived and put on immortality; and we readers cling to our Laura, lady of inspiration, as tenaciously as the hostess of Vacluse holds on to that substantial Laura who brings her so much trade.

Petrarch, artist that he was, painted effects, not causes. We may know how Laura impressed him, if we will, but to describe the lady, fitting words, he tells us, fail him. So let the irresponsible reader, the best kind of a poet, steal a little license with which to deck a Laura of his own. Indeed, it is thus that she lives.

I do not know why, but the landlady's word-picture of Laura pleased me. It recalled my first view of the models in Rome. I saw them sunning themselves in the studio quarter, awaiting engagements. They might as reasonably have been singled out for their irregularity of feature on the whole as for their perfection in a certain part. A slovenly, pox-marked individual proved to be the celebrated "torso" whose beauty had given many a sculptor (in these days of railroads) a longer chase than Eurydice was ever accused of leading her husband. Then there was a one-sided,

wall-eyed matron who boasted that she had never been requested to remove any of her raiment, as her hands and wrists were happiness enough for any artist. These ladies were attended by bald-headed Apollos, broken-nosed Mercuries, etc. But a little artistic instinct in the beholder discovers beauty and majesty wherever they may be; in this world generally unworthily surrounded.

Skeptic that I am, I accepted two versions of Laura—Boccaccio's and the landlady's. But in the case of a sweetheart, why should one burden himself with a weight of evidence, or starve for the lack of it either? Laura's hair was golden and her life was pure. To her was intrusted some mysterious grace that excited a great poet. If it had been mere beauty, other faces would have exercised their sway. To me the ideal is enhanced by accepting her as plain in the eyes of the vulgar, but endowed with a womanly charm subtle, suggestive and lasting. Said the good-natured trader whom Don Quixote "held up" demanding he do homage to "peerless Dulcinea": "Show her to us, for, if she be of such beauty as you suggest, with all our hearts and without pressure we will confess the truth." "If I were to show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "what merit would you have in confessing a truth so manifest?" It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The difference in position between Laura and Dulcinea in the land of story, if not an accident of birth, is a mere matter of relation. Laura's was one of those passive lives that sail honorably under sealed orders. Petrarch was the subject of their love story. He was a hungry idealist, living when the world was dreadfully bare of all that appeals to the intellect. He, even more than other men, was obliged to create an inner life. I think the keynote of Petrarch's long love affair may be found in his pretty sonnet called the "Contradictions of Love," which old Chaucer has naturalized in English verse. Being Petrarch's hundred and second number to Laura, it was written in a moment of mature after-thought, and concludes:

"O quick deth! O surle harm so quaint
How may I see in me such quantite
But that I consent that it so be."

The thought of Laura alone could bring out the poet in him; the weakness of his other verses shows this. This quaint charm with its rapture and regret Petrarch wisely consented to prolong—the irreverent modern would

even insinuate "to string out." It was an instinct of intellectual self-preservation. Long after the dream had passed, in his "Letter to Posterity" Petrarch says: "In my younger days I struggled with a pure and constant attachment and would have struggled with it longer had not the *sinking flame* been extinguished by death." This hopeless love, this pure ideal, and above all, the struggle, he does not seem to regret.

"The idealist gets nothing," sneers the materialist who, by turning life into a grab game, generally gets something.

"The materialist seems to get everything except that which he truly desires," philosophizes the idealist. "I at least enjoy the shadow of all that is dear and good and beautiful, and why should I care for other substance."

"Swift around the rolling world
A myriad wings are whirled;
Unerringly they fly,
The bee to the bloom,
The eagle to the sky,
The vulture to the tomb.
The swallow's swift wing
Ever follows the spring,
And the heart's faintest cry
Is borne to God on high." (V. Hugo.)

"Man's love," even in fancy, is only "of man's life a part." Petrarch had other ideals and more responsive ones, than Laura. He left behind him a wonderful budget of letters—which he edited himself, keeping copies of those he sent away. These letters are addressed to the living, to the dead, and to those to come, and in all three cases his correspondents seem equally near to him. Some of the letters to persons then alive I suspect were not written for delivery. Some wag—and historical suspicion, as well as the fact that he seems to understand the Quixote strain in Petrarch, points to Boccaccio—sent Petrarch an epistle purporting to have been dictated by the shade of Homer. Apparently unsuspecting, Petrarch replies. Such a letter could have been written but once on earth. It is a compound of sage and child, mediæval schoolman and modern scholar, visionary and courteous man of the world: like all things Quixotic, first it seems funny and after, pathetic. Nothing shows the idealist in Petrarch better than his varying attitudes toward his imaginary correspondents. Before the thought of great Cicero he seems to tremble and here his style is humble and constrained. With St. Augustine, his imaginary confessor, he pleads almost passionately. And in his letter to posterity his manner is familiar and caressing—as a kindly old man speaking to the young.

The sweetest of all love stories is the "Vita Nuova," a twice-told tale. It is very like the story of Petrarch and Laura except that Dante, the great poet, heaps higher honors on the "glorious lady of his mind." In the naivest of prose he tells of the few glimpses Fate vouchsafes to him of Beatrice. He watches his own case as a physician his patient. He meets her when he is nine years old, and to him comes a "new life." He sees her nine years after and she salutes him; and he tells us of what "surpassing virtue her salutation was to him." He tells us too "when that beatitude was denied unto him." The girl was probably frightened by her eager-eyed adorer—poor, proper Philistine! Without a shadow of resentment this haughty Dante confides to the reader that he "goes where he can lament unheard" and prays "O Love, help thy servant;" and this humble servitor of love analyzes his passion in the gentlest of prose, by which he connects a series of songs and sonnets unparalleled in frankness, depth, and beauty. How little the personalities of Beatrice and Laura affected their poet lovers may be estimated by the fact that the color of their clothing is known, but not of their eyes. Thus Beatrice in crimson and Laura in green were booked for the Temple of Fame.

A California poet sings of himself and the Greek—but in the train that he wakes pass Beatrice and Laura and Dulcinea too, lady to the mad and the weak.

"As in the City of the Violet Crown
An altar to the Unknown God was raised
Midst shrines of beauty that the world amazed,
And even now in crumbling grandeur frown;
For well the fine Hellenic hand could gown
The stone with glory; but while strangers praised
The peerless piles, the Greek upon them gazed
Unmoved by all their beauty and renown,
For every sense was sated, and he yearned
For more than soulless marble could contain,
Then did his vague idolatry disown.
So I on Passion's altars long have burned
The incense of my soul; but all in vain,—
The love I dream of I have never known."

(L. A. Robertson.)

But this incense, burned by the starving to a love unknown, may float to Parnassus.

Many brilliant pages in a romance and countless historical data have escaped publicity all on account of a paper knife having been out of place.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what is the difference between biography and autobiography?" Pa—"Biography, my son, shows a man as he is, while autobiography shows him as he thinks he is."—*Chicago News*.

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.

By W. Clark Russell.

For generations the merchant sailor was without representation in politics or literature. His existence was understood dimly; he was guessed at as a sort of useful abstraction, wild of raiment, scarcely human for the hair upon his head and for the hideous devices in gunpowder and ink upon his breast and arms. It was known obscurely that he sailed with a flowing sheet upon the seas to fetch the fat and relishable fruits of the uttermost lands of the earth, that the population of Great Britain should not starve. He was presumed to be useful, therefore, but when he was ashore he lived in strange, grotesque parts of the ports he arrived at. The houses he temporarily dwelt in, whilst his money lasted, were not less horrible and dangerous than the open sewer or the cage in which they keep wild beasts.

It was, perhaps, not to be supposed that much should be known about the merchant sailor, and he, therefore remained an unreckoned condition of the social life of the nation very well understood by the shipowners, but critically quite unsuspected by the man in the street. It is true that the state had legislated for him. By the navigation acts, a paternal government, with great prudence and patriotism, provided for him in plenty; so that when war broke out the press gangs found crowds of British seamen ready for their truncheons. The navigation laws compelled an owner who shipped but one foreigner in his vessel to take five times as many British seamen. This was good for the state. It maintained, at the cost of the owners, a handsome reserve of sailors for the admiralty to draw on. But there was nothing in the navigation acts to oblige the owner to give good food to his men, to pay them with equitable regard to their long labors and perilous life, to house them as if they were men and not rats in a sink. So the sailors went on going to sea, eating the food of the Famine Scale, and sleeping in loathsome under-deck dungeons, tyrannized over by captains whose brutalities never reached the public ear; and the public went on eating the breakfast, the dinner, and the supper which had been fetched for them from all parts of the earth by the patient, unrepresented, drunken merchant sailor.

In 1834 a young student of Harvard, fearing the failure of his sight, resolved to quit all intellectual work for at least a couple of years. What did he do? He made the most memorable of all the voyages in the seafaring annals of America. He could have gone as companion

to a friend in an Indiaman called the Japan, bound to Calcutta, but he chose the heroic path; he determined to go before the mast—and such a mast! Instead of adventuring a warm voyage for his eyes, and living in comfort on board an Indiaman, he procured a berth in a brig called the Pilgrim, as a common sailor, trusting that his eyesight would benefit from a long course of hard work, plain diet, and open-air life. He did not go to the Bay of Bengal, but chose the passage of the Horn in a fabric of less than two hundred tons. The Horn is terrible in story for its storms, for the height of the surge which the western gale rolls like a wheel before it, for its dangers of ice dimly shimmering in mist.

The young man's name was Richard Henry Dana, and he was then nineteen years of age. It is wonderful that one so young should have used his sight, and made his observations of a difficult and secret vocation, with the subtle and penetrating accuracy we find in his work. He misses no point of the sea. All the minutiae of routine he enters into, and it is enchanting reading in its fresh and charming English. Unconsciously, in writing "Two Years Before the Mast," he was giving to the world not merely the only book of the kind that had ever been offered to the public; he was producing a great romance of the sea, in my humble opinion the greatest ever written; so great by primal merit of originality that though there are many books which I deeply admire—none more than the books of Dickens—I lay my hand upon this of Dana's and say, *it is my favorite*.

It matters little whether it is called a novel or a romance, or a fragment of autobiography. The publishers show literary judgment in including it in their list of novels; the personal character and the element of reality dignify it with the light and the power of truth. It ranks in this sense with "David Copperfield" and "Jane Eyre." But the whole truth, the whole truth only from end to end, is given by Dana.

They were a little slow, in America, in understanding this marvelous revelation of man's hidden life on the deep. The Harpers could not be induced to give more than two hundred and fifty dollars for a work out of which ultimately they must have made a fortune. In Great Britain, copies reached the hands of Moxon, a London publisher, who issued an edition; the book was read and profoundly admired. Words of high praise were sent to

Dana by the poet Rogers, by Lord Brougham, by the poet Moore, by Bulwer, and, best of all, by Dickens, for "Two Years Before the Mast" was just one of those expressions of human life, fresh, stirring, astonishing by its novelty, which would most affect the great mind of Dickens, and charm him by its submission of an art as minute and Hogarthian in detail and color as his own.

At last, then, after generations of silence, after centuries of neglect and indifference, Mercantile Jack had found an exponent, and no landsman could henceforth feign ignorance of the hidden life of the forecabin. To what extent it is read in America I do not know; in this country the story has run through countless cheap editions. Whole passages of it were appropriated by the late Mr. Lindsay in his "History of Shipping," and it has been the inspirer of a large number of sea books more or less dead, one of which, entitled "Two Years Aboard the Mast," is about the likeliest of the lot, though you have but to compare a page of it with Dana to appreciate the power and the fullness of the master.

Dana's book is the story of his life at sea, which covered two years. He went round Cape Horn to the coast of California in a small brig, as we have seen, to load hides, and returned in a full-rigged ship in command of the same brutal captain, a fiend named Thompson, who had had charge of the brig. It is a romance charged with a quality of Shakespearean *wholeness*. No man has ever put more into his book than Dana. It teems, and yet it is clear; it is like a brimming glass through which you can see. He does not trouble himself to dredge the dictionary for adjectives, and yet his style is incomparably lighter and easier than that of the late Mr. Stevenson, who is said to have thought nothing of devoting an afternoon to turning a sentence or balancing a period. Dana's style is as fresh, sweet, and wholesome as the breath of the ocean. I never open the book but the scent of the giant kelp is strong in the nostril, and the wind sings in the true song of the sea as it sweeps over leagues of frothing billows flashing with ice. He is a great humorist, but he never strains to procure his effects. He does not idly seek to mask the commonplace, or to conceal the obvious by dressing it in far-fetched adjectives. His humor is spontaneous, it belongs to his subject; it flows from him as naturally as the highest of all the qualities of genius flowed from Lamb and Goldsmith.

In Dana's time they flogged sailors on board merchantmen, just as they flogged sailors in the royal navy. A man's back was bared, he was

triced up, and the captain or mate went to work. It is extraordinary that powers so despotic should have been vested by the laws of the States in men as a rule of all their kind the most gross, ignorant, and irresponsible through illiteracy, drink, and disease. Dana was unfortunate enough to sail under a brute beast. He witnessed this scoundrel flog a sailor, and he says: "I vowed that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that class of beings with whom my lot had so long been cast."

His book is the noble fulfillment of his word. It is like a painting of the sailor's life on the sky. The most loutish farmer could read through this story of the sea, and at the end rise with perception glimmering in the smoke of his brain that there were folks upon the ocean who were like himself and his men, but who suffered more and who seemed to work harder, who were often up all night in the bitter cold amidst the ice, who stretched their groaning limbs in half-drowned bunks, who chewed meat which the farmer instinctively knew the swine in his sty would reject, who were cursed and struck even in the instant of obedience, when the heart was willing though suffering might have crippled agility.

I have no hesitation in saying that this wonderful romance of the sea wrought for the sailor the public sentiment he needed. Men began to take "poor Jack" a little seriously. They could not conceive that any kind of a creature born of woman could suffer all that Dana relates, and live and remain willing, simple, humble, uncomplaining men. I do not know what was done by Congress for the sailor prior to the year 1840; but it is certain that after that year, the year of the publication of my favorite romance, there was some coquetting with the mariner's cause in Parliament. Let this be considered, that we may justify Dana's claims. The shipowners, of course, were always in opposition, but still the sailor continued to be legislated for until the year 1854, which witnessed the passage through Parliament of the thoughtful, elaborate Merchant Shipping Act, known by the name of the year that made law of it.

There has been much legislation since 1854: one act repealing clauses in another, acts providing for the safety of passengers, acts which always told for the sailor. Captains and mates were expected to be educated men, capable of navigating ships in safety, and the tyranny of the quarter deck was made difficult and dangerous by certain special clauses which aimed peculiarly at such wretches as Thompson

of the brig *Pilgrim*. Am I claiming too much for Dana when I state as my deliberate conviction that it is due to the influence of his book that the merchant sailor enjoys a state of being which, hard as it inevitably must be by stress of sea vocation, is paradise compared to the life as it was in Dana's day?

I shall be told, perhaps, that this amelioration is the mere effect of progress, and would have happened in any case, Dana or no Dana. They little know the truth of the secret life of the ocean who would hazard such an argument. It has been for generations to the interests of shipowners to keep the merchant sailor hidden away from the public eye. The unlettered man never found an expositor of his wrongs. On the other hand, the shipping interest was plentifully represented in the House of Commons, and indeed in later years in the House of Lords. Dana forced the world to see the great truth, which perhaps no man ever before had genius enough to interpret. All that benefits the seaman is this age is due to that young Harvard scholar.

I do not find his name much quoted in contemporary American literature. What does Mr. Howells think of his story of the sea? What Mr. Bret Harte, and "Mark Twain," whose "choice works" run into a long list? This one book, this one romance of the sea, vital, beautiful, faultless in form, superb in color and in tone, flames like a star on the forehead of American letters; and it will still be a glowing and a burning light because it is true—indeed, it is the truth itself, as if God had spoken it on behalf of the poor seaman—when many lights now brilliant will be wandering darkling in the literary firmament.

I am sorry for the man who writes a fine sea story. It is true that I am not often called upon to feel sorry. All his nice and delicate points will be missed by critics who cannot reasonably be expected to know the ocean, and when a landsman sees a book written about the sea he concludes that it is for boys, and he leaves it for boys to read. I say the fate of the author is something hard. The only people who can appreciate him are sailors. But sailors do not buy books; many of them cannot read; and the vast proportion of them are "Dutchmen."

"Two Years Before the Mast" abounds in passages full of poetic beauty. Dana was essentially a poet of old ocean. What could be finer than his description of himself and an old sailor on the jibboom on a calm, moonlight night, when there is just enough air to keep the sails steady? Dana looks up with admiring eyes at those stirless spaces of moon-painted

canvas, soaring stately one above another to the trembling stars; and even the rugged old seaman, without a pinch of sentiment in his composition, rests for a while over the spar, gazing aloft whilst he mutters to himself, "How quietly they do their work!"

There is nothing in the records of fact or fiction to rival, in sustained power and continued interest, the description of the struggle of the ship *Ayacucho* round the Horn to the eastward, in the depths of the antarctic winter. It is in this picture that he most touchingly and persuasively shows us and explains to us the suffering and the toil of the ill-fed seaman. The ship is under-manned; the days are short, the nights are fearfully long; the howling gale of the Horn is full of the barbed lance of the ice, and of spray that freezes into musketry of hail as it flies. We watch the sailors going aloft, scantily clad in such wretched apparel, now soaked with wet, as their poverty enables them to collect. We follow the long fight with the canvas on the yard, and the descent of the men to the inhospitable deck where, after hours of man-killing struggle, there is still no comfort for them; no civilizing "tot of grog" is served out, not even a pannikin of hot coffee to warm their frozen vitals, though the brutal captain Thompson is careful to order warm meals to be carried aft to his own cabin.

Dana's knowledge of the sailor's character also is absolute. I particularly direct the attention of the reader to the chapter in which he speaks of "my watch mate, Tom Harris." He has these words about this man:

Every sin that a sailor knows, he has gone to the bottom of. Several times he had been hauled up in the hospitals, and as often the great strength of his constitution had brought him out again in health. Several times, too, from his acknowledged capacity, he had been promoted to the office of chief mate, and as often his conduct when in port, especially his drunkenness, which neither fear nor ambition could induce him to abandon, put him back in the fore-castle. One night, when giving me an account of his life, and lamenting the years of manhood he had thrown away, "There said he, 'in the fore-castle, at the foot of these steps, is a chest of old clothes, the result of twenty-two years of hard labor and exposure—worked like a horse and treated like a dog!'"

It was time the curtain should be raised upon a vast scene of life in which thousands were toiling, but of which no man ashore, save the shipowner and the crimp, had knowledge. If I were an American, there is certainly no name in literature of which I should be prouder than that of the author of this faithful, living, single-hearted book, "Two Years Before the Mast." —*The Munsey*.

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